THE HISTORY
OF THE
13th ILLINOIS INFANTRY

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COL. JOHN B. WYMAN.

Thirteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

MILITARY HISTORY AND REMINISCENCES

OF THE

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT

OF

ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

IN THE

CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES

1861-1865

PREPARED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE REGIMENT, 1891

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CHICAGO
WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
1892

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TO THE

COMRADES OF THE THIRTEENTH,

LIVING OR DEAD,

AND TO

THE FAITHFUL AND TRUE FRIENDS AT HOME

WHOSE HEARTS AND PRAYERS WERE WITH US,

THESE RECORDS

ARE

LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

A book written to contribute the proper acknowledgement of worthy deeds, and to add to the enjoyment of those who may come after us, is in order. Such is the design and hope of this unpretentious record.

As the individual stone has its part in rearing the mountain, so the organization of our regiment, we are happy to say and show, bore a very honorable part in the most worthy efforts of the army and navy of the United States.

In telling this story, as you, surviving comrades, have asked the committee to, we shall do what seems to us represents our regiment fairly. When we are called upon to touch upon individual records, we may seem to some to give scant or overdue preferences; yet such is not our intent.

We shall not feel called upon to laboriously vindicate any one nor in many words condemn any man's course. As a regiment, we have no particular complaints of not having had an open door to glory; for if long marches and sharp fighting be glory, then we got enough to settle the froth on our patriotism of 1861, and cooled to the point of going slow before taking a contract of like size again.

We were called by the Government in its hour of special peril. We promptly responded. There was toil and exposure and suffering and death to many. If we who live may be permitted to speak for all, we would say that we would not change it. The Union was preserved and humanity was helped by it. In what better way can men exert themselves or even sacrifice life.

Our men lie buried far and wide. Some were tenderly borne to their homes where as boys they played, but the conditions forbade this in most cases, so that they were buried

where they fell, all over the Southern States. The spot where their bodies rest, may or may not be marked; yet that matters little; the spot where they lie is hallowed ground.

Thomas Campbell beautifully says:

"What, hallow ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap;
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

"But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

We have not been paid for our War services. No number of dollars can pay for them. If they could, we would not receive them; for then would our glory be taken from us and we would be as hirelings. Then we would lose the comfort of our heart that comes from having *given* something, for we learn that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The record is made; in this book we hope to preserve some of the names and events as pleasant memories to the surviving comrades and their interested friends.

While such a book had been desired, it was not brought to the surface in any way till the reunion of the regiment on its twenty-fifth anniversary of our muster into the service. Then Comrade W. O. Newton of Company B, residing at Marshalltown, Iowa, moved that we begin such a work, and he was appointed historian to do what he could to secure material. This he faithfully did. The regiment will be under lasting obligations to him. A committee of publication was then appointed, consisting of Col. H. T. Noble, Surgeon S. C. Plummer and Rev. A. H. Miller. The Regi-

mental Association asked A. H. Miller to write the regimental history. At the reunion at Dixon in May, 1889, the matter was taken up more seriously, and at the next reunion a plan and scope and cost of the book was presented and approved. During the year Capt. Asa B. Munn was added to the committee. Since then Captain Munn has been most active in the work, having written the current history from our arrival at Rolla, Missouri, to the capture of Vicksburg, and also the history and roster of Company, I of which he was a member.

We take great pleasure in giving credit to those who did work or lent data from which to make records. The regimental association appointed different persons to look after the special work of each company, thinking that a member of a company would be better acquainted with the names and the facts than a general historian could be. There will be some difference in the amount of work and space given to each company. This must be attributed to the amount of work given by the company historians. Some will be ready to see omissions of valuable matter from the book. That would have been given if it had been furnished; but we could not put in what the men were not ready to contribute.

H. D. Dement wrote for Company A. S. T. Josselyn wrote for Company C. Francis Fox wrote for Company E. Reuben Hevenor wrote for Company F. A. H. Sibley wrote for Company H. Charles Carpenter and Capt. J. J. Cole furnished material for Company K.

Further acknowledgements are due Mrs. Walter Blanchard, the widow of our grand old Captain of Company K, who gave his life to our cause at Ringgold Gap, who furnished a valuable diary kept by her husband, for which she places the "Regimental Organization" under deep obligation.

Comrade Wilson E. Chapel, of Company F, had written and preserved a most valuable diary which has contributed largely to the success of this work.

With the patriotism worthy the true daughter of a veteran, Miss Nellie A. Hevenor, daughter of comrade Reuben M.

Hevenor, painstakingly copied Comrade Chapel's diary, in a neat and clerkly hand, for the uses of the regimental historian. For this service she deserves special thanks.

Comrade Reuben M. Hevenor, historian for Company F, furnished a valuable diary covering an important period of the services of the regiment; as also did comrade Josselyn, of Company C, and comrade J. D. Davis, of Company B.

Comrade Charles H. Sanford, Company B, furnished valuable maps. Comrades Charles E. Bolles, and Charles Carpenter, both of Company K, and J. B. Farnesworth, of the Hundred and thirty-fourth Illinois, cheerfully furnished books of reference and otherwise rendered valuable assistance.

Edward A. Munn, besides being helpful with the typewriter, entered with patriotic alacrity into the spirit of the undertaking, and drew the two maps of the "Chickasaw Bayou" battle-field which accompany this work.

The confederate Rebellion Archives, published by order of Congress, have been largely drawn from for much valuable information which would have been obtainable from no other source.

And lastly, from very many of the surviving comrades, came an inspiring "God bless you! Push on the history."

HISTORY OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRAIRIES ABLAZE WITH PATRIOTISM AT THE FIRING ON SUMTER.—WE ORGANIZE AT DIXON, ILLINOIS, SWORN FOR THREE YEARS OF WAR.

AT DIXON.

MAY 9, 1861, found most of the men who were to make up the Thirteenth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers Infantry gathered at Dixon, Illinois.

A place where a man is born, is usually a place of lasting interest to him. Dixon is where our regiment was born and will ever be remembered by those who were there when it was born. We now speak of the "Old Thirteenth," and so all men might speak of it if they were to see the survivors in a body. Some helping out their crippled limbs with staffs, and their eyes with glasses, and sheltering their crowns with wigs or displaying thinned locks. But on that memorable day in May the regiment was just ready to be made and there was the timber out of which it was to come. Then not "old" but "new," not seasoned, but somewhat green; yet that was no fault of the timber.

If one were to ask what brought to Dixon in one day this large body of young men, it would open the way to an observation or two that it would not be out of place to record, as a part of the true history of the time and of the regiment. The first and short answer would be, we were there at the call of Richard Yates, at that time Governor of Illinois. But what magic was there in the suggestion or call of this man that a thousand young men should leave business and home and in one day repair to Dixon, even rush there with eagerness? To be sure this man was the chosen executive of our State. But then men do not always come at call, unless there is something back of the call. There was something back of the call that made so prompt a response possible. That thing was latent love of country, and of good government. This love blazed into the spirit of sacrifice, when the government was put in open peril.

As I said, we were at Dixon on the 9th of May; and I have given the reason why we were there as soldiers. We did not get even that far on our honorable soldier's career without some sacrifice—all of life is made up of a series of sacrifices. We got to Dixon easily enough, as far as conveyance was involved. It was a jolly lot of men rolling over a good railroad. And it was quite in contrast with any transportation we had in Missouri or Arkansas. There were no long and weary marches in getting together. A single day was sufficient to accomplish this.

Dixon is located on the Illinois Central railroad, in the northwestern part of Illinois. Now this railroad looked like any innocent sort of a speculation, when constructed a few years before the war. Now over it rolled thousands of trains loaded with the sturdy men, and almost countless trains of supplies that were the very sinews of war.

While the rebels were laying plans against the government, providence seemed among other things to be laying lines of railroads that should bring the forces of the North near to the line of battle.

It is certain that the war could not have been fought on

the scale it was, in so wide an extent of country, without the railroads. It is certain they helped us to our camping place, where we soon learned to go afoot, so that we could in an independent way stir up the rebels, who were back in the woods.

WHAT WE BROUGHT WITH US.

Of course in coming to camp the men brought along with them the very best they had and knew to bring. Of the things they brought, some were soon left behind and other things taken on, that abide with us to this day.

In obeying the call of the governor and our patriotic impulses, most of the men came without military uniform; quite a requisite in army life. Those who came in uniform presented more of a soldierly appearance, but had not a whit more of the soldierly heart on that account. The Scriptures are authority for the statement that "No man goeth to warfare at his own charge." So the boys for the Thirteenth came looking to the government for rations and equipments. Yet some of the men were armed with revolvers, not knowing but that they would soon have need of them. But I think it is fair to say that all of the men who were harmed or killed by the use of revolvers during the war, except by accident, hardly warranted the trouble of carrying them.

FIFTEEN STAND OF ARMY.

It was reported that the State of Illinois had only fifteen stand of arms fit for service at the opening of the war. If she had had as few loyal hearts and strong arms, she would have fared badly to begin with and would not have the proud record she now has.

Another thing we had a full stock of, was an absence of military knowledge. It is safe to say that the most of our officers were loaded down with about the same amount of ignorance as the rank and file.

One man who was elected lieutenant had been down East somewhere and observed some militia drilling. He noticed that they "marked time" a good deal. He concluded that it was an important move, so he had his men mark time, when he could not readily think of any other order to give. Yes, we brought to camp a full stock of military ignorance, but time and experience wrought a change, so that at the end of our three years, it would not be boasting to say that this regiment was wise in this regard, and equal to the best.

While we freely confess ignorance on this point, these men were evidently sharp enough in other things. If all the thoughts and views and ambitions of these men could be written out, I am sure you would not have to follow them beyond this camp to write a most interesting book.

Some of the men were not tied down very closely in life, and they were glad to accept the promised excitement in this new kind of life. Others had some of the military fire in their blood and this brought to them visions of honor and promotion, while others had more serious plans for life, so that serious sacrifices had to be met on the first move toward camp and war.

In all of these men, there was the boiling of young blood, and yet a certain vein of seriousness and devotion that furnished material from which the true men were to come when brought under pressure and the fires of sad and horrible war.

Some persons are disposed to pass over the stay in our first camp as an unimportant period. That is evidently not the case. The future history of the regiment was largely shaped in these first few weeks. Men were consenting to make an entire change in their mode of life. They were drilling themselves into the consent of ready obedience to the word and beck of another, in the name of patriotism and for the sake of the government. During this time they were getting acquainted with each other so as to be friendly, even when there was little congeniality either in person or in habits.

ONLY NINETY DAYS.

Many of the men were of free and lofty spirits, so that to consent to be part of a machine where a thousand men should be moulded into one, and move at the command of one man day or night, sick or well, was truly a trying time. Then too, at the time of our coming into camp, to most of the men and their friends it meant but ninety days from home. A few days in camp put on a more serious aspect to the picture. The call and muster by the general government for three years, struck many unfavorably, so that it was quite a strain both upon their courage and pride to take the more serious step.

When this thousand men came to camp they brought something more than numbers. Some things that could neither be counted nor weighed—some things that would either prove a tower of strength, or a source of weakness to them, as they pushed on into the battle line. Back of these men were a thousand homes, more or less. Each of these turned to the camp in Dixon. In these were fathers and mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts. In these were well-wishes, tears and prayer ; from them came many letters filled with inspiration, or in some cases discouragement. We called our regiment, "One thousand strong." But was it not true that one half of our strength was never seen in either the camp or the battle-field. It was found in the homes and hearts left behind.

IN CATTLE SHEDS.

It was a new experience for these men to take up lodging in sheep pens and cattle shelds. But the adjustment was soon made, and many times before the service closed, these quarters would have been regarded palatial.

By night of the 9th of May the ten companies from which the regiment was to be formed had arrived at Dixon and made their way to the Fair-ground east of the city. These companies hailed from Dixon, Sterling, Amboy, Rock

Island, Sandwich, Sycamore, Morrison, Aurora, Chicago and Naperville. The grounds were good; having on them some timber and a good spring of water, while the Fair-ground fence was something of an advantage in keeping men in and out, but not equal to the "great gulf" that is declared to be fixed. Before the sun went down on this day there was something of a stir in camp. One thing was settled and all of our experience only seemed to confirm the conclusion. It was, that we would get hungry in spite of all our patriotism and disposition to sacrifice for our country. The matter of rations not having been fully looked after, a move was made on the Nachusa House, and some of these same hungry fellows still make for the "Nachusa" when near it.

THE FIRST DAY IN SERVICE.

May 10th was our first day in service. A severe rain-storm coming on before daylight gave us a touch of what was a common thing before "the cruel war was over." It was, a wet time and a late breakfast. But after things were straightened out a little, we were treated with a speech from Mr. Dennio, who had just come from Washington, D. C. This was a matter of interest, as it seemed to bring us something from headquarters. The companies were then sworn into the State service for thirty days by Captain John E. Smith of Governor Yates' staff. A vote was then taken for regimental officers, resulting in the choice of John B. Wyman of Amboy as Colonel, Benjamin F. Park of Aurora for Lieutenant-Colonel, and Adam B. Gorgas of Dixon as Major.

Just what our voting had to do with the choice of a Colonel I could not see, when it has been stated on good authority that J. B. Wyman had tendered a regiment to Governor Yates, to be raised in our congressional district, and that the Governor had accepted it. But then we were children in those things, and we were led to think we were doing something while we went through the motions.

THE FIRST MAN WOUNDED.

Guns were put into the hands of two of the companies; and the first day brought on war to the extent of one wounded man. Some of Company K, then known as the "Du Page rifles," were on guard, and a soldier, starting to go by, was given a lively bayonet jab in the abdomen.

DRILL, DRILL.

Drill of all kinds from "squad" to "battalion" was at once instituted and kept up in a most vigorous way. It seemed hard, and was hard work, but it served us well in after months, whether on parade or on the march or in battle line. Our friends had no occasion to feel ashamed of us.

AN EVENT IN MISSOURI.

While we were getting ourselves adjusted to camp life and fitted for more serious service, some things were transpiring in that part of the country where we were soon to act, that it may be of interest to note at the time of their occurrence. While we, as a regiment, had nothing to do with them, they doubtless modified the history of that field and so modified our future services.

It is well known to men familiar with the history of the time that Missouri was at heart a Secession State, and that the great city of St. Louis was disloyal and only wanted a pretext to openly declare with the South.

Near the city was a camp called together under the State Militia law, and commanded by Brigadier-General D. M. Frost. While they professed loyalty to the general government, they were in constant communication with the so-called Southern Confederacy.

Captain Nathaniel Lyon, of the Second Infantry, had been put in command of the Arsenal at St. Louis and of the troops stationed there. He was a clear-headed, energetic, patriot officer, and saw at a glance that it was very important that

St. Louis should not fall into the rebel hands. He saw that this nominally loyal but heartily disloyal camp should be broken up. He determined to act at once by capturing the whole camp. Having secured sufficient forces he proceeded on May 10th, at 3 p. m. ,to Camp Jackson in the northern part of the city and addressed the following communication to the commander, General Frost.

HEADQUARTERS OF U. S. TROOPS,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, May 10th, 1861.

SIR: Your command is regarded as evidently hostile toward the Government of the United States. It is for the most part made up of those citizens who have openly avowed their hostility to the general government, and have been plotting at the seizure of its property and the overthrow of its authority.

You are in open communication with the so-called Southern Confederacy, which is now at war with the United States and you are receiving at your camp from the said Confederacy and under its flag, large supplies of the material of war, most of which is known to be the property of the United States.

These extraordinary preparations and the well known purpose of the Governor of this State, under whose order you act, and whose purposes recently communicated to the legislature have just been responded to by that body in the most extraordinary legislation, having in direct view hostilities to the general government and co-operation with its enemies.

In view of these considerations, and of your failure to disperse in obedience to the Proclamation of the President and of the eminent necessities of State policy and warfare, and the obligations imposed upon me by instructions from Washington, it is my duty to demand, and I do demand of you an immediate surrender of your command, with no other conditions than that all persons surrendering under this demand shall be honorably and kindly treated. Believing myself prepared to enforce this demand, one half hour's time before doing so will be allowed for your compliance therewith.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
N. LYON,
Capt. Second Infantry, U. S. Troops.

Captain Lyon took the camp with fifty officers and six hundred and thirty-nine men. While he was marching off to the prison some fighting was indulged in, killing and wounding a number of persons, and as is usual in such cases, some

innocent people. In this camp were found guns and stores that had been taken from the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, boxed and directed to some Union men in St. Louis, as a blind to the real destination.

The future developments proved conclusively that Captain Lyon's judgment in the case was correct, and that his prompt action saved St. Louis to us, and much fighting in that quarter to the United States troops.

Of course, General Frost protested most earnestly against such measures, and appealed to General Harney who was at that time "Commanding the Department of the West." This protest, together with Captain Lyon's account of the affair was sent to Washington.

Let us note a further occurence of the day following as reported by Captain Lyon, and also an expression of his, as to General Harney's relation to the vigorous measures necessary at that time.

ST. LOUIS ARSENAL, May 12th, 1861.

SIR: Yesterday, I left to Captain Callender and Lieutenant Saxton, the duty of receiving and arming about twelve hundred men, from the northern part of the city, who on returning to their station, were fired into by a mob, which fire was returned by the troops, from which, all told on both sides, about twelve persons were killed,—two of whom, as far as I am informed, were of the United States troops; further particulars of which may hereafter be transmitted.

General Harney having arrived, has assumed command of the department, and has ordered into the city all of the troops of the regular service now here (except my own company) and four pieces of artillery.

It is with great delicacy and hesitancy I take the liberty to observe that the energetic and necessary measures of the day before yesterday, reported in my communication of yesterday, require persevering and constant exertions to effect the object in view of anticipating combinations and measures of hostility against the general government, and that the authority of General Harney under these circumstances embarrasses, in a most painful manner, the execution of the plans contemplated, and upon which the safety and welfare of the government, as I conceive, so much depends, and which must be decided in a very short period.

Very respectfully,

N. LYON.

THE FIRST SABBATH IN CAMP.

This day made a deep impression on many of the young men, and was in some sense a test of their training and temper. Most of them had been accustomed to spend the day in quiet at home and at religious service. Now they were in a military camp and are not entirely at liberty to make their own plans and go their own way. Some may have been restless under what they deemed the restraints of the Sabbath, and they may regard this free use of the Sabbath a happy change. There was drill: *so* the notion of the leaders ran. A better view obtains now. There was ball-playing and wrestling and some card-playing, but that was generally regarded as out of order;—before the war closed it became so common as to attract no special attention, except as it developed bad temper or bad debts.

The courage and spirit of one young man from Chicago was shown on the first Sabbath; for, taking his stand, he delivered a religious discourse to all who would give ear. It is often a great advantage to get up your colors before any one else has a chance to occupy the place.

The position taken up by that young man before his comrades on that first Sabbath was well taken and held. He had the respect of his superior officers to such a degree, that when the position of chaplain was vacant, he was recommended to fill the place, and did so with credit to himself and the cause, during the last year of our service. Mr. A. T. Needham, for this was the young man's name, at this writing, is filling an honored place in the ministry in California.

Rev. Mr. Harsha, of Dixon, delivered a short sermon to the men. Many visitors from the surrounding country came to the camp. On this afternoon our Colonel, J. B. Wyman, came upon the ground for the first time, and no one who saw his glances over and through the camp, doubted but a man of superior parts had come. But few of the men knew him, yet he was soon given a welcome by all.

Headquarters Camp Dement,

May 16th 1861.

GENERAL ORDERS.
No 11

Commandant of Company A will detail 8 Privates

" " B " 8 "

" " C " 1 Sergt. 1 Corpl. 6 Privates

" " D " 8 "

" " E " 1 Corpl. 6 Privates

" " F " 1 " 6 "

" " G " 8 "

" " H " 8 "

" " I " 7 "

" " K " 7 "

Sergeant Brown will be daily from 12½ - 1½ o'clock

Sergeant Shroyer will be daily from 5 - 6 o'clock

Sergeant Ellaby will be daily from 10 - 11 o'clock

Sergeant Fox will be daily from 2 - 3 o'clock

Officer of the Day Capt Noble

Officer of the Guard Lieut Berry

Reveille at 5 o'clock A. M.
Company Drill and Roll Call from 5½ o'clock to 6½ o'clock
Breakfast at 7 o'clock.
Sergeant's Call for Reports at 7½ o'clock Religious Services at 8 o'clock
Guard Mounting at 9 o'clock
Company Drill on Manual from 10 o'clock to 11½ o'clock
Dinner at 12 o'clock
~~Company~~ ~~Battalion~~ Drill by ~~Division~~ from 2 o'clock to 3½ o'clock.
Dress Parade at 5 o'clock.
Supper at 6 o'clock
Retreat and Roll Call at 7 o'clock
Tattoo at 9 o'clock
Taps at 9½ o'clock.

By Order,

B F Dunks

Colonel Commanding, Camp Dement.

H. T. Porter Lieutenant

Adjutant.

OUR CHAPLAIN.

Mr. Joseph C. Miller, a Baptist minister from Amboy, was appointed chaplain of the regiment and conducted his first service at 8 a. m. of the 15th. Mr. Miller was a man of fine appearance and good address, but for some reason, or reasons, did not succeed in adapting himself to the situation. It was a field of great opportunity for good, but not easily filled to satisfaction. Many good men who tried to fill the position found it far different from the accustomed position in civil life. Military requirements exacted respect to the chaplain as a superior officer, but unless he could get it on different grounds than that, it proved to be but cool comfort to him. To fill the place, a man needed personal bravery, independent bearing, absence of much sentimentalism, ready to be the servant of all, ready to talk out plain common-sense religion, with no disposition to fawn to superior officers, and no evidence of vanity or desire to feather his own nest. Such a man could draw on the confidence of any manly soldier and not be disappointed in his drawing.

Of course this whole life was new to the boys, and some very innocent and green thoughts and expressions were indulged in. From one diary of the time I extract as follows: "This is the first day for me as sentinel on the picket line." As we later learned there was no "picked guard" at "Camp Dement" and no occasion for any, as there were no rebels to watch against.

MEN IN HOSPITAL.

From the same date I extract the following: "There are four men in the hospital house, with the measles, and one with the fever." The "Hospital House" and measles and fever came so soon and became familiar, and continued with us to the end of the three years, and to me were the saddest part of the whole picture. I wrote home often and said, "If you have sympathy and sanitaries, be sure to give them to the sick and hurt soldier-boy; but the soldier-boy as long as he is well can take care of himself."

Some of you will remember that J. C. Fishell of Company C, who had stood in his place for over three years, and while awaiting discharge at Camp Butler, so near to his home, took a fever and died on June 16, 1864. It always has made me sad to think of it.

VISITORS A DISTRACTION.

There was one feature of camp life that we experienced at our camp in Dixon and nowhere else in all of our army life. This was in its way very pleasant, and yet I fear not very profitable. Large numbers of visitors came and usually came in picnic fashion, with well-stored baskets, while the food and faces were homelike, yet the presence of so many interfered with the duties of camp. And then, too, as these favors came mostly from friends who could readily get to the camp and none to the companies who came from a distance, it created some feeling against the more favored ones.

THE REGIMENT ACCEPTED FOR THREE YEARS.

On the 22d of May a dispatch came, saying our regiment was accepted by the general government for a term of three years and would be mustered in at an early date. Some of the men did not fully take in the situation, and were not quite prepared in mind for the move. Of course none were legally bound to respond, for their enlistment was but for thirty days, and then only to the State, and they were not compelled to go out of the bounds of the State.

But on the 24th muskets were given to the men not yet armed, and Mr. Dennio was sent to the camp and made a flattering speech, to be sure that the men would go in response to this call for a longer term. On the 23d Colonel Parks spoke to the men in rather a threatening strain. But I am persuaded that the men were so intelligent that when they finally acted, they did so little influenced by either of the lines of thought presented in the speeches.

CHAPTER II.

THE REAL SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER.—CAMP LIFE AND DRILL. — FIELD AND STAFF ELECTED AND APPOINTED.—VIA CASEYVILLE TO THE FRONT.

May 24th, 1861.

THIS May 24th was a great day in our camp at Dixon; and to all who were there and yet survive, the events of that day gave it a prominence in their mind—a sort of a starting-point, that marks it a day among days. And the feeling does not wear away with the years. Captain John Pope of the regular army, and afterwards prominent as a major-general was the man who came to muster us in for "three years or during the war." There was considerable dissatisfaction among the men, yet the great majority toed the scratch and were in for the fight on good faith. A few from each of the companies except Company I, for various reasons, left the ranks and in due time left the camp. Company I had a good many hard thumps, but at this time there was no discounting it. It was on the line.

"EVERY TRADE HAS ITS TRICKS."

It is said that every trade has its tricks. And even in the mustering in of a regiment there may be some tricks that it is not thought best to put into the daily bulletin at the time. There was something of a trick in our muster if we credit the story of Captain Quincy McNeil of Company D, from Rock Island, Illinois, and we do credit it and give it just as he tells

it. It seems that Captain McNeil and some of his men had been associated with a company from Rock Island that was received into the Twelfth Regiment, but the company being too large, it was divided and he and some of the men raised the company known as Company D of the Thirteenth Regiment.

The company being called upon to muster into the United States service, was short of the requisite number of men (seventy-seven being the minimum number) by the refusal of several of its members to muster for three years. But by borrowing some men from Company G it was mustered in, much to the gratification to those who were anxious to go to the war. In making out the muster-roll, there were just lines enough for the one hundred and one names. The names of the men from Company G were interlined in such a bungling manner that the mustering officer returned the roll to Captain McNeil with a blank muster-roll and instructions to fill up the blanks so that they could be easily read. In the meantime the company had been filled up by recruits from Rock Island and the muster in roll was sent to Captain Pope with one hundred and one names plainly written. The rolls of Companies G, C, E, H, I, and K, were legible and the names of the men borrowed showed as belonging to the company. To rectify the roll, the borrowed men were reported as deserters. The list of these was so large, that it drew an inquiry from the War Department. The several captains finally made a clean breast of the transaction, though in dread of dismissal from the service. The company was then mustered into the service for the three years as required.

DUTIES OF THE DAY.

We will here introduce a page that will at once be recognized by the orderly sergeants of those earlier days of camp life. It will also show what was the daily routine of camp life. Some of the men whose names are here recorded soon left, but others remained, and some are still in active life.

"COLONEL ELSWORTH."

On this day in which we were mustered into the United States service an event occurred that helped to kindle the fire of patriotism and purpose to carry on the war. It was on the morning of this day that the first man of any note lost his life in the Union cause. He may have been foolhardy, but he lost his life, and it was not lost to our cause. Colonel E. E. Elsworth was a popular young lawyer, born in New York in 1837, and was practicing law in Chicago at the time of Mr. Lincoln's election and had a company of zouaves that were noted for their fine drill. When Mr. Lincoln went to Washington, Elsworth went with him. In April he went to New York city and raised a regiment of fire zouaves, of which he was made colonel. The account of his untimely death I will quote from the account as given by a historian of the Southern side. He says:

"On the 24th of May, Alexandria was occupied by the Federals, the Virginia forces evacuating the town and falling back toward Manassa Junction. The invasion was accomplished under the cover of night. It was attended by an incident which gave a lesson to the enemy of the spirit he was to encounter, and furnished the first instance of individual martyrdom in the war. On one of the hotels of the town, the Marshall House, there was a Confederate flag flying. The proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Jackson, captain of an artillery company in his town, had deliberately declared, that under any circumstances, he would defend that flag with his life, and had been deaf to the advice of his neighbors, not to make his house by this display, a sign for the enemy's attack. The flag could be seen from the window of the White House in Washington. As a company of fire zouaves, at the head of which was Colonel Elsworth, entered the town in the gray of morning, their commander declared he would have that flag as his especial prize. He was attended in his adventure by a squad of his men. Having found his way into the hotel, he got through a trap-door to its top, where he secured the ob-

noxious ensign ; but descending the ladder he found facing him a man in his shirt-sleeves with a double-barreled gun in his hand. "Here is my trophy," exclaimed Elsworth, displaying the flag on his arm. "And you are mine," replied Jackson, as he quickly raised his gun and discharged the contents into the breast of the exultant Federal. Another moment and the Virginian was stretched by the side of his antagonist, a lifeless corpse, for one of Elsworth's men had sped a bullet through his brain, and another had thrust a bayonet into his breast as he was in the act of falling."

"IN FOR IT."

Just above I have spoken of the fact that it was not without considerable strain that many of the men consented to enroll themselves for "three years, or during the war." But as soon as the deed was done, and they were really in for it, there was manifested a characteristic that was a very important factor in the future of the regiment; that is, to cheerfully make the most of the situation. After supper, on the 24th, they formed a procession. Some one carried the Stars and Stripes, planks were put on the shoulders of some of the men, and two of the musicians mounted upon them, they marched about playing and singing lively tunes. It is a happy feature of human nature that it is capable of at once throwing off the serious and depressing, and taking on the light and gay as a relief.

IN MEMORY OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

An event in our camp was the recognition given to the death of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. On June 4th, the cannon was fired at intervals of one hour, and later in the week a memorial service was held. This seemed fitting, as Judge Douglas was an eminent man and a prominent loyalist, as this stress of war had come upon the government. Judge Douglas was born in Vermont in 1813 and came to Illinois in 1833. He was prominently connected with the politics of the

State and the United States up to the time of his death. Mr. Douglas had ambition that found something of gratification in him in the State Legislature, in the supreme judgeship of the State and in both houses of Congress, but he wanted to be President of the United States, and would probably have gotten the position if a wise providence had not placed Mr. Lincoln in the position at the only time Mr. Douglas could have gotten it. He and Mr. Lincoln were opponents in the school of politics and rivals both for the position of the United States senator and for the presidential chair.

Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln were both great men. Mr. Lincoln was doubtless the superior of Mr. Douglas in his logic and candor. Mr. Lincoln could not descend to any trickery of words to gain his point, while Mr. Douglas did not seem able to rise entirely above it. Men mourned the death of Mr. Douglas, but rejoiced that Mr. Lincoln's hand was on the helm when the tempest struck us.

Mr. Douglas seemed to be in some things with the South; yet when things came to worst, it did not take him long to declare himself, and stand by Mr. Lincoln and the government. In April, Mr. Douglas had made a loyal speech before the Illinois Legislature that carried everything with it, and set the State into the forefront of patriotic endeavor to establish the supremacy of the United States. But now, in the early days of June, his death is announced. Much was expected of him in the contest and men truly sorrowed over his death. Had he lived, just what would have been his part, none may be able to tell. It is certain he was removed as a factor from the contest and many more able men with him, and yet the conflict went on to the finish. This points to the fact that great causes are greater than great men, and move on after men fall by the way.

CAMP PUNISHMENTS.

Various punishments were resorted to while in this our first camp, for various offenses. Of course the guard-house was a general resort for malefactors, but by some it was rather

enjoyed than otherwise, if the term was not too protracted. This was a common punishment, and yet others were used, some of which were discontinued when we got to the front. I note from memory and a diary, some such as these: "Tied to a tree"—"gaged"—"made to stand on a barrel some hours for refusing to attend religious services." I suppose the punishment in this case was for disobedience of orders. While all the men who enlisted pledged themselves to obey all the commands of their superior officers and, of course, ought to have kept their word, yet it was hardly wise on the part of the officers in volunteer service to absolutely demand attendance upon such service, and later on it was abandoned. The fact is, that many of the officers, to begin with, were not prepared to know what should be insisted upon and what should be left to the good sense and heart of the men.

I remember the case of one wild, young Irishman who had never controlled himself nor been controlled, who set out on a general course of wild insubordination. Falling into the hands of drill-master Brown, for some misdemeanor, he was loaded with a full knapsack and set on a double-quick with a right about face at the end of about ten rods; after this had gone on for half an hour he grew tame, and later I heard him say, he deemed it wise to fall in with the rules.

THE DEATH OF COOPER BERRY.

Mr. Cooper Berry was a fine young man who came to camp with the company from Sterling and was the first man in the regiment to lose his life. He was shot by one of the guards on the night of June 12th. Mr. Berry was only a boy in years, but a man in appearance and energy. He was a born military man, and could he have lived, in riper years would have been just the man to take men anywhere that men could go. He was living in Sterling at the time of the outbreaking of the war, and when a company was organized in that town, he was designated as first lieutenant. He drilled the men in the most enthusiastic way and did good service. But he was

young, fiery, and lacked judgment. This led him to manifest an overbearing and arbitrary spirit. After a time the men of the company did not feel that they could stand that, and so united in asking him to vacate the position to which he had been assigned but for which no commission had yet come. Seeing what was the wish of the men, he consented and left the position. He was then assigned to the position of sergeant-major, and it was while he was in this position that he lost his life. My recollection of it is that there was some trouble outside of the camp and that Mr. Berry was going around among the guards to see if they were all at their posts. He came upon one of the guards near the spring, and as he approached the man, was shot through the neck and died instantly. It was asserted by some that it was done with intent, but I could never make myself believe that any of our men had that kind of a spirit, even if he were led to think that an officer had been arbitrary toward him. Of course the man was arrested, but he was not held, and it is certain such a thing would not have been passed by if there was any evidence of guilt.

With proper military attention Mr. Berry's remains were borne to Sterling for burial. The death seemed very sad, and it looked as if there was no return for the loss of such a life in such a way ; and yet it is true that all that men have, costs something, and it may be that something came to officers and men for their preparation for the future, from his death at this time, that was equal to the sacrifice.

It is certain that he was the first of a long line that fell before the regiment returned, and some of them seemed not to have counted for more than this.

If men with his zeal could add to it the good judgment of some one else, they would sweep everything before them. It will be remembered that young Ellet who commanded the ram "Queen of the West" when she made her daring passage past the batteries at Vicksburg on the 2nd of February, 1863, was a boy of but eighteen years. I shall never forget his flushed and proud appearance as he rounded up his boat to the shore

below the batteries. But his history a few days later, when he lost that grand boat up the Red river, showed that while there was no lack of daring, there was of discretion. It is very seldom that we see an old head on young shoulders.

GETTING READY TO LEAVE DIXON.

We had now been in camp for five weeks, getting weaned somewhat, from home and civil life and being drilled into that unit known as regiment. The various experiences were not without their deep impress upon us. Could the incidents be recalled, we would find some most delightful in pathos, or with fun that would split the sides of a deacon, and some most sad. But we did not come into camp just to camp. The object of our move was beyond and more serious, as many understood and as all learned by later experience. The order came to move, and with it came the drawing of dress suits, knapsacks, rations and all the things that seemed necessary. Let me note here what most people of to-day are not aware of, that up to that time the uniform of the United States Army was gray and not blue as now. The suits that we drew at this time were gray. The change, I understood, was made because the uniform of the South was gray. It is certain that the blue made a more distinct target in battle and on that account is not the best.

The announcement of our departure drew crowds of interested friends from far and near, they came to extend farewell and God-speed with feelings that were in many cases tinged with a feeling that it might be the last, and of course in many cases it proved to be so.

The day assigned for our move was Sunday, June 16th. The breaking of camp was entirely new and of course was not easily accomplished. There was cooking to be done and stowed away, and camp stuff to be packed. Being so ignorant of the whole matter, it was of necessity done in confusion. We were called up at 3:30 a. m. and then the scene opened. Those who did not have much work to do could run to and

fro and make a noise, and they did their share of it. By 6 a. m. friends from Sterling and Amboy and the country round began to arrive, which only added to the confusion. But somehow, by 8 a. m. the regiment was in line and ready to move. And now the body is on its first march ; not far, to be sure, to the Illinois Central depot, but as much of a task as a much longer one, after we had learned how.

There stood the puffing engines, there were the long lines of cars ; freight cars for the stock and baggage, but nice passenger cars for the men. But let me say for the information of children, grandchildren and interested friends, that that was about the last we saw of passenger cars while we worked for Uncle Sam. There, too, was a great company of friends, fathers, mothers, children, wives and sweethearts. Some felt light, but most felt heavy,—some joked, others wept. It was no light matter, and it made most of us feel indeed that we were off for the war.

OFF FOR THE SOUTH.

Time was up ; the engines puffed as if impatient to be off. The word was given, and twenty-two cars loaded with men and things were off headed for the South. It was the finest time of the year, when everything is fresh and growing. We ran into a grand country, almost a garden—broad fields waved with grain, bright streams ran along in sight and beneath our train as we dashed on, never slacking our pace. Then we saw broken and rough portions that only heightened the beauty of the landscape. Everything seemed so peaceful on that fair Sabbath day, but we were bent on war.

As the day passed, we found that we had gone directly South, some two hundred miles. This brought on quite a change.

In the morning we were in the midst of early summer but the evening found us at Sandoval, just east of St. Louis, and amid fields ripe to the harvest.

There was nothing striking developed in the day's travel only that the men ate freely, and the cooked vituals were

packed away where they could not be gotten at. It is said that some of the officers bought a barrel of eggs at Sandoval and had them cooked for the men. Some growled, but none starved.

At this point there was a shipment from the Illinois Central railroad to the Ohio & Mississippi railroad, and we were headed west. A few hours' ride brought us to Caseyville, near which, and some eight miles from St. Louis, was to be our camp for the present.

While in this place the drill went on as usual, but our coming here brought with it a new feature, that is, living in tents. Of course we suffered some inconvenience until we knew how to prepare the ground and how to stake the tents for all kinds of weather. Some did not ditch, and found that it was a mistake when the floods came. Some stretched the canvas to the utmost tension when the cloth was dry, and then found that in the midst of the shower the cloth had shrunk enough to pull out the pegs and drop down the tent.

While we were occupied here in doing guard and drilling, our principal business was to watch St. Louis. It was in the hands of the Union forces, but was not disposed to stay there, if by any means it could be passed into the hands of the Secessionists. A body of troops near at hand had a wholesome effect upon the plans and movements of those who would have given it over. The Twentieth Regiment of Illinois Infantry came and camped near by us, thus increasing this force near to the great city.

GENERAL LYON.

On the very day of our arrival at our camp at Caseyville, General Lyon had quite a fight with the rebels at Boonville, Missouri. He met with some loss, but drove the enemy from their position. Later all of the men became interested in General Lyon, and it may be of interest to introduce him at this point. I take the description from a Southern pen:

"Major General Nathaniel Lyon was a native of Connecti-

cut, and had served in the regular army of the United States. He was an exception to the politics of that army, for he was an undisguised and fanatical Abolitionist. He entered the United States Army as second-lieutenant and was subsequently promoted to captain. He arrived in St. Louis in April, 1861, having been sent from a post in the far southwest. Here his great activity in suppressing the excitement of Southern feeling, seizing the Arsenal, erecting defenses around the city, and disarming Southern sympathizers, recommended him to notice in the North and at Washington, and he rapidly rose from the rank of captain to that of major-general in two months. He was undoubtedly an able and dangerous man; one who appreciated the force of audacity, and the value of quick decision.

"He was small in stature, wiry, active, of dark complexion, brave to a fault, and an excellent, though restless and ambitious officer. For several days before the battle in which he lost his life, he is said to have been a prey to uneasiness and disappointment, which brought on his face a troubled look, observed by all around him. To one of his staff he said, gloomily, that he could not rid himself of the idea that the coming battle would result disastrously. The fall of this man was undoubtedly a serious loss to the Federals in Missouri."

General Lyon left by will thirty thousand dollars to the United States Treasury.

I quote from one diary as follows: "This camp was called McClellan. Here we received our cartridge-boxes, belts, etc., also our pay for the sixteen days spent in the State service from May 9th to May 24th. Drilling and target practice was the order of each day."

Another says, "Here we had to come down to Uncle Sam's rations; it was rather hard at first, but it had to be 'did.' We missed the visits that we had received from kind friends about Dixon;—'Long may they wave!'"

This coming down to regulation rations with no nick-nacks to supplement them seemed a little hard. Some very poor

meat was issued and it was declared by some that it was mule-meat. Of course it was not, but our live colonel raised his voice and something better was soon forthcoming. Here started in the joke that ran until it was stale, that some of the hard bread was so old and musty that it must have been made in the time of the Mexican war, or that some had been detected with the mark "B. C." and had been left over by the Roman army.

SUTLER STORE.

Here first loomed upon the horizon of the Thirteenth that wonderful requisite of army life, the sutler's store. The dictionary defines a sutler as "a trader in a small way," also one who does "dirty work." Now I suppose it was true of many, if not all of the sutlers of our army, that either one of these definitions would apply to them. They did trade in a small way and yet the aggregates were not always so small. It is said of one sutler in one of the campaigns in Louisiana under General Banks that he cleared twenty-five thousand dollars in three months. Many made a good thing of their position. It is true that they ran great risks from bad debts and raids, both from our boys and the rebels, but the prospects of profits were such that many were ready to embark in the business.

I think it is also true that many of them did "dirty work." They sold poor stuff for a large price, so that many boys spent most of their wages in that way. Then, many who went in response to the "sick call" would have had no occasion to have gone if they had staid away from the sutler. But it was not all bad; it was a great comfort to many to have a chance to spend something, when they did not know what to do with their salaries. Those bottles of pickles, if they were high priced, were often just the thing when a man was growing bilious. Those sardines, often oiled over things when a man was disgusted with everything he cooked.

A sutler's tent and its contents was not an unmixed evil; as to the sutler himself, our sutler, "Old Hyde," as the

boys saw fit to dub him, will be written up later on in our story.

We spent our first Fourth of July in the service, in a sense, watching St. Louis. It was feared, and with reasons, this day might be used as a time for an outbreak. An engine and train was in readiness to have sped to the city if there had been a call for it. Things were on the stir in Missouri and Arkansas.

At this date, Captain Pope, now Brigadier-General Pope, was ordered to take command of the troops at Alton, Illinois. General Hurlbut to take command at Quincy, Illinois. General Lyon was on the way from Boonville, Missouri, to Springfield, Missouri. General Franz Sigel was out near Carthage, Missouri, and had something of an engagement there on the 5th of July. Rebel Generals Price and Parsons were connected with this same place. General Jeff Thompson was at Pocahontas, Arkansas. General Ben McCollough who was killed at Pea Ridge was gathering the rebel forces at Fort Smith, Arkansas, while General Albert Pike was seeking to marshal the Indians of the Indiana Territory against the United States. Into the midst of this we were soon to move and do service for almost a year.

AGAIN ON THE MOVE.

On July 6th, in the midst of excessive heat the order came to pack and move. This was satisfactory, for soldiers in actual service, have neither desire nor opportunity for long stays. A train ran out from St. Louis and we were soon off. Hoof and baggage we were soon across the Father of Waters not to see it again for one year. The regiment, strong in numbers and fine in appearance made its way through the streets of the city and finally brought up at Southwestern Pacific railroad depot. This gave us some intimation of the direction of our travels, if not of our destination. As the regiment passed along the streets, it called out various expressions. The Union people felt free to express themselves openly and

freely. The Secessionist were reticent. The grown people showed a respectful silence, but smiled comfortably when the children hurrahed for Jeff Davis, or made other demonstrations that were in accord with their feelings.

Many of the boys made their way to the public market-place and readily got what they wanted to eat, and at the same time learned the sentiments of the German market women by getting things at a nominal price or as a free gift. By 10 p. m. we were loaded on the trains and ready to move.

INTO DARKNESS AND DANGER.

As our trains pulled out of the depot, of course we did not know just what to expect. There is always a measure of danger in running trains, especially where so much life is involved. Now we could guess that the danger would be enhanced as we were moving into an enemy's country who would be glad to see us killed, and be glad to do it if they had half a chance. This railroad, as we learned at that time, terminated at Rolla, one hundred and eight miles to the southwest. This was guarded by a Home Guard and especially at the bridges.

We had run some distance from the city when our train was flagged and came to a stand-still. The guards at the bridge where we stopped had just captured a man who had made an effort to fire the bridge. This doubtless had been done in anticipation of our coming, and in the hope it might prove disastrous to us. We soon started up again and crowded on through the darkness and possible danger, trusting in and being safely kept by a kind Providence. The next morning found us landed in Rolla. This was held at the time of our arrival by four hundred soldiers who were anticipating an attack. However that may have been, after our arrival, it did not come off, and it was held by our forces during the whole of the war.

THE STATE OF MISERY.

We were now fairly landed in what was known among the soldiers as the "State of Misery" (Missouri). It is true that they had some miserable experiences while within its borders, yet, as some of them were profane enough to add, it was much "better than hell."

"Misery" was the land of long-haired people and "butternut" clothes, also a land of long miles. The distances as learned from the natives were of such an uncertain quantity, that after a time when a man said it was so many miles to a place, the boys would ask, "United States miles or Missouri miles?" This was the land where they made peach pies without lard or sugar, pies so tough that it needed an ax to cut them. A land of log cabins and few accomplishments, and yet withal the people knew enough to take sides on this great question of union and disunion, of human slavery and human liberty, and to bitterly fight, neighbor against neighbor, and even brother against brother. In the siege of Vicksburg there were two brigades of Missourians facing each other, and in the swinging of Grant's army to the rear of Vicksburg, at the skirmish at Fourteen-mile Creek, as the men of the Seventeenth Missouri Regiment (Union) advanced, one of the men came upon his own brother, wounded and belonging to the rebel side.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI NORTHWEST, AND OF ROLLA IN PARTICULAR.—CALLED TO THAT POST.—WYMAN.

THE geographical and strategic position of Missouri, at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, made it a point of the greatest importance, both to the Union and slave powers. It was on the extreme left of the Confederate lines, and its position in that line was as if it had made a right half-wheel, intending to overlap, and completely outflank the Federal line of the Union States. There was no geographical divisions of the Confederate States, including the Gulf and Atlantic seaports, *that possessed such dangerous possibilities against the Union*, as did this trans-Mississippi left flank of the Confederacy. It included the Indian Territory, which had been overawed, bribed, and cajoled from its loyalty to the rebels, and very early in 1861, the Cherokees had decided to cast their fortunes with secession; and this left loyal Kansas exposed on its entire southern and eastern sides, and even its western border neighbors, the Utes, under such leaders as Colorow, made life and property insecure; and so, Kansas was entirely cut off from direct communication with its sister loyal States; and only by the circuitous and difficult routes through Nebraska and Iowa, would it be able to reach the other Free States.

Missouri was even more badly located for mischief to us, than was Arkansas and the Indian Territory. Missouri not only overlapped a large part of Illinois, but the entire State of

Iowa on its southern border, besides an easy chance of holding a corner on Nebraska; and this would afford a safe footpath for intercommunication between the Indians of the Southwest and those of the Northwest, who were destined to make a diversion in favor of Jeff Davis, by an outbreak which would carry death and destruction to so many of the men, women, and children, and homes of the Northwest, as to largely deplete our armies of forces sufficient to quell the outbreak, and give permanent protection to the frontier settlers.

THIS DIABOLICAL SCHEME

was literally carried out in the season of 1862, principally in Minnesota; and we shall have occasion, in another part of this work, to trace the causes and fix the responsibility where it belongs.

Almost superhuman exertions were made by the young Confederacy to so thoroughly fortify the strongest points on the Mississippi River, from Columbus, Kentucky, to New Orleans, that the Union armies could not possibly reduce them enough to gain their possession, while it would afford them an easy, and the only route by which they could distribute to its people and armies, the transportation, food, and munitions of war, necessary to their existence. Hence the tremendous efforts they put forth to prevent the river from falling into our hands—well-knowing that our success would literally cut the Confederacy in two.

How long it took to do this; how much hard campaigning, through all sorts of exposure and hardship; how many Union lives lost, and how many of its own comrades were left on many battle-fields, including our beloved Wyman, *the Thirteenth need not be told.*

There seems no room to doubt the perfect loyalty and incorruptibility of General Harney in the secession spring of 1861, but he fell into the dangerous error of reposing confidence in the honesty and loyalty of such secession leaders as Sterling Price and Governor Claib. Jackson,

WHO WERE PLOTTING TREASON WHILE HOODWINKING GENERAL HARNEY,

who was too easily led to trust their hypocritical professions of joining him in preventing Missouri from secession; and, but for the clear foresight of Captain Lyon, Frank P. Blair, and other loyal men, and their prompt action in capturing Camp Jackson, Missouri would have been, temporarily, as hopelessly lost to the Union, as was any other of the secession States; and until overpowered and restored, so large a force of troops would have been necessary to guard the left bank of the Mississippi, from Cairo to Iowa, and the southern border of that State as well, as to very materially weaken our forces in other parts of the field. This, however, was probably of much less importance to the Union cause, than would have been the dangerous proximity of secession Missouri to Canada, that pest-house of refuge

AND VOMITING-GROUND FOR ALL THE FOUL BROOD OF SECESSION'S

surplus of spies, conspirators, outlaws and assassins, who, together with our own copperhead renegades, and English sympathizers with Southern treason, formed an army in our rear which was formidably dangerous, and, it is possible, would have turned the scale against us, had it not been for the fact that they were generally both physical and moral cowards and always were kept under sleepless surveillance by our authorities, who prevented them from doing what the Jeff Davis organization expected of them.

Some of this Falstaffian rabble were as "*mild mannered gentlemen as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat.*"

Very few of these conspirators, however, had the nerve and devotion to a bad cause, to carry out the behests of their masters, which required the murder of even a President of the United States; and if the murder of President Lincoln be classed as one of their successes, then it was a success which they could not well afford; for it aroused the indigna-

tion and horror of the civilized world, and weakened their unholy cause by the withdrawal of a hitherto widespread sympathy, mistaken though it was, which had been extended then; and the effect was to cause such a revulsion of feeling, that the Union cause was correspondingly strengthened.

With the exception of the assassination of President Lincoln, no notable success was achieved by *these Jeff Davis scavengers;* and their operations amounted to scarcely more than the abortive attempts to burn and plunder a few Northern cities, release and arm several thousands of rebel prisoners in several Northern States, to capture one or two vessels on the Northern lakes; and the too successful auxiliary aid of the English-secession contingent in inciting the revolt of the Indians of the West and Northwest.

These rear and side-lights serve to throw into bold relief, over the canvas of history, the importance to both sides, of Missouri, which, to the rebels was a sort of turn-table and way-station on the rebel underground railroad for easily reaching Canada.

On Sunday morning, July 7th, at daylight, after a rough night's ride in freight and lumber cars, over the southwest branch of the Missouri Pacific railroad, the "Thirteenth" arrived at Rolla, Missouri, disembarked and stacked arms near the depot, the men expecting to march on to Springfield to reinforce General Lyon, as soon as transportation could arrive. After about two hours, however, they were ordered to "fall in," and were marched to a camping-ground about one hundred rods to the east of the town, where they again "stacked arms" and then cooked breakfast; after which the ground was thoroughly cleared off, and, by night, the tents were all up, on what, as it proved, was to be their military home for three months; and camp life on the enemy's soil began in earnest.

A force of only five companies of Infantry, under Colonel Bayles, was garrisoning the post on our arrival, and much apprehension of attack from rebels existed, and a patrol guard

was ordered on duty from our regiment the very first night of our Missouri life.

This seemed a little like earnest work, but it was what the boys had clamored for, what we came to Missouri to do; and that there was abundant necessity for its being done, a look at the military and political situation in the trans-Mississippi department of the military operations of the war will readily show; and why Colonel Wyman and his regiment were assigned to this post.

Although the weather was somewhat sultry, the day was fine; and while the men were clearing off the grounds for a camp, and getting ready for real soldiering, some rear and side-lights may be let on to make clear the situation.

As early as December 20th, 1860, South Carolina, *true to her old-time treasonable leadership*, had seceded. On January 9th, 11th, 19th and 26th, 1861, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and Lousiana, in the order named, had seceded, to be followed April 17th, and May 6th by Virginia and Arkansas, respectively. Three months before the form of secession had been gone through with, Arkansas had persuaded the Choctaw Indians to join the fortunes of the South and had seized the United States Arsenal at Little Rock.

On May 11th United States troops had been fired on in St. Louis. On June 12th, the rebel governor of Missouri, Claib. Jackson, called for fifty thousand troops to fight the United States.

It seems that staunch old Union Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, with grim Scottish sarcasm, sent a requisition to the Governor of Arkansas, for its contingent of Arkansas troops with which to help put down the rebellion; and received the following reply:

Honorable SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War,
Washington City.

In answer to your requisition for troops from Arkansas, to subjugate the Southern States, I have to say that none will be furnished. The demand is only adding insult to injury. The people of this common-

wealth are freemen, not slaves, and will defend to the last extremity, their honor, lives, and property *against Northern mendacity and ursurpation.*

H. M. RECTOR,
Governor of Arkansas.

Captain James Totten, Second Artillery, Commandant at Little Rock Arsenal, as early as February 6th, 1861, notified Adjutant-General Cooper, United States of America, as follows:

SIR: I have to inform you that companies of armed citizens from various sections of the State have already arrived, and it is said there will soon be five thousand here for the express purpose of taking the Arsenal. Instructions are urgently and immediately asked. Collision seems inevitable if the Arsenal is to be held.

Same date same notifies same that Governor H. M. Rector of Arkansas, demands the surrender of the Arsenal to State authorities.

April 20th Liberty Arsenal in Missouri, was taken possession of by rebels and fifteen hundred arms and a few cannon distributed to citizens of Clay county.

April 23d secessionists took possession of Fort Smith, the Governor acting as though the State had already seceded.

As early as February 12th General Scott telegraphed to General Harney, commanding Department of the West:

Have you in the St. Louis Arsenal troops enough to defend it? Ought you not to send up all the men from Jefferson Barracks?

The General-in-Chief desires to strengthen that dispatch by calling your attention to these considerations. That it is best to move in advance of excitement when it is possible. When an emergency arises reinforcements may be cut off; and that all the force may now be usefully employed at work in adding to the defenses of the Arsenal.

General Harney did not see any danger.

Nine days after the above, General Harney received the following peremptory command:

Brigadier-General Harney: *Stop the march of the troops from Fort Smith.* WINFIELD SCOTT.

Only nineteen days from the date of the above, Captain Nathaniel Lyon was assigned to the command of the St. Louis Arsenal. Beginning to comprehend at last, that General Scott was getting his mad up, General Harney began to move; and in the light of swift following events, he moved none too soon; and as a result we have the following:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, April 9th, 1861.

To MAJOR HAGNER.

SIR: Under existing circumstances, the Department Commander deems it of great importance that the Ordnance supplies stored in the magazine at Jefferson Barracks, or elsewhere, be brought within the vicinity of St. Louis Arsenal limits with the least practicable delay.

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Either General Scott's *tongue-lashing*, or some other inspirational cause, had set General Harney to looking about him to better purpose than formerly, as is seen by the following communication to the headquarters of the General-in-Chief of the Army.

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, April 16, 1861.

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMY AT NEW YORK,

SIR: The Arsenal buildings and grounds are completely commanded by hills immediately in their rear, and within easy range. I learn from sources which I consider reliable, that it is the intention of the Executive of this State to cause batteries to be erected on these hills, and also upon the Island opposite the Arsenal. I am further informed that should such batteries be erected, it is contemplated by the State authorities, in the event of the secession of the State from the Union, *to demand the surrender of the Arsenal.* While our force would probably be able to resist successfully an assaulting party greatly superior to itself in numbers, it could not withstand the fire of the batteries situated as above indicated.

W. S. HARNEY,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

With regard to the St. Louis Arsenal matter, it seems to have engaged the *personal attention of Jeff Davis also* about

this same time, and he writes from Montgomery, Alabama, on April 23d, 1861, to Governor Jackson of Missouri, as follows:

I have directed that Captains Green and Duke should be furnished with two twelve-pounder howitzers and two thirty-two-pounder guns with the proper ammunition for each. These, from the commanding hills will be effective, both against the garrison, and to breach the inclosing walls of the place.

I concur with you as to *the great importance of capturing the Arsenal and securing the supplies.*

That the Union authorities and leading Unionists of the West were as fully alive to the importance of defending the St. Louis Arsenal, and its valuable stores, as Jeff Davis could possibly be, the following correspondence will show:

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., April 19th, 1861.

Hon. SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

SIR: Dispatches to United States Officers at St. Louis, should be addressed to East St. Louis, *via* Terre Haute. Their contents will then be perfectly safe as far as all western points are concerned. Notify other members of the Cabinet, and ascertain yourself about Baltimore and Washington Offices.

Send order by telegraph, at once, for mustering men into service, to Captain N. Lyon. It will surely then be executed and we will fill your requisition in two days.—"RELIEVE HAGNER."

FRANK P. BLAIR, Jr.

"Hagner" seemed to have been the ordnance officer, an important military position, whose loyalty was suspected, or who was indiscreet and of dangerous use to the secessionists, and whose removal was necessary to the perfect success of a plan then under consideration for anticipating the possible capture of the Arsenal by the rebel Governor Jackson. The following, of three days earlier date than the above letter of Hon. Frank P. Blair, undoubtedly explains why they distrusted "Hagner."

Captain Lyon writes to Governor Yates of Illinois, from St. Louis Arsenal, on April 16th suggesting to Governor Yates that as the arms are what are wanted by the rebs, and

will be the cause of an attack, had not Governor Yates better make requisition for a large supply of arms *and get them shipped from St. Louis Arsenal to Springfield, Illinois.*

The danger must have been imminent indeed to have been acquiesced in so universally and so promptly as to cut red-tape into ravelings and by the most conservative of the Government fossils.

FOR INSTANCE—

HEADQUARTERS WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

COMMANDANT OF ARSENAL AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

SIR: * * * * You will, moreover, issue ten thousand additional stand of arms and accoutrements to the authorized agent or agents, of His Excellency, the Governor of Illinois, with a corresponding amount of ammunition.

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

On April 30th, 1861, President Lincoln authorizes Captain Lyon to enroll for his own command, ten thousand militia of loyal citizens of St. Louis and vicinity, also directs that the arms and other military stores at the Arsenal, not needed for Missouri, *must be removed to some safe place in Illinois.*

It is revolutionary times; and therefore, *I do not object to the irregularity of this.*

W. S. [Winfield Scott.]

Approved, April 30, 1861.

A. LINCOLN.

Colonel Thomas (Adjutant-General) *will make this order.*

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

This unexampled action in throwing wide open the ratchet-wheel which generally keeps slowed down the spools from which red-tape is so begrudgingly unwound, ought to be blazoned on every Union battle-flag, for all time; and the whole caboodle—Lyon, Lincoln, Scott, Cameron and Blair, *richly deserved a good pull from some comrade's canteen.*

At the risk of sorely trying the reader's patience, the historian has deemed it desirable to record, for future reference, as well as for present reading, some of the political and military conditions which led up to the necessity which called for the selection of the proper military leader, who also possessed great executive ability as a manager of lines of railroad. That it had been a matter of grave deliberation by the commander of the Department of the West, seems to clearly be set forth in the following documents; and that this great trust was confided to our Colonel, *must be a source of pride* to every surviving member of the Thirteenth Regiment.

ST. LOUIS ARSENAL, MO., July 6th, 1861.

GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Buckhannon, Virginia.

SIR: *General Lyon has sent Wyman's regiment to Rolla this evening.* This with the seven hundred troops now there will be enough for the present. *Colonel Wyman is in command*, with instructions to keep open the line of communication on which all supplies will be sent hereafter. General Lyon has moved down towards Springfield with twenty-four hundred and Major Sturgis with twenty-two hundred on the frontier. Sweeney is there and at Mt. Vernon and beyond there, with twenty-five hundred, besides guards at posts on lines.

CHESTER HARDING, JR.
A. A.-G., Mo. Vol.

ST. LOUIS ARSENAL, MISSOURI,
July 7th, 1861.

TO ADJUTANT-GENERAL THOMAS.

SIR: Besides garrisoning Jefferson City, Boonville, and Lexington General Lyon has marched southward with two thousand four hundred men in round numbers. His intention was to go to Little Rock; but movements of the enemy in the southeastern portion of the State, may change his plans. There are at Springfield and Mt. Vernon, and on the way there from Rolla, about three thousand men under Captain T. W. Sweeney, Second Infantry, by order of General Harney, as Brigadier-General of United States Reserve Corps of St. Louis. In addition to these, there are about one thousand of Home Guards and Rifle Battalion, protecting line of communication from St. Louis to Springfield. As this line has become the most important in the whole State, and as it is threatened by hostile bands under General McBride and others, it has

been deemed best to place it under the command of *Colonel Wyman Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers*, who went down to Rolla last night.

As soon as General Lyon's plan of campaign developed itself, the secessionists in the southeast began to organize their forces. They have hitherto been met, as well as possible, by expeditions from Cairo, and from this place, and by Home Guards organized and armed under General Lyon's authority. These expeditions were necessarily confined to temporary visits to disaffected regions, and have accomplished little. The whole of the southeast requires permanent occupancy by our troops, as it contains more enemies than any other portion of the State.

CHESTER HARDING, JR.,
A. A.-G. Mo. Vols.

L. THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, Washington, D. C.

SIR: At the suggestion of General Lyon, I write to inform you of the movements of troops in this State. * * * *

In addition to these there are about one thousand of the Home Guard and Rifle Battalion protecting the line of communication from St. Louis to Springfield. As this line has become the most important one in the whole State, and as it is threatened by hostile bands under General McBride and others, *it has been deemed best to place it under the command of Colonel Wyman*, Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers, *who went down to Rolla with his regiment last night.* He will establish his headquarters either at Rolla or Lebanon, beyond the crossing of the Gasconade river, as he finds most expedient. * * * *

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
CHESTER HARDING, JR., A. A.-G.

The three immediately foregoing communications from the headquarters of General Lyon, Department of the West, while all relating to the selection of Colonel Wyman, for commanding the post at Rolla, vary enough to give us two or three points of sufficient interest to warrant the quoting of all three. Taking the three together, we learn that General Lyon did not intend that the Thirteenth should compose a part of his forces in the campaign to Springfield, and still further to the southwest; and while it was almost universally understood by the enlisted men of the regiment, that we were to join General Lyon at Springfield, Colonel Wyman knew

better all the time; and must have known, and in fact accepted the appointment, while still at Caseyville; but he kept his own counsel well.

We also learn from these letters, that Colonel Wyman was in command of the post, which included the entire line of railroad from St. Louis to Rolla, as soon as the Thirteenth was well aboard the cars, on that Saturday night of July 6th, 1861, although the order assigned him had not been published.

By referring to the communication of Adjutant-General Harding to General McClellan, dated July 6th, 1861, he says: "*Colonel Wyman is in command*, with instructions," etc. This seems sufficient to establish the above claim.

Another thing will be learned for the first time by many of the Thirteenth, that we should have gone into camp at Lebanon, if Colonel Wyman had thought it best.

Your historian also learns from all three of the above letters, that "*Colonel Wyman and his regiment went down to Rolla last night;*" that being the case, the said historian, if he wants to keep abreast with current events, would better sharpen his pencil and go down to Rolla too.

CHAPTER IV.

LYON ASKS FREMONT TO SEND HIM THE THIRTEENTH AT ONCE; BUT IS TOLD THAT "WYMAN'S IS A SPLENDID REGIMENT," BUT WE DON'T MARCH.

PUTTING the camp in order was the service required of the men on that first Sunday at the front; and to show that war does not shave, wash its neck, and dress up for Sunday, there was no church service; and that first Sunday night brought several alarms; and once, the boys were called up and ordered to "fall in"; but the alarms proved false, and the first reveille in "Dixie" woke them on Monday morning, July 8th, with another day's work of clearing the grounds and putting everything to rights. The men were generally well, and commenced their new life with a zestful alacrity which may be said to be a characteristic of the soldier of no other nationality.

Captain Blanchard, of Company K, was the Officer-of-the-Day, the first to officiate in that capacity on rebel soil. Whether this honor came to him as the senior in years, in the regiment, is not now known by any record, but it most likely was the case. Tuesday, July 9th, broke clear and pleasant, and a scouting party drawn from Companies K, H and I—Captains Gardiner with his Company H, Wadsworth with his Company I, and Lieutenant Hobson with Company K as its captain, Blanchard was in command of the expedition.

Captain Blanchard was mounted on the Colonel's horse.

Captain Wadsworth and Captain Gardiner, both, are reported as returning sick, but the sturdy old veteran in command seems to have had a good time, and was fortunate enough to capture and bring back a rifle as a trophy. On this day also, two captains of the regiment are reported as being detailed on special duty ; what particular duty, there is now no record to show, but it seems certain that one was Captain Bushnell who was put in the superintendency of the construction of the Fort, which was commenced about this time.

Thursday, July 18th, at the camp of the Thirteenth regiment it was pleasant all day, and Captain Blanchard was Officer-of-the-Day. On this day Confederate General McCulloch writes to Confederate Secretary of War Walker as follows :

The regiment of Chocktaw and Chickasaw Indians is no doubt now all assembled at Scullyville, about fifteen miles from Fort Smith. I will arm them as soon as the arms can be sent, and keep them there as a check on the Cherokees. The same disposition will be made of the Creek regiment, should one be organized.

Three days before the above was written, the rebel general, Bishop Leonidas Polk, writes, "Price and McCulloch have at Bentonville, Arkansas, thirty-one thousand, three hundred men."

Wednesday, July 17th, General Lyon, from Springfield, Missouri, on this date writes to his Adjutant-General Harding in St. Louis as follows :

I inclose you a copy of a letter from Colonel Townsend on the subject of an order from General Scott, which calls for five companies of the Second Infantry to be withdrawn from the West and sent to Washington. A previous order withdraws the mounted troops, as I am informed; and were it not that some of them were *en route* to this place, they would now be in Washington. *This order, carried out, would not now leave at Fort Leavenworth a single company.* I have Companies B and E, Second Infantry, now under orders for Washington ; and if all these troops leave me, *I can do nothing, and must retire*, in the absence of others to supply their places. In fact, I am badly enough off at the best, and must utterly fail if my regulars all go. At Washington, troops from all the Northern, Middle and Eastern States are available for the support of the army in

Virginia, and more are understood to be already there than are wanted; and it seems strange that so many troops must go on from the West and strip us of the means of defense. But if it is the intention to give up the West, let it be so; it can only be the victim of imbecility or malice. *Scott will cripple us if he can.* Can not you stir up this matter and secure us relief? See Fremont if he has arrived. The want of supplies has crippled me so that I can not move; and I do not know when I can. Everything seems to combine against me at this point. Stir up Blair.

This almost wail of despair from Lyon is pathetic and sad enough to throw a pall of the deepest gloom over the stoutest hearts, as to our prospects in Missouri; and if "coming events ever do cast their shadows before," perhaps Lyon's prophetic soul bridged the four days' chasm and saw the thousands of gory forms obstructing the field of the first Manassas; and our armies in full retreat.

We can abundantly excuse him the spasm of bitterness which wrings from him the unjust (probably) accusation against that grand old veteran, General Scott, when we thoroughly understand the desperate situation of General Lyon and his handful of troops at that time. It almost seems as if the devoted Lyon already heard the rippling flutter of the death angel's raven wings, as that dread messenger touched the warrior's shoulder and granted him *but twenty-three more days before martyrdom* for his country; and he catches at two straws, as it were, when he almost gasps, "See Fremont!" "Stir up Blair!"

This, also, most undoubtedly, was the most critical turning-point in the history of the Thirteenth, as to whether the regiment should go forward to the front, and join Lyon, or remain to hold the post of Rolla. This is evidenced by Harding's reply to the above letter of Lyon, where he says:

Wyman's is a splendid regiment; and I am trying to get other troops to supply his place, *and send him forward.*

This seems to show that, in his emergency, General Lyon was considering the expediency of changing a former plan, and draw Wyman and his regiment, to Springfield.

Had not Sigel seized the bits in his teeth, and run away too far to return in time to turn the scale against the rebels at Wilson's Creek, our army would have been victorious ; *or, had the Thirteenth marched on to the field* and formed line of battle, in the gap where Sigel ought to have been, it is not too extravagant to claim that our army would have driven the enemy from the field.

Lyon might not have been saved, *but the victory would.*

Sunday, July 21st, 1861, Harding says to Lyon, in answer to the above :

Now in the southwest part of the State, we stand thus: Two regiments, not in communication with each other; no artillery, and a few Home Guards, against, what they expect to be, twenty thousand men (regular troops, well provided), who design marching on St. Louis. So much for the southeast; meanwhile your departure from Boonville, and the necessity of having eighteen hundred troops to garrison Jefferson City, Boonville, and Lexington, encouraged the rebels in northeast Missouri. Brigadier-General Tom Harris gathered a force below Monroe Station, in camp. I took the liberty of ordering Colonel Smith, of Illinois, who was lying eighteen miles from him, to break up the camp. He waited a day or two until Harris had got together sixteen hundred men, proceeded a part of the way, *shut himself up in a seminary*, and sent back for reinforcements as his men had been marched off in such a hurry that they forgot to fill their cartridge-boxes, *and had only four rounds apiece.* He was relieved, and Harris marched southwestwardly, on his way through Callaway county, to make a combined attack upon Jefferson City, with forces from Pettis, Osage, and Linn counties.

The line of communication from Rolla to Springfield, is kept open by Wyman and Bayles. Wyman's is a splendid regiment ; and I am trying to get other troops to supply his place, and send him forward.

Bayles, with his command of seven hundred, broke camp on the 21st (same date as the above letter) and went forward, leaving the Thirteenth to guard the post of Rolla, and the railroad to St. Louis, *against a probable rebel force of twenty thousand* (*regulars*, well provided), their avowed destination, St. Louis. (See immediately preceding letter.)

It is an old adage that "those who know nothing, fear

nothing," and it is well that the men of the Thirteenth knew nothing of that matter until the danger had passed.

The thousand details of arranging a permanent camp were putting themselves to rights almost automatically, so quietly were the few soldierly belongings, arranged to fit small nooks and corners. Forked stakes came out of the woods, and stuck one end of themselves in the ground, and good-naturedly adjusted themselves so that a cross-bar could horizontalize itself across their shoulders,—from which, various camp-kettles would trapeze themselves; and yet, notwithstanding all this gymnastic exercise, *boils were frequent.* The small *fry* kept nearer the ground and did fully as well. Some of the rations were so sensitive as to be kept in a *stew* a good share of the time; while others, were so quarrelsome, as to be in a *broil* of almost guard-house dimensions most of the time. Some of those whose duty it was to procure fuel, were so lazy as to exclaim, Oh, *would* that *wood would* come *!*

Nine out of every ten, who undertook to arrange the feeding, and to cater to a crowd, made a *mess* of it; and yet nearly all would try it; and to all *in-tents* (and purposes) this was satisfactory.

Reveille is supposed to rouse everybody in camp, except the sick.

The camp breakfast is first on the docket; and the best thing in camp life; and, for that matter, the best and most delicious repast in any kind of life. The warmed-over baked beans, and slice of side pork, equal to any breakfast-bacon, or, that greatest of soldier's luxuries, LOBSCOUSE ! ! ! !, which consisted of hard-tack broken up in water over night, and then fried in bacon-grease; then the tin-cup of coffee, sipped a little at a time, as if it were nectar (and it is), while seated on a log, hovering over the fire, the very hovering, being in itself, delightful; then the smoke; so far from being avoided, actually confers a favor *by whisking itself into one's eyes.*

The sharp and incisive wit and humor, which always gives

its best at such times, all combine to render this the most delightful experience of the day.

The Guard-mounting, and the Guard-house; the latter, always a place of absorbing interest, and more than, as like as not, having at that very time, a worthy representative, marching up and down the parade-ground, carrying a knapsack filled with bricks, with an armed guard as an escort, (the meanest of all detestable guard-duty), are all features of the early part of the day.

The Battalion Drill, the real school of war, is also a forenoon duty; but the real drawing-room reception of the day, is the Dress-Parade, toward night; here, white gloves and polished army-shoes are calculated to bring out all the latent vanity of the soldier, and is always a favorite feature of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

Delicious evening gossiping around the camp-fire, social visits from tent to tent, and perhaps some good singing, cover the space until retreat, and soon after, "taps," when the lights go out and the day goes to bed.

Among the amusing things of memory, Captain Everest recalls the incident of several of the commissioned officers of our regiment, about the time of its organization, making a contract with the clothier A. D. Titsworth, of Chicago, to furnish them with regulation dress-coats of blue. *These coats, after wearing but a short time, turned red.* At which the said officers were intensely disgusted; the more so as all the lower orders were laughing at them.

Bills came repeatedly from the shoddy contractor, for pay, but the swindle did not work; the coats were never paid for; and it is fair to presume that *the St. Louis dyers were the only ones who got any satisfaction out of the transaction.*

July 21st.—This proved to be a fateful day. In the first place, at Rolla, it rained heavily all day, and the tents leaked badly, and the men underwent much discomfort. Then again, Colonel Bayles left, with his command, for the front, leaving the Thirteenth the only force at the post. It is true, Captain Cole returned from a scout, bringing back with him,

the Secesh captain, Henderson, a prisoner. This success is spoken of by one of the officers, as "The first real achievement of the regiment." But a darker gloom had been ours, had we known it, on that dark day, when at Bull Run, our army was defeated with a loss of four hundred and eighty-one killed, ten hundred and eleven wounded, and fourteen hundred and sixty missing and captured.

This dire misfortune, in its effects on our cause in Missouri, is described by the Union General, John Pope, at St. Charles, Missouri, in a letter to Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, of date, July 23d, two days later, as follows: * * * *

Your active interference in North Missouri, will, I fear, be very shortly necessary, and in a stronger force than you suggest. The unfortunate repulse of our forces at Manassas, has aroused the whole Secession element in this State to renewed activity; and intelligence received this morning from St. Louis, has compelled me to suspend, for the present, further movements of the troops from this place in the direction of the Hannibal and St. Jo railroad. It is by no means improbable that I may be obliged, within a few days, to move the whole force in North Missouri, into St. Louis *to protect that city from civil tumult and bloodshed;* and in that case, I shall call upon yourself and Governor Yates to replace them by State forces. * * * *

In addition to what General Pope says above, as to whether our cause in general, and consequently our cause in particular, in Missouri, was in a somewhat critical condition, in those last days of July, it may be well to interrogate the rebs themselves, as to whether we had real cause for vigilance.

July 23d.—Two days after Bull Run, Confederate General Polk, to Confederate Secretary of War, Walker, says:

* * * * I have, therefore, directed General Pillow to detach from the force in West Tennessee, six thousand troops * * * * to make a movement on Missouri, through Madrid. He will be joined as soon as he lands, by three thousand Missourians; * * * * and he goes forward, by other forces that are prepared to come to him. * * * * General Hardee is at Pocahontas, and will co-operate with Pillow, *with seven thousand men*; and there are near him two thousand five hundred Missourians who will join him.

McCulloch's force is six thousand men. Near him is Price, with twelve thousand men. This column of twenty-five thousand men, I am in communication with. They will advance on the enemy's position (Springfield) where, I learn, General Lyon has concentrated the principal part of his force, say ten thousand or twelve thousand men. In the meantime I shall, on Saturday next, direct the column of which I have spoken, under General Pillow, to cross the river to New Madrid, and take up the line of march into Missouri for Ironton. He will be joined by three thousand Missourians now near New Madrid. With this force of eleven thousand, including three batteries complete, with two extra guns, he will find no difficulty in reaching the point indicated. At that point he will be joined by General Hardee with a column of seven thousand, who will move about the same time from Pocahontas. They are directed to pass in behind Lyon's force by land, or to proceed to St. Louis, seize it (great Cæsar ! ! !), and taking possession of the boats at that point, to proceed up the river Missouri, raising the Missourians as they go, and at such point as may appear most suitable, to detach a force to cut off Lyon's return from the West. * * * * If, as I think, I can drive the enemy from Missouri, with the force indicated, I will enter Illinois and take Cairo in the rear on my return.

Perhaps some of the reasons why General Polk's grand scheme for a basket picnic through Missouri and Illinois, did not materialize, may be found in the letter from Hardee, on July 27th to Price, that instead of seven thousand men, "already to march," he says :

"GENERAL : I received your communication of the 19th inst., inviting my co-operation in a combined attack of the forces under McCulloch, Price, and yourself on the Federal forces at Springfield, Missouri. I regret to say that it is impossible for me at this time to move my command. The forces in Arkansas, are now being transferred to the Confederate States. Only about eight hundred men have been so transferred, *and I have actually under my command less than two thousand three hundred men.* When all the forces in this part of the State are transferred, I shall have less than five thousand men, badly organized, badly equipped, and wanting in discipline and instruction. One of my batteries has no harness, and no horses (no need of harness then), and not one of the regiments has transportation enough for active field service. I have not been in command a week. I am doing all in my power to remedy these deficiencies, but it takes time to get harness and transportation. I do not wish to march to your assistance with less than five thousand men well appointed, and a full complement of artil-

lery. With every desire to aid and co-operate with the forces in the West, I am compelled, at this time, to forego that gratification. I hope at no distant day, to be able to lend you efficient aid in overthrowing the federal domination in Missouri.

This sublime flight of General Polk's poetic imagination, came down like the boy's arrow; after "soaring! and soaring!! and soaring!!! it came down on daddy's wood-pile."

July 28th.—General Polk says to Confederate Secretary of War, Walker:

I had the honor of addressing you a few days ago, informing you of a movement [the basket picnic mentioned above] I was contemplating on Missouri.

Since yesterday [why not say to-day?] I have had to arrive at headquarters the gentleman who is the bearer of this, Colonel Little, Adjutant-General of the forces of Missouri. He comes directly from General Price's camp. From him I learn that the force stated to be under the command of the respective generals above, as stated by Governor Jackson, is greatly exaggerated, to the extent of indeed, *one half.* [The exclamation points should have been used, when the arrow came down.]

* * * * This abatement of the force disposable for the invasion of Missouri, *has caused me to pause* in the execution of the plan indicated. * * * *

Perhaps we ought to consider that General Polk's *pause* was better late than never, but the great General being a clergyman, before publishing to several other Confederate generals, his highly inflated scheme for cantering over the State of Missouri, and Illinois, should pause long enough to take his New Testament, and turn to the 14th chapter of Luke, where the Saviour is giving much good advice, and read over three or four times, the 31st and 32d verses, as follows:

Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is a great way off, he sendeth an embassage, and desireth conditions of peace.

It would seem as if General Jeff Thompson, would indorse the above criticism, as he tells General Pillow on August

16th, 1861, that "The distrust and bad feeling at New Madrid, is distressing. General Polk either does not understand the people of Missouri, or he belongs to the ox-telegraph-line." * * * *

A comparison between the bombastic letters of General Polk and the common-sense advice of our Saviour, can hardly be other than, as between the warlike clergyman and the "Prince of Peace"; the latter would have made a far abler general, and possibly, almost as good a Christian.

July 22nd.—This was a showery day in camp. Several prisoners sent to St. Louis.

Confederate General Hardee, to-day took command of that part of Arkansas lying west of the White and Black rivers, and to the Missouri line.

July 24th, Wednesday.—Captain Blanchard, of Company K, detailed and sent out with one hundred and twenty men and Bowen's Cavalry, to scout and if possible, take Miscal Johnson, a somewhat notorious rebel, of local reputation.

The day was warm, and the scouting party did not leave camp until 5:30 p. m., and they marched eighteen miles and camped for the night.

They were also to hunt Old Lenox, ten miles beyond Bennett's Mill.

July 25th, Thursday.—Generel Fremont, to-day assumed command of the "Department of the West."

The scouting party resumed their march, and arrived at Bennett's Mill, where it was learned that the rebels had retreated. Several prisoners were taken, however, but as it was not thought best to be incumbered with them, they were sworn and turned loose on parole, with orders to report to Colonel Wyman the next week. Among the prisoners were Dent and Cook, two of the leading rebels in that country. The men were well, and foraged plenty of sheep, chickens, honey, tobacco, etc., and lived well. This reminds one, of what Sherman wrote to Grant, almost exactly three years later, as follows: "We are gradually falling back to Atlanta, feeding high, on the corn-fields of the Confederacy."

July 26th, Friday.—Captain Blanchard's scouting party broke camp at Bennett's Mill, at 7 p. m., and marched for Salem; keeping scouts out all the way, reaching there an hour after midnight.

On this day the Union Home Guards had a brush with the rebels at "Lane's Prairie," near Rolla. Union, three wounded; rebels, one killed, and three wounded. This caused some excitement in camp, and a detachment sent by forced march, to the locality of the fight, achieved nothing.

On this day, General Schofield, to Adjutant-General at St. Louis Arsenal, says: "We have heard of the defeat of our troops in Virginia, though hardly enough to judge of its extent. *If so, the next news will be our defeat also.*" * * * *

July 27th, Saturday.—At Salem, Bowen scouted all day, routing a squad of rebels, taking one prisoner and five guns. Lenox was heard from, not far off, threatening an attack. One of his spies was captured, and several prisoners disposed of.

This day, General Lyon, and Captain Clark Wright, both report rebel forces moving from Arkansas to Carthage and vicinity, for invasion of Missouri. Refugees give startling accounts of the depredations that are being committed by the rebels as they return.

July 28th, Sunday. — The scouting party at Salem, broke camp at 5 p. m., and marched for Rolla; but after marching fifteen miles, reached Lake Spring, where they camped.

That was a quiet Sunday in camp. It was quiet only because we did not realize or know, even, the critical condition of the State generally, and of Rolla in particular, but will be fully realized when we read the reports from all the important points as follows:

On this day, Secretary Seward is told by General Fremont, that—

"The rebels are advancing in force from the south

upon these lines. * * * * We have plenty of men,

BUT ABSOLUTELY NO ARMS;

and the condition of the State, critical."

This reference by General Fremont to want of arms, is particularly interesting to the boys right here, as it was General Fremont himself, who purchased in Europe, these identical old Belgian and Austrian muskets with which we were at that very time, armed. As to whether General Fremont was to be thanked, or censured for this act, we shall further along have occasion to examine into.

On this same quiet Sunday, also, General Prentice from Cairo, Illinois, writes General Fremont, that — "Rebels from Tennessee, are constantly crossing at New Madrid, Missouri, with avowed intention of assulting Bird's Point. * * * *

On yesterday, three thousand rebels west of Bird's Point forty miles, three hundred at Madrid, three more regiments ordered there, also troops from Randolph and Corinth. The number of organized rebels within fifty miles of me will exceed twelve thousand." * * * *

Again to-day, Capt. Clark Wright, reports from Greenfield to General Lyon: "My picket-guard, sixteen miles out in the direction of Carthage, assured me twenty minutes since, that I would have to be reinforced. The situation seemed so serious, that I at once sent a dispatch to Major Sturgis, calling for reinforcements."

In response to this call from Captain Wright, Assistant Adjutant-General Schofield ordered five companies of Colonel Andrew's regiment, Missouri Volunteers and four companies of Colonel Deitzler's regiment and two companies of Cavalry, dispatched at once.

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CHAPTER V.

COMPANY "Q" ORGANIZES AND SELLS THE SUTLER A BARREL OF COFFEE.—WHAT THE REBS THOUGHT AND SAID OF US.—DUG SPRING AND WILSON'S CREEK.

July 29th, Monday.

WHEN Captain Blanchard's scouting party resumed the homeward march, this morning, at 7, Major Bowen continued to scout, and succeeded in engaging the force of "Old Lenox," with the misfortune, however, of being partly surrounded, which might have proved a serious matter, had not Captain Blanchard's Infantry force arrived on a double-quick, at the critical moment, having heard the firing. On this turn of affairs, the rebs retreated; when the march was continued, and the detachment reached the post at 7 in the evening, with much plunder, consisting of horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Three rebels were killed, and three prisoners were brought in. No casualties on our side.

July 30th Confederate General McCulloch writes Confederate Secretary of War Walker, that he is about to move (next day) from Cassville on Springfield; and that he has suggested to General Hardee to make a

DEMONSTRATION AT THE SAME TIME ON ROLLA.

It is to be presumed that Colonel Wyman, as commander of the post at Rolla, knew of the threatening demonstrations from various directions, and very frequently, must have been

in a state of extreme anxiety, with but his own regiment, and with no defensive fortifications, and nothing but a thousand men, full of fight, it must be admitted, but poorly armed and with only a small cavalry force for light scouting, and vedette guard.

The fort had not yet been commenced, and was not for twenty-eight days after; and the four siege-guns would not arrive for about twenty days, and would be useless for many days to come until they could be mounted. Of course it is useless to speculate as to how Hardee, or any other rebel general, backed by a considerable force, would have been received, if attacking us suddenly, but it is pretty certain that they would have picked up a smart chunk of a fight, and would have had considerable to talk about, had they succeeded.

In the meantime the routine of camp life went on at Rolla, with very little of absorbing interest to vary the monotony. Company and battalion drill went on every day of good weather, prisoners were frequently brought in, and in due time forwarded to St. Louis.

Unionist refugees, in considerable numbers, were almost every day arriving at the post, to seek protection, food and shelter. Their tales of suffering and abuse, and not infrequently, gross outrage, were well calculated to call forth all of indignation and sympathy natural to the noble soul of Colonel Wyman, and, in fact, of his entire regiment; and while the naturally impatient and impetuous disposition of our commander chafed under the severe control which he was obliged constantly to exercise over himself, the men of the Thirteenth were often clamorous to be led where some of these rebel miscreants could be chastised.

It is well that we should know something of the opinion entertained towards us, as instilled into the minds of the rebel soldiers, and common people, by rebel officers and leaders.

> "Oh! wad some power the Giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as ithers see us."

On July 2d, 1861, Mr. E. C. Cabell, of Missouri, wrote Jefferson Davis, as follows:

* * * * To insure the accession of Missouri to the Confederate States, has been the object of my labors for several months past. This great result may, and I feel confident will, be attained. But it is secondary to the cause of Southern independence; and should it fail, which God forbid, and which I do not apprehend, I shall be none the less devoted to that cause, for, I shall never reside, and I would rather bury my children than have them live in any State which, willingly or unwillingly, remains under the rule of the men of the late United States.

Now, it is more than half certain, that Mr. Cabell's children, would *prefer to live*, even in Missouri, *to being buried, anywhere;* and his disinterestedness strongly resembles that of the late Artemus Ward, who declared that "This rebellion must, and shall be put down, if it takes every drop of blood *flowing in the veins of my wife's relations.*"

On December 4th, 1862, Confederate General Hindman, addressing his soldiers, said: * * * * "Soldiers: Fifth, do not break ranks to plunder. * * * * Plunderers and stragglers will be put to death on the spot. [Lofty virtue, and vigorous discipline.] File-closers are especially charged with this duty. Remember that the enemy you engage, has no feeling of mercy or kindness toward you. His ranks are made up of

PIN INDIANS.

(Whatever does that mean?)
Free nogroes.
Southern tories.
Kansas jayhawkers.
And hired Dutch cut-throats."

On April 21, 1861, some loud crowing Confederate *rooster*, calling himself S. R. *Cockerell*, writing from Nashville, Tennessee, to Confederate Secretary of War, Walker, thus "norates":

* * * * The Legislature meets next Thursday; and the plan is to pass the ordinance of secession, and let the people ratify it, arm the State, and stand ready to march South or North. [Wonder why they failed to march North?] Arkansas will go out May 6th before breakfast. [He knew certainly, or guessed exactly.]

THE INDIANS COME NEXT.

Companies are forming rapidly, and I expect both my sons to go whenever the insolent invader shall tread a hostile foot upon our soil. The Slave States, a unit, are omnipotent in defense. Arkansas and Tennessee are wild with indignation at the insolence and usurpation of the Buffoon at Washington city. * * * * The prospect of a corn crop fine. I have planted one hundred acres for your army. [Ten chances to one, the Yanks got it.] * * * * With streamers gay, push forward with sanguine cheer. The "God of battles must, and will go with you."

(The chances are, that if the "God of battles" paid any attention at all, to the matter, he boosted the other side.)

The Rector(tude) of the Governor of Arkansas, is evinced in a communication to John Ross, Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation, on January 29, 1861, in which he says:

SIR: It may now be regarded as almost certain, that the States having slave property within their borders, will, in consequence of repeated Northern aggressions, separate themselves and withdraw from the Federal government. * * * * It is well established that the Indian country west of Arkansas, is looked to by the incoming administration of Mr. Lincoln, as fruitful fields, ripe for the harvest of abolitionism, free-soilers and Northern montebanks.

It seems unaccountable, and almost incredible, that these men uttered such things. It must have been done to prejudice and imbitter the feelings of that class from which came the recruits for the rank and file of the Confederate army.

Even the Confederate General, Joseph E. Johnston, one of their ablest and most chivalric officers, five days after the surrender at Vicksburg, harangued his soldiers as follows:

"An insolent foe, flushed with hope by his recent successes at Vicksburg, confronts you, threatening the people, whose homes and liberties you are here to protect, with

plunder and conquest. * * * * This enemy, it is at once the mission and duty of you brave men to chastise and expel from the soil of Mississippi.

"The telegraph has already announced a glorious victory over the foe, won by your noble commanders of the Virginia army on Federal soil."

Lee had then been on the keen run from "Federal soil," at Gettysburg, for five days; and Johnston must have known it at that very time.

The men who stooped to such questionable means to bolster up a bad cause, were men educated in the schools, colleges, and universities; and in addition, most of them had received a military education, at the expense of our government, which they were now trying to destroy.

With all these advantages, these officers may be supposed to have moved in good society, and been familiar with the amenities which obtain in refined social life; and it is difficult to treat them with that dignity and forbearance, which the historian is forced to use.

The readers have exact quotations of their language and writings, and must draw their own conclusions.

Whether the monotonous routine of camp life, is primarily responsible for the bringing into existence of that anomalous but potent force, or institution, known as Company Q, will probably never be certainly known.

There seems to be no doubt, however, that its pedigree may be traced for a considerable distance in that direction; and a variety of other conditions, or things, may have been its god-fathers. However that may be, certain it is, that Company Q, always reports for duty, is never in hospital, on the sick-list, or home on furlough.

Some time in August, 1861, the contingent of Company Q, from Company I, conceived that it had an account to settle with "Old Hyde," the sutler. He was not "old" because of years, but it was a sort of semi-epithet, with about the same significance that it would possess if applied to a pawnbroker, or a dealer in "old junk." High prices

at the sutler's store, had been accepted as a declaration that his hand was against every man, especially of the rank and file, and every man of the rank and file of Company Q, was against him.

As we were close to the village, the sutler sold goods to a good many citizens.

The cooks of Company I, having a surplus of rations, and more especially of coffee, were in the habit of boiling the coffee without grinding; and then drying the berries for future using over again, should it be found necessary.

Almost a barrel had been used, and then dried in this way, when a bright idea struck some brain, more than usually fertile in camp expedients, in a commercial direction; and a scheme was concocted, to sell the boiled dried coffee to "Old Hyde."

This was hailed with great gusto, and the conspirators organized at once. The chief conspirator sought and obtained a confidential interview with the doomed sutler, and cautiously asked him if he could quietly dispose of some surplus coffee? Hyde said he could, but the transaction must be kept a profound secret, as the officers would never allow the soldiers to trade off their rations, and that he would be held responsible for receiving the goods.

A sample of the coffee, liberally mixed with some of full strength, was submitted to the sutler for examination, and as there appeared to be nothing wrong, he offered a liberal price for the entire barrel, and the sale was made, and one dark night the coffee was safely transferred to the sutler's tent.

It soon leaked out that the citizens who had been buying coffee of the sutler were grumbling, and finding fault about the coffee having no strength. "Old Hyde" began to suspect something; and a close examination revealed the cheat.

He did not dare say anything, however, but it was too good to keep, and the conspirators themselves told the story, and it was a long time before the officers quit bantering "Old Hyde" about the coffee trade with Company Q.

August 1st.—Colonel Marsh, at Camp Fremont, to General

Prentiss. "The following information, just received, is, I believe, reliable. General Pillow was at New Madrid on the morning of the 31st, with eleven thousand troops well armed and drilled; two regiments of cavalry, splendidly equipped; one battery of flying artillery, ten pounders, and ten guns, manned and officered by foreigners; several mountain-howitzers, and other artillery, amounting in all to one hundred; nine thousand men moving to reinforce. He has promised Governor Jackson to place twenty thousand men in Missouri at once. I have a copy of his proclamation and also one of his written passes."

August 2d.—Fight at Dug Springs, Missouri. First—Iowa, Third—Missouri. Five batteries Missouri Light Artillery. Union, four killed and thirty-seven wounded. Confederate, forty killed and forty-four wounded.

August 3d.—Pillow says to Polk, at New Madrid: * * * "I have made arrangements with Mr. Townsend to return to St. Louis, and with his *secret society* to destroy a large portion of the Iron Mountain road. This is essential to be done, and to be done quickly as possible, as a means of crippling the enemy in their future movements, looking to a concentration of forces to meet us." * * * *

Our copperhead patriots who have protested with loud and boisterous profanity, so often, that these secret societies existed only in the imagination, should make a note of what General Pillow says.

On this same August 3d, trains of provisions and other supplies started from Rolla for General Lyon's army at Springfield, and a detail of two men from each company of the Thirteenth was made to guard the train, in command of Lieutenant James Beardsley of Company D. The train reached Springfield in safety, and our men participated, as volunteers in the great battle of "Wilson's Creek."

August 4th, Sunday.—A member of the regiment said today: "Camp life dull and monotonous. Religious services don't amount to anything. Elder Miller puts on airs, and goes in for display. Ornamental, nothing more; but, O

God! how sacred the evening hours of prayer, away from the noise of camp."

And yet, Company Q puts on record that on this same August 4th, Sunday, "The means of grace enjoyed by our regiment, are abundant, and of the very best quality. Dr. Plummer performed "Blue Mass," in the morning, and gave a(b)solution of quinine and tartar-emetic, to all of that faith; while Chaplain Miller preached later on in the day, to the Protestant branch of the soldiery; but, for some unexplained reason, he did not seem to reach the true inwardness of his hearers, for, they did not seem to absorb his doctrine; but Dr. Plummer's devotees, one and all, did absorb his doctorin'.

But the spirituous condition of both churches was exalted or depressed in proportion to the success of Company Q, who watched and preyed on the quartermaster's stores, by sneaking past the guard, and under the depot, and boring holes up through the floor, and into certain casks, from which canteens were not sent empty away. A man who had been wounded at Lane's Prairie, died to-day.

August 5th, Monday.—The soldier who died yesterday, was buried to-day with military honors.

August 6th.—Assistant Adjutant-General Kelton, at St. Louis, to General Pope, says: "The General directs that you send to this city immediately, the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Twenty-first Illinois Regiments; also Colonel Marshall's regiment of Illinois Cavalry. Colonel Marshall, with parts of his regiment and others, will be to-day at Hannibal. You are directed to use the utmost possible dispatch in carrying out the above orders." * * *

Same day, Hons. John S. Phelps, and Frank P. Blair, Jr., asked President Lincoln for a Union invasion of Arkansas, and force sufficient, and also to keep the Indians in subjection west of the State.

Some inkling of the above may have reached Pillow; for, on this same date he hounds Polk to strengthen him at New Madrid; which he says is not a strong strategic point. * * * *

The astonishing celerity of military movement of considerable bodies of troops, on emergency, is shown from the fact that Assistant Adjutant-General Kelton's order to General Pope, to send to St. Louis the regiments mentioned in the order above, was issued, and the regiments reached St. Louis, and two of them reached Rolla on that same day, August 6th. The emergency, of course, related to the hurried preparations of General Lyon, at Springfield, for the coming battle, which seemed so inevitable, that its certainty was the common talk in the regiment. An entry in a private diary, of August 8th (two days before the battle) says: "General Lyon's fight, the talk of the camp."

The Fourteenth Illinois, Colonel John M. Palmer, and the Fifteenth Illinois, Colonel Thomas J. Turner, arrived to-day, and went into camp not far from our regiment. These were very fine regiments of men, and seemed, in one sense, a part of our own family, as they were numbered respectively, next in order following ours.

In the light of General Lyon's expressions of his desperate situation some days previously, it is astonishing why these two fine regiments were not pushed forward; as a forced march of four days should have brought them on to the field at Wilson's Creek in time to have given Lyon the much-needed succor.

Perhaps the reason for the detention of these two regiments at Rolla, during those four days previous to the battle, and the sixty days subsequently, may be found in what must have been anticipated at St. Louis, and which Confederate General Hardee said to General Pillow, the next day after the arrival at Rolla, of these regiments. Hardee says:

"Your true policy is to unite with me here (Greenville, Missouri), take Ironton, *march on Rolla;* then abandon our base of operations, cut off Lyon from his communications, attack and route him; then march with all our forces combined, yours, McCulloch's, Jackson's, and mine, on St. Louis. * * * *

August 7th.—Three days before the battle, President

Lincoln says to our Secretary of War: "I see by a private report to me from the Department, that eighteen regiments are already accepted from Missouri. Can it not be arranged that part of them (not yet organized as I understand) may be taken from the locality mentioned (Southwest Missouri and put under the control of Mr. Phelps (Hon. John S.) and let him have discretion to accept them for a shorter time than three years, or the war, understanding, however, that he will get them for the full term if he can?"

Nobody, except, perhaps, General Sherman, not even Mr. Lincoln, yet realized the magnitude of the war.

August 8th.—Two days before the battle, Governor Claib. Jackson, of Missouri, says to Mr. Cabell; "Your dispatch communicating the welcome intelligence that the Confederate Congress had appropriated one million dollars for the defense of Missouri, has been received. * * * * I issued on August 5th (five days before the battle) a declaration of independence, a copy of which I inclose."

The above mentioned one million dollars, seems to dwarf into positive niggardliness the sum asked for but just a little while before by our chief quartermaster, from the government, with which to run his department. He asked for ten thousand dollars.

Whether the Confederate million, mentioned above was a Federal price, a Confederate price, a price Sterling, or merely a Sterling Price, we are not informed; but most likely, the latter.

August 9th.—This day, General Fremont said to Hon. Montgomery Blair: "The contest in the Mississippi Valley will be a severe one. We had best meet it in the face at once. Who now serves the country quickly, serves her twice."

August 10th.—This was the dark, dark day at "Wilson's Creek," where were engaged and defeated, of Union troops, the Sixth and Tenth Missouri Cavalry, Second Kansas Mounted Volunteers, one Company of First United States Cavalry; First Iowa; First Kansas; First, Second, Third and Fifth Missouri; detachments of First and Second United

States Regulars; Missouri Home Guards; First Missouri Light Artillery; Battery F, Second United States Artillery.

Union, two hundred twenty-three killed, seven hundred twenty-one wounded, two hundred ninety-one missing.

Confederate, two hundred sixty-five killed, eight hundred wounded, thirty missing.

Union Brigadier-General, Nathaniel Lyon, killed.

The Thirteenth Illinois was represented in this battle by Lieutenant James M. Beardsley, of Company D, who with a detail of two men from each of the ten companies of the regiment had been sent forward from Rolla to guard a train of provisions and other supplies. This detail probably started from Rolla on Sunday, the 4th of August. The historian has failed, so far, in finding any proof that they started on the day mentioned, but has seized on a clew found in an old diary of Captain Blanchard, kept at that time, and which has the following entry:

"Saturday, August 3d, trains of provisions going forward to Springfield detached Ballou and Ned Naper to guard train."

If this detail was made on Saturday, the 3d, it is fair to presume that the train would not start before the next day. That would give Lieutenant Beardsley six days to reach Springfield, before the battle actually came off. And we may be sure that Colonel Wyman would hurry the expedition off as soon as possible, knowing the pressing need.

It is to be regretted that a detailed account of this expedition could not be incorporated into this history, not only on account of the general interest which it would possess to the reader, but because there were twenty men, good and true, on whom rested the honor of every company in the regiment, the honor of their relatives and friends, besides their own personal honor.

These men had for their leader an officer whose subsequent record on many battle-fields was second to none, and a lasting source of pride and admiration to all the true men of the Thirteenth Regiment.

That our twenty good men, under such a leader, made a good record, can not be doubted; and if we only knew how many bullets they put in where they would do the most good, it would give all their old comrades much pleasure.

August 11th, 1861.—That periods of gloom have their compensatory flashes of light from the silver lining behind the cloud, has been mercifully proven on many occasions during the war, and this gloom following our reverse at Wilson's Creek, was rifted by gleams of sunshine which reached us afterwards, and had been defending us all the time, had we only known it.

If, through this rift in the dark cloud, we could have had handed down to us the following document, we should have been more cheerful.

August 11th.—General Pillow, from New Madrid, to General Polk, said; * * * * "Your order to fall back casts a deep gloom over this army, and caused me the most anxious and painful day I ever experienced."

This was the day after the battle.

Same day, General Jeff Thompson, at Camp Whitewater, to General Pillow says, * * * * "I can not write more as I distinctly hear the report of the large guns. Had I not received the letter (from Governor Claib. Jackson) this morning, I would cross the river at once, and go to the fight wherever it is."

Now, a fight was the last place where Brigadier-General Jeff Thompson wanted to be; and, without doubt, he was perfectly delighted to have the above mentioned excuse; but he kept hearing the boom of the big guns, and it made him so nervous that he considered it his duty to notify the Confederate War Department; and so, on the same date as his above letter to General Pillow, he addressed the Confederate Secretary of War, Colonel James A. Walker, by saying: * * *

"WE CAN HEAR THE GUNS AT NEW MADRID."

The ancient *war-horse* "sniffed the battle from afar"; but the "war-horse" had but one *nose;* whereas Jeff had two

ears, and they seemed always to be kept unfurled and trimmed to detect the sound of hostile guns; and those guns, in size, Jeff always gave credit for being as big as were his ears; hence, he always considered them formidable.

The slave States, in 1861 held thousands of Northern men who willingly would have sacrified all business and other interests, and returned North, but the marriage tie held them, and forced them into the Confederate army.

Several years after the close of the war, I met in Florida, the Confederate General, James Harding. Twenty years after, while delving among the Confederate archives, for matter for this history, I stumbled across the following document, which vividly recalled my pleasant acquaintance with my Confederate friend. The document reads:

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, August 13th, 1861.

Major-General LEONIDAS POLK.

SIR: This is to certify that the bearer, General James Harding, Quartermaster-General of the State of Missouri, is hereby authorized and empowered to make requisition for all army stores for the Missouri State Guard, and for me, and in my name, to receive and receipt for the same; and he is further authorized to receive and receipt for such sums of money or bonds as may be furnished by the Confederate States as may, on official statement, be shown to be necessary for the indispensable wants of the Missouri State Guard.

C. F. JACKSON,

Governor and Commander-in-chief of Missouri State Guards.

My memory galloped back over the twenty years to the time when I had personally known General Harding. He was a gentlemen whom it gave me great pleasure to converse with, and I frequently drew him out on the subject of the war. On one of these occasions, while comparing notes, we discovered that we originally were from the same county in western Massachusetts; and that my colonel and General Harding, were old friends; also, that he was a son of the artist, Chester Harding. The further fact also developed that he and I had played hide-and-seek, up and down through

Missouri and Arkansas, as the Blue and the Gray were wont to do in those times.

General Harding said to me, one day:

"When the rebellion broke out, I found that I was on the wrong side of Mason and Dixon's line. I had no such great pecuniary or business interests but what I might have abandoned everything, and set my face toward the North Star and joined the Union army, which, I most certainly should have done, but, then, there were the ties resulting from my marriage with a Southern lady; and that relation and those ties held me. Thousands were in the same condition as myself; and while my loyalty to the old flag was just as strong as ever, there I was under the rebel flag. You may rest assured that we did not exult much when we gained a victory, or felt much sorrow when we lost a battle."

General Harding then related to me the following extremely interesting incident:

"Being on staff duty in General Price's army, in Missouri, early in 1861, *I learned that my old friend and your colonel, John B. Wyman*, was commanding the post at Rolla, I found means to secretly communicate with him, and ask him to do an old friend the kindness of forwarding a letter containing a sum of money to my aged mother in Massachusetts; which he kindly promised to do. I sent the letter and its inclosure, and in a few weeks there came safely back to me my mother's reply, acknowledging the receipt of both letter and money; and after thanking me in such terms as a mother would be likely to do under such circumstances, expressed great sorrow that a son of her's should be in arms against his country. This was harder to bear than to face a battery of hostile guns. I knew that I deserved it, but what could I do?"

CHAPTER VI.

FREMONT URGES HASTE IN RE-INFORCEMENTS FOR MISSOURI.—GREAT REBEL FORCES THREATENING ROLLA.—AT ALL HAZARDS, HOLD ROLLA.

August, 13, 1861.

UP TO this date, three days after Lyon's battle, it is evident that General Fremont had not learned of the orders for the rebel armies to "fall back," but presumed that our army, under Sigel, would be followed up and harassed on their retreat, if, in fact, a formidable combined movement should not make a dash on Rolla; which, if captured, would dangerously expose St. Louis; and may have inspired the following from General Fremont to the Secretary of War.

August 13th.—"General Lyon's Aid reports engagement, with severe loss on both sides. General Lyon killed. Colonel Sigel in command, retiring in good order from Springfield toward Rolla. Let the Governor of Ohio be ordered forthwith to send me what disposable force he has; also, Governors of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin; order the utmost promptitude. The German (Groesbeck's Thirty-ninth) regiment at Camp Dennison, might be telegraphed directly here.

WE ARE BADLY IN WANT OF FIELD ARTILLERY;

and up to this time, very few of our small arms have arrived."

August 13th.—General Fremont writes to Montgomery Blair:

"See instantly my dispatch to the Secretary of War. My judgment is that some regiments with arms in their hands, and some field artillery ready for use, with arms and ammunition, ought to be expressed to this point. The report of the action comes from General Lyon's Aid, Major Farrar. If true, you have no time to lose.

"The Governor of Ohio postponed my urgent request for aid until ordered by you. Will you issue peremptory orders to him and other governors to send me instantly any disposable troops and arms? An artillery company of regulars at Cincinnati which has been there three months, I have applied for repeatedly; the enemy is in overpowering force, and we are weak in men. * * * *

"A little immediate relief in good material might prevent great sacrifices."

The absence of red-tape, and the promptitude with which these urgent appeals of General Fremont were met, is simply delicious, and worthy of all praise. In proof of which, we quote:

Cameron to Governor Dennison: "Send the Groesbeck (Thirty-ninth Regiment) and all other available force to General Fremont without delay. Give him full supply of field artillery and small arms. The utmost promptitude is desired. Advise the Department of our action. (Same to Governor Randall, Wisconsin, and Governor Yates, Illinois."

August 13th.—Fremont to Colonel Lauman, Seventh Iowa: "Sir: You are hereby ordered to proceed by railroad forthwith to Rolla, to reinforce and support Brigadier-General Sigel, with five other regiments ordered there. As it is apprehended that the rebels under Hardee will threaten Rolla from Salem, and endeavor to cut off General Sigel's communication from St. Louis.

"That place (Rolla) is to be held at all hazards. The same to the colonels of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Illinois and Second and Seventh Regiments of Infantry."

August 13th.—Fremont to the President: "Will the President read my urgent dispatch to the Secretary of War?"

August 14th.—Fremont to the President: "General Grant, commanding at Ironton, attacked yesterday at 6 p. m., by a force reported at thirteen thousand."

August 14th.—Fremont declares martial law in St. Louis.

August 14th.—Secretary of War to Fremont: "Your message to the President received. Positive order was given yesterday, to Governor Dennison, and to the Governors of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, to send all their organized forces with full supply of artillery and small arms."

August 15th.—The President to Fremont: "Been answering your messages ever since day before yesterday. Do you receive the answers? The War Department has notified all the governors you designated to forward all available force, and so telegraphed you. Have you received these messages? answer immediately."

This message from President Lincoln to General Fremont, is admirable, as showing how that great heart went out to us with a sympathy characteristic of the man, and also showing that he had all the departments well in hand, and especially the War Department, which seems to have been in full sympathy with the President.

August 15th.—Advance stragglers of Sigel's army began to arrive at Rolla, and each one had performed the most astonishing acts of valor on the battle-field five days before, to which we tender-feet listened with open-mouthed wonder and credulity proportioned to our inexperience.

August 16th.—The somewhat depleted army, under General Sigel, arrived, and the real heroes, including our own twenty-one men, marched across our parade-ground, and now, we had an opportunity, for the first time, of witnessing the steady march of a battle-stained army; and, with us, many a heart almost stood still, and eyes were moist, as the riderless war-horse of the lamented Lyon, in full caparison, was led at the head of the column. The marching army was of course, very impressive, but, what war really means can only be

thoroughly understood by looking into the ambulances of wounded soldiers ; and this, even, is the brightest half of the dark picture, which can only be taken in by imagining the condition of those unfortunates so badly wounded that they could not be removed from the battle-field, and must be abandoned to the tender mercies of a victorious enemy.

The term of enlistment of many of General Sigel's troops had expired, and they were at once forwarded to St. Louis to be mustered out ; and a reorganization was necessary before the army would be in a condition to take the field. In the meantime,

THE REBELS WERE THREATENING

our small force at Salem, who sent to Rolla for reinforcements, and a detachment consisting of Companies A and F of the Thirteenth and two companies each, from the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Illinois, and Seventh Missouri, in command of Captain Littlefield, of the Fourteenth Illinois, was sent to Salem on August 15. Except scaring away any force of rebels who may have contemplated a dash on Salem, nothing of great importance was accomplished by this expedition, which was recalled by forced march, reached Rolla on the 22d to find the regiment under marching orders, destination unknown.

These marching orders included, besides the Thirteenth, the Fourth Iowa, Colonel Dodge, the Fourteenth Illinois, Colonel Palmer, and the Second Battalion of Cavalry. Four miles beyond the Gasconade river, countermanding orders, counter-marched the force back to Rolla, which was reached September 30th.

August 18th.—The four thirty-two-pound siege-guns for Fort Wyman arrived at Rolla from St. Louis, although the work on the fort was not commenced until the 27th, nine days after. It took a ten-mule team to haul each gun to the ground selected for the fort.

When the importance of the post of Rolla is considered, it seems astonishing that this fort was not built long before.

How critical the situation was considered at Department Headquarters at St. Louis, we have seen by the hurrying forward to Lyon of all available troops. It will be interesting to learn the rebel opinion, covering the same period; and, fortunately, we have two rebel opinions, from two sumpsimus, which arrive at directly opposite conclusions.

One comes from General Pillow, who had not been fighting lately, and was, consequently, full of fight, and who looked heavily on McCulloch who had been fighting. The other comes from McCulloch himself who had recently fought and held a victorious field, but the victor, was too badly whipped himself to want any more immediate fighting.

August 10th.—General Pillow to General Polk:—"At 2 o'clock last night I received the inclosed communication from Thompson [Jeff] which explains itself; also the inclosed Extra *Republican* [*Missouri Democrat*] *Republican*] from which it is now certain that a battle, and a bloody one, has been fought between McCulloch and Lyon's forces, in which the latter was defeated and Lyon killed. * * * * * You will perceive from the *Republican* that it has thrown everything into confusion. * * * * * His whole force (Union) except two thousand at Bird's Point, is drawn up to St. Louis, to save that city and protect his retreating force, crippled and cut to pieces. * * * * * The great city of St. Louis, with its capital, shops, and back capital, the point from which all his operations must be directed, is in imminent danger, and will fall if we push up our operations, and then he will have received a blow paralyzing him more than if Washington was captured.

"* * * * * You will perceive that the steps ordered by you, and based entirely on impressions and information of last night, would be modified by the new light we now have. All of our impressions from then existing lights, are totally changed by the developments since you left, showing that the enemy at that very moment was hurrying his forces from our front to St. Louis, and that the movement involved the fall of his cause in the West."

And yet, the Thirteenth and the rest of the boys never nagged us back from Rolla, and in less than three and a half months both Price and McCulloch were in full retreat from the State towards Arkansas.

After having looked at the conditions of things through General Pillow's spectacles, we will adjust General McCulloch's specs and see how different men see differently.

August 24th.—At Camp Pond Spring, near Springfield Missouri, McCulloch to Hardee: * * * * "*I am in no condition to advance*, or even to meet an enemy here; having little ammunition or supplies of any kind. In fact, with the means of transportation now at my disposal, I find it impossible to keep my force supplied; and will, in consequence, shorten my line, by falling back to the Arkansas line, near the Indian Territory, and there proceed to drill and organize a force to meet the enemy when they take the field again in this quarter.

"We have little to hope or expect from the people of this State. The force now in the field is undisciplined and led by men

WHO ARE MERE PLUNDERS;

not a soldier among them to control and organize this mass of humanity. [Pretty rough on Price.] The Missouri troops are in no condition to meet an organized army, nor will they ever be whilst under the present leaders. I dare not join them in my present condition, for fear of having my men completely demoralized. * * * * Their straggling camp followers stole three hundred stand of arms from my killed and wounded, and borrowed six hundred more of General Pierce, none of which they would return after the battle (Wilson Creek) was over. They stole the tents of my men at Cassville * * * * in a word, they are not making friends where they go; and from all I can see

WE HAD AS WELL BE IN BOSTON

as far as the friendly feelings of the inhabitants are concerned."

Here is a most astonishing revelation which much more than offsets the condition of things as pictured by General Pillow. While the vanquished army was retreating in good order, and by easy stages, towards Rolla, and were in that condition that they could have made a tremendous fight had they been attacked, the General of the victorious army says—fourteen days after the battle—that his army is so badly crippled that he can not advance, nor can he meet an enemy where he is; and such is the character of any reinforcement of Missouri troops—from which alone, he could draw—that he dare not use them for fear that the contact would utterly demoralize his own men. He, therefore, proposes to withdraw from the State, and reorganize, and build up an army, drilled and disciplined. In fact, General McCulloch might well dread another victory for, another *such* a victory would utterly destroy both army and victorious General.

And so, while "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter reflection," it must have become apparent to General Pillow, that

"The best laid scheme of mice and men, gang aft agley."

The rebel general, Jeff Thompson, also kindly contributes evidence at this time, to show that the rebels did not want their real strength known, and much less to march out far enough to have that strength measured on the battle-field.

August 18th.—Camp Benton, Jeff Thompson to General Pillow: "I hope some of the troops will be up immediately, as the chances are that Marsh (Colonel C. C., Twentieth Illinois Volunteers) may hear the truth as to the paucity of my force and attempt to give me a fight to-morrow or next day; *and I am anxious to run him through a thrashing machine.*"

In the meantime, at the post at Rolla, things seemed to move monotonously quiet and provokingly slow. We heard of bands of rebels, here and there, plundering and driving away Union people, who flocked to Rolla for protection, and while the boys chafed to go after the rebs, the refugees were

indignant that a force was not started out immediately to reinstate them in the homes from which they so recently had been ejected; and they seemed to expect that Colonel Wyman would send a sufficient force to place a guard around every house that had contained a Union family. Besides this, the wife of every blatant rebel in Missouri had the cheek to demand a guard for their houses, on the ground that the ladies were in danger of abuse from the soldiers; and, at the same time, it was altogether probable that some of the husbands, brothers and sons of these secesh ladies were plotting and working to effect what moved Colonel Wyman to make the following report to General Fremont:

August 29th.—"General: As the train from St. Louis was approaching this place last evening, and when within seven miles, a terrible explosion was heard immediately under the tender of the engine and the baggage-car of the train. As soon as the train was stopped it was ascertained that a keg, or part of a keg of powder had been put upon the track, and so arranged with combustibles as that it would explode when the train went over it. It did explode, but most fortunately without injuring any person, or damaging the track in the least. I immediately dispatched forty of my best mounted men to the point, with orders to reinforce the guards already on the road, and to arrest any suspicious person they might find.

"A messenger is just in from them, and informs me they have found two places where the rails have been removed from the track, evidently with

THE INTENTION OF DESTROYING THE TRAIN WITH TROOPS,

which was to have left here at three this morning. As soon as it is light enough to admit, I shall start the train, on which is embarked the Second Kansas Regiment and some good track-repairers, and I trust there will be little delay in getting through. The receipt of this will enable you to judge." * * *

This wholesale attempt at murder, by the destruction of

an entire railroad train, loaded with troops, called loudly for stringent measures, and accordingly, on the next day, August 30th, General Fremont

DECLARED MARTIAL LAW

throughout the State of Missouri.

Ten days before this, on August 20th, our troops had been paid ten dollars in gold, each, from the forced loan, as it was called, and one can easily imagine that General Fremont looked with grim satisfaction that this gold had been drawn from the pockets of these railroad wreckers, and was changed into the trowsers of loyal men.

An expedition, with flag of truce, to Springfield, to bring back some of our men, wounded at Wilson's Creek, and now in the rebel hospital there, was planned by Colonel Wyman, and passes for the officer in charge, had been received from General McCulloch, for safe passage through places occupied by rebel forces.

Colonel Wyman had first contemplated putting Captain Blanchard, of Company K, in charge, but, at the last moment, substituted Lieutenant I. H. Williams, of Company I, for Captain Blanchard.

September 10th.—The truce train, consisting of three ambulances, started from Rolla, with many fears for the safe return of the lieutenant, the drivers, and twenty wounded men.

Lieutenant Williams was successful, not only in getting the men specified, but secretly made arrangements with two others of our men, to meet him two miles from town, on his return trip, and he would try and take all through together; which he actually accomplished, but at great risk and trouble.

When well along, on his return road, the train fell into the hands of a guerrilla force, the leader of which refused to respect the flag of truce, roughly handled the train drivers and wounded men, and even went so far as to make preparations to hang Lieutenant Williams; which was averted only by

the timely arrival on the scene of Colonel Tom Price, commanding the regiment to which the detached party belonged. Some Masonic signs, on the part of Lieutenant Williams, were acknowledged by the rebel colonel and ample apologies made, and the train, at last, came safely within our lines on the 22d of September, having been gone twelve days.

Colonel Price, himself, afterwards fell into our hands, as a prisoner, and Lieutenant Williams had an opportunity of returning the courtesies he himself had received.

Tuesday, the 17th—

GENERAL HUNTER REVIEWED THE TROOPS

at Rolla, which was taken as an indication that a forward movement was about to be made; and this time it was believed, the Thirteenth certainly would not be left behind.

October 3d.—In reporting to General Asboth, from Sedalia, General Sigel says: "If the movement of Price retreating from Warrensburg to effect a junction with Ben McCulloch, in Bates county, is confirmed among the proper movements, I would propose that, Third, the troops at Rolla should advance to Linn Creek."

October 6th.—Camp Lillie near Jefferson City, Adjutant-General Eaton to General D. Hunter, says: * * * * "*To-day Colonel Wyman has been ordered to proceed with a full and complete train of wagons from Rolla to Versailles to join you.* The General regrets the suffering of the troops, and he can not understand how, with reports." * * * *

October 6th.—Near Jefferson City, same to Colonel Wyman. "SIR: The enemy having evacuated Lexington, and the circumstances of the service having made it unnecessary for you to come to this place, the Major-General commanding the department, directs that you march immediately from Rolla direct to Versailles, with full transportation complete. You will direct your line of march to cross the Osage at Linn Creek, or if you deem it more convenient and expedient, to march upon Versailles and cross the Osage by whatever route

you think best. Versailles is to be occupied by the division of General Hunter, to which you belong, but should you find that he has left that place (which is not likely to be the case), scouts sent about the country to learn his position will enable you to vary your march to join him accordingly."

October 10th, 1861.—The total of the force, now at Rolla, was quoted from the Department Abstract as being two thousand sixty-nine.

October 11th.—From circular letter from General Fremont: "General Pope with his force will march by way of Otterville to Sedalia, and to Leesville; Gen. Jeff. C. Davis on October 13th, from Georgetown via Sedalia to Leesville, arriving on the 15th; Sigel on the 13th, from Sedalia via Spring Rock and Cole Camp to Warsaw, and cross on the 16th at all hazards; McKinstry will start on the 13th and proceed in four marches by Florence, Haw Creek, and Cole Camp to Warsaw, where he will co-operate with Sigel; Hunter will start also on the 13th, four marches via Versailles and Hibernia to Durock Ferry; Sturgis and Lane are expected to be at the same time in Clinton on our extreme right."

October 14th.—From Rolla, Colonel Dodge says to McKeever: "A messenger from Colonel Wyman, commanding Thirteenth Illinois, and Major Wright's command, arrived last night bringing this dispatch:

"'The rebs have left Iberia, and, as near as we can learn, the main body have gone to Lebanon,—say not over twelve hundred in all at that point. We took five prisoners last night, one of whom was armed with an English Tower gun and United States equipments. Some of their scouts have just fired on our pickets. The companies of rebels south and east of this post are ordered to the west of this place, but to what point I can not yet ascertain. They are all moving in that direction.'"

Why Colonel Dodge failed to speak of Colonel Wyman as Acting Brigadier-General, in the above dispatch, instead of Colonel Commanding Thirteenth Illinois and Major Wright's command, is not clear.

October 15th 1861.—From Linn Creek, Missouri, Wyman to Hunter:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report to you that immediately upon the departure of my messenger to you yesterday morning, I put my command on the march at 7 o'clock in the following order: Major Bowen, commanding battalion attached to the Thirteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, in the advance, with his own transportation. Then the Thirteenth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Gorgas commanding, immediately followed by his own transportation, and that of the commissary department, the rear being brought up by Major Clark Wright, commanding Fremont Battalion. After seeing the entire column in motion, I started for the head of it and had proceeded about six miles to the point where the road turns off from the route to Lebanon for this point and had reached the right of the Thirteenth Regiment, when I was informed that Major Bowen had discovered a party of rebels, seventy in number, and had gone in search of them, towards Lebanon, feeling confident of his ability to cope with them successfully. I turned the column toward this point and had proceeded about two miles, when a rapid volley of musketry fell on my ear. I immediately turned toward the left of my command,

ORDERING THE TRAIN CORRALED AT ONCE,

and, at the same time met a courier from Major Bowen, informing me that he had engaged the enemy, and that they were from eight hundred to one thousand strong; that he had been obliged to fall back, and asked for reinforcements. This same messenger had been sent to Major Wright, who, with his usual promptness took two of his companies, himself taking the advance. At the same moment I sent an order to Lieutenant-Colonel Gorgas, to send to the support of the Cavalry, the five left companies of the Thirteenth Regiment, reserving the other five companies, under Major Partridge, as reserve, and guard to the train.

The order was promptly delivered to Colonel Gorgas, and as promptly executed.

The line of march was at once broken up, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Gorgas himself. Company K, Captain Blanchard; Company I, Captain Samuel Wadsworth; Company H, Captain Gardiner; Company G, Captain Cole; and Company F, Captain Dutton, all at double-quick; and to show you the rapidity of their movements, I beg to assure you that they made a march of nearly five miles in forty-five minutes.

After issuing the order, I immediately started for the scene of action.

In the meantime, Major Wright had formed a junction with Major Bowen, and they had made arrangements for another attack, for partic-

ulars of which, I beg leave to refer you to their respective reports. Approving of them, I relieved Major Wright of the center command, and ordered him to join the line of flankers thrown out by him, and myself made a forward movement from the center. The enemy had by this time become satisfied he could not cope with us (or, for some other reasons known only to themselves), commenced a rapid retreat, so fast indeed, that it was impossible for even the Thirteenth to keep up with them. I therefore ordered a halt of the Infantry, and ordered the Cavalry forward, with orders to drive them as far as possible, and reach camp at sunset. They did so and drove them twelve miles toward Lebanon.

For the list of killed, wounded, and prisoners, I beg to refer you to the reports of my different officers in command. I also take occasion to say that proper and respectable arrangements were made for the burial of the enemy's dead, which they had left upon the field to be devoured by swine, beasts of prey, or the vulture.

I reached camp, on the return, at 4 p. m., and the entire command were all, with one exception, safely in at 6 p. m. Total enemy killed, thirty-nine; prisoners, fifty-one; wounded, twenty-nine; horses captured, eighteen; guns captured or destroyed, ninety-three; with only a loss, on our side, of one man killed, and two horses. Among the prisoners are one Colonel (Summers) one Lieutenant (Langlin), non-commissioned officers, six, and forty-three privates.

TRUSTING THAT THIS LITTLE DIVERSION

from my line of march to join you as ordered, will meet your approbation, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Respectfully and obediently yours,

J. B. WYMAN,
Act. Brig. Gen. 1st Brid. 1st Div. W. D.

[Major-General Hunter, W. D.]

Colonel Wyman also reports from Linn Creek, to General Hunter, concerning this day's march previous to arriving at the place, and of taking possession of the place. He says in his report:

We broke camp twenty-four, southeast of this place, at 6:30 a. m. and moved the column. Before moving, I had ordered Major Clark Wright, who was to take the advance, to prevent any and all parties from preceding him and to enter the place at a charge and secure all who might be found in it.

HOW WELL HE EXECUTED MY ORDERS,

I leave you to judge by inclosing a copy of his own graphic account of the affair.

Major Clarke Wright in giving his report to Colonel Wyman, of the taking of the place, says:

At 7 o'clock of the morning of the 14th, my command left Camp Gorgas in advance of the column. Having arranged my men to the best advantage against surprise, we moved forward feeling our way, without any incident worthy of note, until 11:30 a. m. On our arrival at Alexander Berry's, five miles southeast of this place, I there learned that there was no doubt but that Linn Creek was occupied with rebel forces, and rumor said two hundred, who had arrived the day before.

I AT ONCE DECIDED TO STRIKE THEM

with all the available force I had, leaving out the skirmishers and sufficient force to cover the front of the Thirteenth Illinois Regiment, then in my immediate rear. I sent forward two scouts in citizens' dress to go into the town, take observations and report to me one mile out, before I arrived. Then called out Captain Crockett's company, myself taking the right and ordering a descent upon the town in double-quick. Arriving at a point to meet the scouts I called a halt. As the scouts did not return, I was led to conclude they had been detained. I soon learned, however, that there was a company of rebels then in town commanded by the notorious "Bill Roberts." I ordered a double-quick descent on the town. We arrived at 1 o'clock, surrounded it and demanded an unconditional surrender. The captain, a few of his followers, and his wife broke from the buildings, fired on my troops, and tried to make their escape. We fired on them. Some fifty random shots were fired but owing to the fences, buildings, and other means of cover none were killed, and but one wounded on the rebel side. The Cavalry arresting citizens, and the rebels running to and fro. The screams of the women and children, the firing from both sides echoing back from the surrounding bluffs, made the whole scene look somewhat frantic. At the end of thirty minutes we had quiet restored and the rebels under guard.

The result was as follows: Prisoners, thirty-seven; horses, five; mules, two; guns, thirty-six; one keg of powder, and one half bushel of bullets, and peaceable possession of the town.

MAJOR CLARK WRIGHT.

[To Acting Brigadier-General, J. B. Wyman.]

At this fight of Linn Creek, one of our boys turned over the body of a dead rebel, which was lying face downward, and, on examining his features, exclaimed to his companions, *why, this is our old pie man!* This man had been selling pies in our camp at Rolla, every day, for months; *a spy, under the guise of a peddler of pies.*

CHAPTER VII.

FREMONT'S ARMY IN LINE OF BATTLE BY COLUMN SWEEPING SOUTHWARD, RIGHT ON KANSAS, LEFT ON ROLLA, AND WELL-GUARDED FLANK.

THE time was now fast approaching when we were to more fully realize that we were something more than a mere handful of unattached soldiers, fit for nothing more than guard duty and foraging expeditions, but were about to be incorporated into the heart of a great army which was well calculated to inspire us with the belief that it was the symbol of splendid force and gigantic possibilities for victory.

We remained in Linn Creek seven days; during which time, the boys managed to extract a good deal of pleasure and comfort from nearly all of their surroundings. Nature had done far more for its inhabitants than they deserved, Hill and valley, a noble river, forest and woodland, ought to have nourished a loyal and thrifty people; but such was not the case. Colonel McClurg, a loyal merchant, had been driven out, but while we were there, he returned at the head of a regiment of loyal men, and he proposed to hold the place, after we should be gone.

Some rebel merchants in Linn Creek refused to sell the boys anything, and so the boys opened the stores on their own account; and they declared that they realized quite handsome profits. Of course, our sutler discouraged any expansion of mercantile business, but the boys repeatedly proved to him that they were at home behind the counter.

The boys fished in the Osage, hunted in the forest, and foraged through the neighboring plantations, to their heart's content, during our encampment at Linn Creek, and were loth to leave so pleasant a place, but great events had been on the march, while we had been in camp; and victories never hang around camps.

October 18th.—Colonel Dodge at Rolla, to McKeever, says: "A scout returned here last night and reports that the rebel forces at Vienna have dispersed, some joining Johnston, and balance scattered. Freeman is about forty miles south, with a force of seven hundred men. Price has halted south of the Osage, and called the legislature together at Carthage on the 4th of November. Taylor has issued a proclamation prohibiting any Missourian carrying property out of the State. Report from Springfield to-day that Johnston is ordered to take command in Missouri."

October 22d, Tuesday.—Broke camp at Linn Creek, at 6 a. m., and marched out on the Bolivar road. The weather was rough, it being cloudy and chilly; but the scenery was wildly beautiful, and the finest ever seen by many of the boys from the prairies of Illinois, and it had the effect to divert the attention from the rough condition of the roads and the chilly air.

About 9 a. m. we crossed Spoon river, which graced a saw-mill on its banks which in its turn honored the river. Made eighteen miles and encamped in a stubble-field, in itself a strong reminder of peace; but whose owner, presumably, had straightened out his sickle into a spear and gone off to the wars.

October 23d.—We left camp, and at sunrise we stretched out towards sundown and passed through some extremely picturesque scenery in which pleasantly figured the pretty Meango River, over which the infantry crossed on some logs.

After following the course of this little gem of a river for a considerable distance, both bluffs and river bade us a modest farewell and gave us a God-speed on our way to Mack's Creek, where we camped after a twelve-mile march.

An incident of to-day's march is worth relating.

Every soldier has observed the fact that a thousand men will sometimes march for miles with a quiet pervading the entire regiment as if by common consent ; or as though a part of a system of military discipline ; and yet neither of the above has anything whatever to do with it. It may not be very good philosophy to say that quiet, like enthusiasm, is contagious, but it is the only solution which offers itself at the present moment, and the philosophical part can be settled some other time, and allow us to go on with our story.

It was a delightful morning, and the calm and beauty of nature may have been the influence which stilled the usually boisterous spirits of the men as they tramped quietly along. All at once we came out into a small clearing containing but one building, and that a log schoolhouse. No signs of life were visible about the house at first, and quiet still pervaded our ranks until the head of the column got a little past the front of the building, when an urchin discovered us and raised the school-boy's war-whoop, when the entire hive poured out of the door, except about a dozen of the back-seat boys who shot through the windows as if propelled by a catapult. The school-marm was not the last one to come to the front, by any means. This was enough to raise such a shout as only a regiment of soldiers can give ; and the fact that the young lady teacher was comely to look upon, did not seem to lessen the enthusiasm.

We had no means of ascertaining whether the teacher regarded us as friends or foes ; but she could boast among her lady associates of having received the undisguised admiration of a thousand men at one time, and given in a most emphatic manner.

October 14th, Thursday, 1861.—The march, for the last two or three days, had been tedious and very fatiguing as, in one place, where the road had been along the Meango, the river crowded so close to a high bluff, that those on foot must either wade the river or find a passage over the bluff ; the boys chose the latter way out of the difficulty, but to do so,

had to pull themselves up the almost perpendicular rock. This was very fatiguing work, but they thought it better than cold water on a cold day.

At this camp on Mack's Creek the regiment remained all day (for rest, it was said) but in the light of after events, it is more than probable that the regiment was ahead of schedule time, and had one day to spare; and Colonel Wyman would not want to be ahead of time, any more than to be tardy—and the latter would have been considered an unpardonable sin.

The boys had a good growl here over the fact that there were in this camp no rations of sugar or coffee.

October 25th.—The regiment marched twelve miles, over fine roads and reached Grand Prairie, which strongly reminded the boys of Illinois. On the west of the prairie, was a fine little village called Lewisburg, where several loyal people welcomed us, and a young lady was so strongly loyal that she appeared on the gallery with the Stars and Stripes worn draped as an apron. Under the circumstances, it seemed an extremely rash thing to do, as spies from the woods close by would be pretty sure to see it and lay up a store of vengeance for future use.

October 26th.—Marched thirty-four miles and reached Bolivar at 4 p. m. Here, the Linn Creek and Springfield, and Jefferson City and Springfield roads connect, and here we witnessed the passing of a great army. This, then, was

"THE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF GLORIOUS WAR."

It is true, that this great army "marched up the hill and then marched down again," but this is very often the case in military life.

Our regiment was camped just south of the town, which has been a nice town, but is now shabby enough. The trundling of artillery wagons, and tramp of regiments, was going on all night, and still they continued to come on and press forward.

October 27th.—Sunday our regiment remained in camp all

day, and our chaplain preached. Steady stream of troops passed all day long. Here to-day, many of us had our first sight of General Fremont, who passed through on his way to Springfield.

October 28th.—We made but a patchwork of a march, owing to so many regiments in advance of us, and the old Thirteenth could not let itself out as it had been in the habit of doing.

October 29th, Tuesday.—Arrived at Springfield, after a march of fifteen miles, and camped a mile from town, where there was plenty of good water. Comrade Wilson E. Chapel, of Company F, records that "we marched through town in grand style and received from General Fremont the name of his 'flying Infantry,' on account of our fast marching."

It was no more than natural that we should desire to visit the now historic battle-field of Wilson's Creek; and for several days, we understood that General Price, with his army, was on that same ground, ready to give us battle; and, on November 3d, it was ordered that the army march out and attack Price; and the advance was on the road, and our regiment formed, when the order was countermanded, on learning of the retreat southward of Price's army. Even after this, very few were permitted to go out to the battle-field only nine miles away.

And now, rumor said that General Fremont was removed from his command, and succeeded by General Hunter. And, as this subject is to occupy our attention long enough to allow the side-lights of later developed history to shed all possible light on a (then) much misunderstood matter, and in that misunderstanding lay wrapt up enough dangerously destructive dynamite to threaten the very existence of the army then at Springfield, we must approach the subject from both our own (as then understood) point of view, and next, from that of the Government, after a thorough official investigation; and we are fortunate in not approaching this delicate matter too soon for the whole truth to be transmitted to those who may read this history after we shall be gone.

To open the subject, I quote from the diary of comrade Wilson E. Chapel, of Company F :

"On the 9th of November, we learned that General Fremont had been removed from his command. This caused a general feeling of indignation among the troops, for he is believed by all of us to be just the man for the place and for us.

SOME OF THE REGIMENTS THREATENED TO STACK THEIR ARMS

and never take them till he was restored to his command ; and I believe that if one regiment had set the example, all the rest would have followed suit."

This admiration for Fremont was general, not only throughout the army, but throughout the country as well. Even the school books had set Fremont before the children, as a kind of hero of romance. He had saved California to the United States, was the "Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains," and had encountered, in his route of explorations, mountain canyons filled with snow seventy feet deep. Being in Europe when the war broke out, and knowing that the arms were in the hands of the rebels, he purchased all the small arms he could, and forwarded them to this country, and himself hastened home and offered his services to the Government.

Many of us supposed that he almost created the fleet of gun-boats on the Mississippi. And now, at Springfield, we supposed that we saw the best equipped army then in the country, created and mobilized by the genius of Fremont.

Let us see if any sacrilegious iconoclast dare strike a blow at this, our idol !

Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, United States Army, was ordered, by Secretary of War, Cameron, to investigate the charges against General Fremont, and, in part, says, on October 11th, 1861.

"SIR : I have the honor to submit the report requested in your letter of the 19th instant * * * * General

Curtis said of Fremont, that the latter never consulted him on military matters, nor informed him of his plans. General Curtis remarked that while he would go with freedom to General Scott and express his opinions, he would not dare to do so to General Fremont. He deemed General Fremont unequal to the command of an army, and said that he was no more bound by the law, than by the winds. * * * * Colonel Andrews, chief paymaster called and represented irregularities in the Pay Department, and desired instructions from the Secretary for his government, stating that he was required to make payments and transfers of money contrary to law and regulations. Once, upon objecting to what he conceived an improper payment, he was threatened with confinement by a file of soldiers. * * * * The following is a copy of one of his appointments :

"'St. Louis, August 28th, 1861.

"'Sir : You are hereby appointed Captain of Cavalry, to be employed in the land transportation department and will report for duty at these headquarters.

J. C. Fremont, Major-General, commanding.

["'To Captain Felix Vogele, present.']

"I also saw a similar appointment given to an individual on General Fremont's staff, as director of music, with the rank and commission of captain of engineers.

"THIS PERSON WAS A MUSICIAN IN A THEATRE IN ST. LOUIS.

* * * * "Among the supplies sent by General Fremont to the army now in the field may be enumerated five hundred half-barrels, to carry water in a country of abundant supply, and five hundred tons of ice. * * * * General Hunter stated that he had just received a written report from one of his colonels, informing him that but twenty out of one hundred of his guns would go off. These were the guns procured by General Fremont in Europe. I may here state that General Sherman at Louisville, made a similar complaint of the great inferiority of these European arms. * * * * In

conversation with Colonel Swords, Assistant Quartermaster-General at Louisville, just from California, he stated that Mr. Selover, who was in Europe with General Fremont, wrote to some friend in San Francisco that his share of the profit of the purchase of these arms was thirty thousand dollars.

"When General Hunter, at Jefferson City, received orders to march to Tipton, he was directed to take forty-one wagons with him, when he had only forty mules, which fact had been duly reported to headquarters. * * *. * General Hunter stated that, though second in command, he never was consulted by General Fremont, and knew nothing whatever of his intentions. Such a parallel, I venture to assert, can not be found in the annals of military warfare. I have also been informed that there is not a Missourian on his staff, nor a man acquainted personally with the topography and physical characteristics of the country or its people. * * * *

"On his arrival at St. Louis, General Fremont was met by Captain Cavender, First Missouri, and Major Farrar, Aid to General Lyon, with statements from the latter, and asking for reinforcements. To Governor Gamble he said, 'General Lyon is as strong as any other officer on this line.' He failed to strengthen Lyon, and the result, as is well known, was the defeat of that most gallant officer. The two regiments at Rolla

"SHOULD HAVE BEEN PUSHED FORWARD,

and the whole of Pope's nine regiments brought by rail to St. Louis and Rolla, and thence sent to Lyon's force. Any other general, in such an emergency, would have pursued this obvious course. * * * *

"General Fremont called four regiments from North Missouri, and went with them to Cairo. It is evident he had no intention of reinforcing General Lyon, for the two regiments at Rolla, one hundred and twenty-five miles from Springfield, received no orders to march, and were not supplied with transportation; and thirty or forty hired wagons, just returned from Springfield, were discharged at Rolla, August 4th, seven

days before the battle, and returned to St. Louis. After the news of the battle reached St. Louis, four other regiments were drawn from Pope, in North Missouri, and sent to Rolla. Better to have called in these before the battle, as after the battle the whole revolutionary elements were called forth. The six regiments accomplished nothing, and were not ordered to advance and cover the retreat of Lyon's army, although it was supposed, in St. Louis, that Price and McCulloch were following it, and that Hardee had moved up to cut off its retreat on the Gasconade. An advance of these regiments would have enabled the army to retrace its steps and to beat the forces of Price and McCulloch so badly, that they would have been unable to follow our forces in their retreat. It is said that every officer in Lyon's army expected to meet re-enforcements and to return with them, and drive Price and McCulloch from the southwest.

"General Hunter arrived at St. Louis from Chicago, called thither on a suggestion from Washington, as an adviser. General Fremont submitted to him, for consideration and advice, a paper called 'Disposition for retaking Springfield.' It sets out with a statement that Springfield is the strong strategical point of that wide elevation which separates the waters of the Osage from those of the Arkansas ;

"THE KEY TO THE WHOLE OF SOUTHWESTERN MISSOURI,

commanding an area of nearly sixty thousand miles. Why did not this enter the brain of the Major-General before the fall of Lyon and he strain every nerve to hold that important key when in his possession ?

"General Hunter, to the paper, replied, 'Why march on Springfield, where there is no enemy, and nothing to take? Let me take the troops and proceed to Lexington,' in which direction Price was marching, and where he expected to be joined by four thousand rebels.

"Instead of this he was sent to Rolla, without instructions, and remained there until ordered to Jefferson City, still

without instructions, and thence to Tipton where we found him.

"No steps having been taken by General Fremont to meet Price in the field, he moved forward his line of march, plainly indicating his intention of proceeding to Lexington. When within some thirty-five miles of the place he remained ten or more days, evidently expecting that some movement would be made against him. None being made, he advanced and with his much superior force laid siege to Lexington, defended by Mulligan, with two thousand seven hundred men, September 12th, and captured it the 21st, nine days thereafter.

"Now for the facts to show that this catastrophe could have been prevented, and Price's army destroyed before or after that disastrous affair.

"Before Price got to Lexington the forces to resist him were as follows: Jefferson City, five thousand five hundred; at Rolla, four thousand; along the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, about five thousand; western line of Mississippi, down near Fort Scott, two thousand three hundred; Mulligan's force at Lexington, two thousand seven hundred; a large force in Illinois along the Mississippi river, and on the Iowa line, outside of St. Louis, some seventeen thousand; in St. Louis, eighteen thousand, but say—ten thousand. Total, forty-six thousand five hundred.

"Hunter's plan up to Sunday, September 22d, was to concentrate from St. Louis, Jefferson City, and Rolla, also from the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, twenty thousand men, and relieve Mulligan. He said that if Price was a soldier, Lexington had then fallen; but he could, with energy, be captured with all his baggage and plunder. The objection that there was no transportation is idle. The railroads and river were at command, and the march from Sedalia was only forty-five miles. The force could, so General Hunter supposed, be thrown into Lexington by Thursday, as it appears, before it was taken.

"General Fremont ordered Sturgis, in North Missouri, to Lexington, and by crossing the river to reinforce Mulligan.

Sturgis had only eleven hundred men, and on reaching the river opposite the town found it commanded by Price, and of course was compelled to fall back.

"Hunter's plan of moving these troops was to strike the river at a point below Lexington in our control, cross, and march up to the place.

"In the interview with General Fremont, the question was asked whether any orders had been given to reinforce Mulligan, and the reply being in the negative, General Hunter suggested orders to Sturgis; and had the order then been given by telegraph, he would have reached the river before Price had taken possession of the north bank, and could have crossed. The order was not given until three days after the interview. This loss of time was fatal.

"Mulligan was ordered from Jefferson City, then garrisoned with five thousand troops, with only one regiment, to hold Lexington until he could be relieved. When Lexington fell, Price had twenty thousand men, his force receiving daily augmentations from the disaffected in the State. He was permitted to gather much plunder, and fall back towards Arkansas unmolested, until we were at Tipton, the 13th of October, when the accounts were that he was crossing the Osage.

"Fremont's order of march was issued to an army of nearly forty thousand, many of the regiments badly equipped, with inadequate supplies of ammunition, clothing and transportation.

"With what prospect (it must be inquired) can General Fremont, under such circumstances, expect to overtake a retreating army, some one hundred miles ahead, with a deep river between?

"General Hunter expressed to the Secretary of War, his decided opinion that General Fremont was incompetent and unfit for his extensive and important command. This opinion, he gave reluctantly, owing to his position as second in command. The opinion entertained by gentlemen who have approached General Fremont and observed him is, that he is

more fond of the pomp, than of the stern realities of war; that his mind is incapable of fixed attention or strong concentration; that by his mismanagement of affairs since his arrival in Missouri,

"THE STATE HAS ALMOST BEEN LOST.

and that if he is continued in command, the worst results may be anticipated. This is the concurrent testimony of a large number of the most intelligent men in Missouri."

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 24, 1861.

Brigadier-General S. R. CURTIS:

DEAR SIR: On receipt of this, with the accompanying inclosure, you will take safe, certain, and suitable measures to have the inclosure, addressed to Major-General Fremont delivered to him with all reasonable dispatch, subject to these conditions only, that if, when General Fremont shall be reached by the messenger—yourself or any one sent by you - he shall then have, in personal command, fought and won a battle, or shall be in the immediate presence of the enemy in expectation of a battle, it is not to be delivered but held for further orders. After, and not till after, the delivery to General Fremont, let the inclosure addressed to General Hunter be delivered to him.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 18. HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, October 24th, 1861.

Major-General Fremont, of the United States Army, the present Commander of the Western Department of the same, will, on the receipt of this order, call Major General Hunter of the United States Volunteers, to relieve him temporarily in that command, when he (Major-General Fremont) will report to General Headquarters, by letter, for further orders.

By command—

WINFIED SCOTT;
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 24th, 1861.

Brigadier-General S. R. CURTIS.

MY DEAR SIR: Herewith is a document—half letter, half order—which, wishing you to see, but not to make public, I send unsealed. Please read it, and then inclose it to the officer who may be in command of the Department of the West at the time it reaches him. I can not now know whether Fremont or Hunter will then be in command.

Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

This letter contained suggestions to halt his main army, divide it into two corps of observation, one occupying Sedalia, and the other Rolla. Then recruit the condition of both corps by re-establishing and improving their discipline, etc., but largely discretionary. Thinks any further pursuit of Price unwise.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., 1 a. m., October 30th, 1861.

Brigadier-General D. HUNTER.

GENERAL: I am directed by the Commanding General to inform you that he has received information that the rebel army is marching directly on this place. He therefore orders that you march immediately to join him at this place with your command, and that it will require your utmost exertions to reach him in time to aid with your troops.

Same to Pope, McKinstry, Sturgis and Lane.

EATON,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General to FREMONT.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., October 31st, 1861.

Same to Same:

Since forwarding the dispatch of last night, duplicates of which are herewith sent, the General commanding has received more positive information of the movement of the rebel army, which is now, or soon will be, but a day's march from this place. You will, therefore, see the imperative necessity of moving with the greatest celerity, even if your command has to live on beef alone. Please acknowledge receipt instantly.

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI,
November, 2d, 1861.

Brigadier-General D. HUNTER.

GENERAL: Your dispatch of this day *en route* is received. General Fremont directs me to say, that having been relieved from the command of the Western Department, and having relinquished command in orders into the hands of Major-General Hunter, when you reach here the control of the public service at this point will fall upon you. You should, therefore, he says, push on to reach here with all dispatch.

EATON,
Act. Asst.-Adjt. Gen.

General Orders No. 28. } HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT, SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI, November 2, 1861.

In compliance with General Orders, No. 18, from the Headquarters of the Army, this day received, the undersigned hereby relinquishes

command of the Western Department, and of this army in the field, into the hands of Major-General D. Hunter, U. S. Vols.

J. C. FREMONT,
Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army.

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI,
November 2d, 1861.

Major-General D. HUNTER, *en route.*

GENERAL: I am directed by Major-General Fremont to inform you that the advance guard of the enemy will be at Wilson's Creek to-night. The Union men are flocking in here for protection; and he urges you to hurry forward your division with all possible celerity, and to push on yourself in person, to assume the command.

EATON,
Act. Asst. Adjt.-Gen.

We search these War Records in vain, for any verification of the camp rumors prevalent at the time, and long afterwards, to the effect that General Fremont placed every possible obstacle in the way of General Hunter's assuming command of the army, until after a battle could be fought.

FREMONT'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., November 2d, 1861.

SOLDIERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI ARMY:

Agreeably to orders this day received, I take leave of you. Although our army has been of sudden growth, we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirit which you bring to the defense of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career. Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain, as I am, proud of the noble army which I had thus far labored to bring together.

Soldiers, I regret to leave you. Most sincerely I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown to me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are just about to win, but I shall claim to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be fraternally remembered by my companions in arms.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General United States Army.

CHAPTER VIII.

FREMONT REMOVED.—HUNTER SUCCEEDS HIM AND REPUDIATES HIS NEGOTIATIONS WITH PRICE; AND THE LATTER IN FULL RETREAT SOUTH.

BY implication, the report of the Adjutant-General of the army, in the investigation of General Fremont's administration of the Department of the West, by order of the Secretary of War, fragments of which we have given in preceding chapter, General Fremont is charged with the needless sacrifice of both Lyon and Mulligan, and thereby dangerously jeopardizing the Union cause in that department, and that another fine army may now be sacrificed by his incompetency, unless immediately removed. It is noticeable that in three different orders to General Hunter, during the last three days of General Fremont's command at Springfield, he represents Price at three different stages of rapid approach, and thus throwing down the gage of battle.

Our army, without moving out of camp to secure position, and without changing anything, except commanders, four days thereafter beheld the army of Price in full retreat.

It is a question whether this meant that Price *did* want to fight Fremont, but did *not* want to fight Hunter.

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
November 3d, *via* ROLLA, MISSOURI,
November 7th, 1861.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL U. S. ARMY.

SIR: I take command of the Department to-day. General Fremont left for the East this morning. I do not think the enemy is in

force in our neighborhood. I will telegraph you daily. [It turned out that on that identical day, November 7th, Price left Cassville in full retreat upon Arkansas, and McCulloch one day sooner.]

The above, in face of the fact that, for seven days, General Fremont had been urging forward the troops by forced marches to meet the enemy, who, he says, "will be at Wilson's Creek on the night of November 2d." On November 1st General Fremont urges forward with the greatest celerity, and that a forced march is imperatively necessary. November 2d he urges General Hunter forward "with all possible celerity." And General Pope, in special orders, expresses his "high appreciation of the soldierly response of the Thirty-seventh Illinois, by a forced march to Springfield, but which," he says, "proved to be unnecessary."

The following communication will explain itself:

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI, November 7th, 1861.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL U. S. ARMY.

GENERAL: Inclosed you will find copies of certain negotiations carried on between Major-General J. C. Fremont, of the first part, and Major-General Sterling Price, of the second, having for objects, first, to make arrangements for the exchange of prisoners; second, to prevent arrests or forcible interference in future "for the mere entertainment or expression of political opinions"; third, to insure that "the war now progressing shall be confined exclusively to armies in the field"; and fourth, the immediate disbandment of "all bodies of armed men acting without the authority or recognition of the major-generals named, and not legitimately connected with the armies in the field."

You will also find inclosed (D) a copy of my letter of this date, dispatched under a flag of truce to General Price, stating that "I can in no manner recognize the agreement aforesaid, or any of its provisions, whether implied or direct, and that I can neither issue nor allow to be issued, the joint proclamation purporting to have been signed by Generals Price and Fremont on the first day of November, A. D. 1861."

It would be, in my judgment impolitic in the highest degree to have ratified General Fremont's negotiations, for the following, amongst many other, obvious reasons. The second stipulation, if acceded to, would render the enforcement of martial law in Missouri, or in any part of it, impossible, and would give absolute liberty to the propangandists of treason throughout the length and breadth of the State. The third

stipulation, confirming operations exclusively to armies in the field, "would practically annul the confiscation act passed during the last session of Congress; and would furnish perfect immunity to those disbanded soldiers of Price's command who have now returned to their homes, but with the intention, and under a pledge of rejoining the rebel forces whenever called upon. And lastly, because the fourth stipulation would blot out of existence the loyal men of the Home Guard, who have not, it is alleged, been recognized by act of Congress, and who, it would be claimed, are therefore "not legitimately connected with the armies in the field."

There are many more objections quite as powerful and obvious which might be urged against ratifying this agreement. Its address, "to all peaceably disposed

"CITIZENS OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI,"

fairly allowing the inference to be drawn that citizens of the United States, the loyal and true men of Missouri, are not included within its benefits. In fact, the agreement would seem to me, if ratified, a concession of all the principles for which the rebel leaders are contending, and a practical liberation, for use in other and more immediately important localities, of all their forces now kept employed in this portion of the State.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

D. HUNTER, Major-General Commanding.

November 9th, 1861.—General H. W. Halleck takes command of the Department of the Missouri.

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP IN BENTON COUNTY, MISSOURI,
Fifteen miles south of Warsaw, November 11th, 1861.

L. THOMAS, Adjutant United States Army.

GENERAL: In conformity with the views of the President, in which I fully concur, *I fall back on Rolla* and Sedalia. Price left Cassville on the 7th in full retreat upon Arkansas, McCulloch having preceded him by one day's march, and I have no doubt they are both now out of this State. My command is in good order and fine spirits. Please correct a slander which has gone forth with regard to the Germans. An effort was made to induce them to mutiny; and I have found them loyal and efficient.

I shall order to St. Louis, about eighteen thousand men, ready for service at the South, *retaining sufficient garrison for Rolla* and Sedalia.

D. HUNTER,
Brig. Gen. Comd'g.

Same to same:

Nov. 11th, 1861.

GENERAL: Great portions of the army stores and other public property in the department are in the hands of irresponsible, ignorant and illegally appointed persons, who have given no security, hold no commissions, and are accountable to no tribunal.

THIS MUST BE AT ONCE CORRECTED,

and the department placed on a basis of integrity, capacity, and responsibility. * * * * D. HUNTER,
Brig. Gen. Comd'g.

HEADQUARTERS C. S. A., RICHMOND, VA.
November 30th, 1861.

General BEN. MCCULLOCH.

SIR: *I can not understand why you withdrew your troops, instead of pursuing the enemy, when his leaders were quarreling, and his army separated into parts under different commanders.* SEND AN EXPLANATION. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN,
Sec. of War, C. S. A.

It seems from the above, that General McCulloch, in his reports to his chief, did not keep his words close together or, in other words, had "drawn the long bow."

On this identical date, Colonel Wyman wrote General Halleck that McCulloch was ordered North but refused to go and is falling back into Arkansas. Colonel Wyman has a scout who is cousin to Price's quartermaster, and is reliable.

The reader will have discovered before following this history thus far, that its historians have found means, not only to find access to the papers of the officers of our Union generals in command, but have compelled, not only Price, McCulloch, Pillow, and other Confederate generals, to report to the Thirteenth Illinois, but even the headquarters at Richmond, with its Cabinet officers, including Jeff Davis himself, have promptly, though reluctantly, delivered up their papers for the inspection of the Thirteenth Illinois. And so your historian has kept you lingering about Springfield, until Price & Co. complied with our order to send in their reports, which

you have just read ; so now we are ready to march to-morrow morning *back towards Rolla.*

November 11th, Monday.—Reveille roused us at 2:30 and we were on the road at 5 a. m. The weather was rough and windy, and threatened rain. We took the direct road back to Rolla, which was new to us, as but few of the regiment had ever been over this particular road. We passed through Sand Spring, Lebanon, Hazle Green, Belfort and Waynesville.

November 12th.—On Tuesday we started at daylight and marched about twenty-five miles. Our camp was in a large meadow, and the hardships undergone by reason of the long and tedious march were partly assuaged and compensated for by plenty of fresh pork. No good soldier will go back on the hog ; but all will admit, yea, stoutly maintain, that the hog is a public benefactor.

November 13th.—We marched sixteen miles and reached Lebanon, where we camped ; on Thursday, the 14, we broke camp at 7 a. m. and made fifteen miles.

November 14th, Thursday.—We broke camp at 7 a. m. and marched on through many discouragements for the men, many of whom were on the sick list, and ambulances were in great demand, and in many a case a government wagon had to do the duty belonging to the ambulance. Made but fifteen miles and camped in a corn-field, where was a fine little stream of water.

November 15th, Friday.—We broke camp early and at 11 a. m. arrived at a little village called Waynesville, where we met our supply-train, which was most acceptable to the boys, as they were short of rations. We rested here some little time, when we resumed our march, which for the day measured twenty miles, and carried us to the Big Piney river, across which on the following cold, frosty morning of November 16th, the most of the boys had to wade. Marching on for twenty-four weary miles, we reached our winter's camping-ground, which proved to be the former camping-ground of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Illinois.

The survivors of the Thirteenth will long have cause for unpleasant remembrance of that march.

This particular Springfield campaign, begun so auspiciously, was ending most disappointingly and disagreeably; for which there were many reasons. Our boys had started from Rolla with high hopes, perfect confidence in their leaders and in themselves, had marched one hundred and twenty miles, some of the marching having been forced, at the urgent request of General Fremont himself, until the close proximity to the rebel army of only sixteen miles; and then, instead of being ordered forward, had been compelled to see the rebels in full retreat, *while we were ordered to face to the rear*, and march back again. Unfortunately, we did not, and could not know that General Hunter was not to blame for this, but that President Lincoln himself, had advised that there could be nothing gained by following the fast retreating enemy. Accordingly, the return march to Rolla, was commenced under conditions as unpleasant as unfavorable. The winter was near at hand; the weather was forbidding; the country marched through was rough and uninteresting. The Big Piney river, when reached, had no bridge, and there were no pontoons with the train; and so, most of the infantry had to wade a considerable river whose waters were icy cold. The marches were long and heavy, and many of the boys fell sick, and becoming exhausted, fell out by the way, and came hobbling into camp long after dark, dispirited, discouraged, and hungry, with no hot, nourishing food, and in many cases, not even the invigorating hot coffee. Dr. Plummer was at his wit's end to take care of those who thronged his ambulance accommodations, and it was of daily occurrence to see himself and Colonel Wyman, and in fact, all the mounted officers, trudging along on foot while the rank and file were riding, generally double, on the staff horses.

After nearly thirty years, I have in my mind the case of a comrade who made that march under circumstances and conditions so unfavorable, that he is not likely to forget it.

During our stay at Springfield, this comrade began to have

boils develop themselves on different parts of his body, which so increased in number that literally they almost covered his body. By actual count they numbered over thirty. Several of these sores developed into carbuncles with several heads, through which they finally discharged. This was the comrade's condition when we commenced this march. So vigilant were these ancient enemies of Job, to deprive the comrade of rest, that they had so distributed themselves that he could not sit on the ground, he could not sit in an ambulance, neither could he ride a horse. The only way he could get any rest in a recumbent posture was to throw himself on his stomach, prone on the ground, rising painfully to his feet when the spell of rest came to an end, and the march was resumed.

During that six days' march, no day passed but brought the colonel, the doctor, and other mounted officers to the comrade who was trudging along so painfully, with urgent requests for him to try to ride their horses; their anxiety and sympathy were shown in their tear-stained faces. They brought an exquisite balm to his grateful soul, but, alas! no bodily rest.

Arrived at Rolla, the two lieutenants, with such sympathetic kindness as that comrade will never forget, vacated their own tent for his own especial use, and themselves sought quarters elsewhere.

When the boils began to disappear, scurvy set in, which was scarcely more endurable than the first. This condition of things held the comrade for eight months.

The winter of 1861 and 1862 at Rolla, proved cold and blustering, with considerable snow. The boys resorted to many ingenious expedients to keep their tents comfortable. One was to construct a covered trench from the fire-pit inside, out under the walls of the tent, when a stack of empty flour-barrels would coax the smoke upward to its top and send it on and away.

One blustering night, during this winter, there came to Rolla two bluff and hearty Englishmen to visit the army. They had come in on the train from St. Louis, and each had

the amount of luggage granted in the Magna Charta, which the Barons had wrung from King John away back, consisting of valises, grip-sacks, boxes and bundles. They came to the office of the provost-marshal, and the writer was detailed to pilot them to a hotel a half mile away.

There was considerable drifted snow on the ground, and a driving snow-storm then coming. I helped with the luggage all I could, and the Britishers beguiled the way with good-natured jokes and badinage. What with the blinding driven snow, and the frequent plunging into drifts in the darkness, the principal of the two, *got a fall.* Not the first, by any means, nor yet the second, *that Johnnie Bull has got by coming over here to look into our affairs.*

In this fall, the packages were scattered right and left, in only a little less emphatic manner *than were certain packages of tea in Boston Harbor*, some years before ; and my charge rolled into a snow-drift by the side of the walk.

I rendered what aid I could, and, amid their loud shouting and laughter, I succeeded in getting him on his pins again, and finally landed them safe and sound at the hotel, amid boisterous thanks and offers of pay.

The gentleman whom I had helped out of the snow-drift, was the celebrated writer and author,

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

There was much pleasant weather, and we managed to extract many pleasures from somewhat meager material. We had a brass band which was an ornamental and æsthetic feature of our dress parade and guard mounts. Lieutenant Colonel Gorgas was a fine flute player ; John Burbank, Company E, was a fiddler ; Edwin W. Loomis, of Company H, was a fine clarionet player ; Ben. Palmer, of Company I, was a guitarist ; and all these musicians readily got their instruments transported and taken good care of by the wagon drivers, for the sake of the music.

Then there was the singing. Lieutenant James G. Ever-

est and Lieutenant Isaiah H. Williams, both of Company I, and Frank Brown, and Orrin V. Anderson, both of the latter of Company H, were all fine singers, and would frequently give us some fine quartette singing which always enlivened the boys of an evening.

John Grant (usually called Scotty), of Company I, was a famous cook; and the "Delmonico" of our regiment; and frequently catered to both men and officers. Lieutenant Isaiah H. Williams, of Company I, put up a successful job on a young officer out of pure mischief. Comrade Williams made quite a little bluster, inviting several officers, including the intended victim of the joke, to a supper of *baked opossum*, at Scotty's, who entered into the fun of the thing for all it was worth. The victim ate heartily, and said that he had never known that opossum was so perfectly delicious.

Then came the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," and while the company was discussing something from a canteen (probably water) Williams asked the principal guest of the evening, if he knew what he had been eating! to which the young officer replied, "Why, 'possum, of course." He was told that it was not opossum, but *the old camp cat*, which had howled and prowled through camp for the last several months. This was verified by "Scotty," who showed him that the others had eaten some other kind of meat, not observed by the victim, at the time.

Not only the "feast of reason," but the "flow of soul" had flowed into that man's stomach, evidently, for, amid facial contortions and violent retchings, beverages, profane oaths, and considerable chunks of baked cat tumbled out so fast and promiscuously that they could not be assorted and labeled. There being nothing further, the meeting, somewhat abruptly, adjourned.

November 7th.— Battle of Belmont, Missouri. Twenty-second, Twenty-seventh, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Illinois, Seventh Iowa, Battery B, First Artillery, two Companies Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry. Union: ninety killed, one hundred and seventy-three wounded, two hundred and thirty-five

missing. Confederate: two hundred and sixty-one killed, four hundred and twenty-seven wounded, two hundred and seventy-eight missing.

November 10th.—From Camp Harbin, Missouri, on his retreat from Springfield, McCulloch tells Price that his running away from our army was for the sake of drawing the enemy further from his resources and nigher to where we can hope for reinforcements.

HEADQUARTERS, ROLLA, MISSOURI,
November 22, 1861.

Major General HALLECK:

GENERAL: The rebel forces between Springfield and Lebanon are large. Their pickets extend ten miles this side of Lebanon. Their forces are scattered over a large part of the country for subsistence. They pick up many stragglers and rob the fugitives.

G. M. DODGE,
Colonel Commanding Post.

HEADQUARTERS, ROLLA, MISSOURI,
November 24th, 1861.

Same to same:

GENERAL: My scouts are just in from Springfield; left Wednesday night. The enemy's main force was still south of Springfield. They had scouting parties out in all directions. The force that followed Major Wright to Lebanon has disappeared from the country between Lebanon and Springfield. Their scouting parties made several of our stragglers prisoners at Lebanon. There was a scouting party of eighty or more. I am, General, very respectfully,

G. M. DODGE,
Colonel Commanding Post.

The boys now seriously began fixing up camp for winter quarters. General Halleck was expected. A diary kept by a member of Company K, records that on November 22d, Hobson and Ketcham went hunting and killed a deer and two wild turkeys. An officer of the regiment records that on the 26th he took supper with Colonel (?) Partridge, and had oysters and champagne. It was probably the champagne that magnified the major's shoulder-straps into those of a

colonel. But really, such bills of fare would seem to indicate that we were not starving.

The chaplain was postmaster and had a placard posted on the peak of his tent bearing this legend: "The chaplain don't know when another mail will go out." The artist of Company Q, not being satisfied with the chaplain's grammar, considering the paragraph not finished, took down the card one night, corrected and returned it, and in the morning the correction read, "*and don't care a damn.*"

THE GREAT SPRING AT JAMES' IRON WORKS.

From the interesting diary of Comrade Wilson E. Chapel, Company F, Thirteenth Regiment, is taken the following:

"*Wednesday, October 23d, 1861.*—Reveille at 4 a. m., and at sunrise were on the road. This was on the second day after leaving Linn Creek for Springfield. I think the scenery was altogether the wildest and most picturesque that I ever saw. We passed over some very high bluffs, one of which was nearly three hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular, with a beautiful spring gushing out of its side, about twenty feet above its base, of sufficient volume and power to carry a large grist-mill with an overshot wheel."

The mention of the spring will, no doubt, revive the memories of all the survivors of the regiment who were there on that occasion; and calls up a kindred reminiscence which may bear reproducing for this history.

The proprietors of James Iron Works, between Rolla and St. Louis, were strong Unionists, and employed some two hundred men, mostly Englishmen, and with few exceptions these men desired to manifest their loyalty to their adopted country by taking the oath of allegiance, while pursuing their labor at the Iron Works, which was perhaps of as much service to the Union cause as though they had enlisted under the Stars and Stripes and had shouldered a musket.

A request from the Messrs. James reaching Colonel Wyman

that an officer, authorized to administer such an oath, be sent to their place as soon as convenient, was promptly acted upon by ordering the Provost-Marshal Lieutenant, Isaiah H. Williams, to attend to the matter at once. The Marshal had a clerk whom he deputized to do the work, and this deputy proved to be identical with your historian, hence the story.

The deputy-marshal, as a special mark of confidence and trust, was allowed to employ a clerk, and he was further permitted to pay any necessary expenses, out of his own pocket. The deputy seemed to regard this as an additional mark of confidence and put in no demurrer, but proceeded to select Drum-Major Merritt Perry as his assistant; which selection received the sanction of his superior officers, and on a bright and bracing winter morning the two, "clothed in a little brief authority" and their "dress parade" suits, boarded the St. Louis train. An exceptionally generous spasm from those in authority had provided us with free passes; but I could never quite forgive myself for being stingy enough to sponge the amount of those two passes from the Government.

A messenger from the Iron Works met us at its nearest station and conducted us to the Works, which we reached some little time before noon.

We were met by the managers who showed us many interesting things connected with this industry, and soon after the noon whistle had set the workmen loose for dinner,

WE FOUND THE MEN DRAWN UP IN LINE;

when the clerk read to the assembled men, by sections, the oath, after which, the deputy-marshal passed along the entire line and explained to them what might possibly be indefinite or obscure, asking them whether any of them wished to decline to commit themselves. None stepped out of the line, and the oath was administered, and followed by three hearty cheers and a tiger. Blank forms had been used, and a list of the names previously supplied had allowed of all being pre-

pared beforehand, even to the signature of the deputy-marshal; and in a few minutes each man had a Certificate of Allegiance.

The afternoon was spent in further examining the buildings and plant of the extensive Works, a list of which is not now remembered; but by far the most interesting feature of the locality, was the wonderful spring, throwing from some subterranean reservoir, more than water enough, and having head enough to turn all the wheels of the machinery of these extensive Works. The spring threw up from its center

A BOILING COLUMN WHOSE CREST

was about four feet above the spring's level. The spring lay in a three-sided bowl, formed by an amphitheatre of hills about a hundred feet high, and clothed with trees and bushes, making the surroundings beautiful and romantic. In this bowl lay the spring, fully a hundred yards in diameter, and almost perfectly round.

The combination of boiling spring, the murmuring ripple of its river-like outflow, copse-crowned crags, cliffs, groves, and canyons, all seemed peaceful, and blessedly oblivious to the surrounding clangor of loud-throated war.

As we were to spend the night at the Works, we rambled to our heart's content, took tea at the hospitable board of one of the proprietors, at which several ladies were present, who added zest and charm to the feast, and sparkle and smiles to the after-supper conversation.

When the hour for retiring came, one of the gentlemen took us to a small building a little detached from the main house, and ushered us into a most commodious and comfortable room, which contained a reposeful looking bed, washing conveniences somewhat in advance of Uncle Sam's camp-economy, but which we thought we could stand for one night without becoming demoralized. Having personally inspected

every matter which might involve our comfort, our kind and thoughtful host bade us good-night, and retired.

The deputy-marshal, wearied by carrying for a whole day such a load of responsibility and dignity, was soon testing the softness of his pillow,—but not so the clerk. When he had adjusted his costume to the requirements most conducive to the wooing of

"TIRED NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER, BALMY SLEEP,"

all of a sudden, the spirit of mischief seemed to take possession of him. He proceeded to a distant corner of the room, where hung a nice white curtain, which he drew, and there was disclosed hanging, various articles necessary to a lady's wardrobe; whereupon, what does our Mephistopheles do, but to take down a lady's hoop-skirt of ample dimensions, and adjust it very nearly as a lady might be supposed to adjust it to its proper place. Going to the dressing-case, he surveyed the effect from all points of toilet view, and seemed satisfied. He then returned to the corner-wardrobe and took down a bonnet, which undoubtedly represented what would then be considered a "love of a bonnet," and fitted it, though somewhat bunglingly, it is true, on top of a shock of coarse black hair, tied the ribbon-strings under his chin, and a second look in the glass seemed to show him that the make-up was complete.

The remonstrances of the deputy-marshal were unavailing, and this most ridiculous farce was to proceed. After a few last twitchings of the hoop-skirt, and a last few pokes of the bonnet, this "chief of the revels," turned with great dignity, and addressing an imaginary violinist in a ball-room voice, he ordered,

"ON WITH THE DANCE; LET JOY BE UNCONFINED."

Then commenced one of the most ridiculous farces, and in the most extravagantly ridiculous costume, ever put on

the boards, public or private, amateur or professional. He would mincingly cross the floor and approach an imaginary lady, and ask her hand in the dance, giving both the question and the lady's reply, the latter in a most ridiculously ragged falsetto, something as follows :

" Ah, Miss Tremain, am delighted to see you this evening ; I was hoping you would be here to redeem the dance from what, otherwise, would have been an utterly commonplace affair ; do pray, let me lead you on to the floor for the next dance."

" Why, Mr. St. Ledger ; I am flattered by your polite invitation and shall be pleased to let you have my poor self for this dance, if, indeed, you can endure so poor a partner ; for, I assure you, your graceful politeness has captivated all the the society ladies in our set."

" Ah, my dear Miss Tremain, your kindness would hold me a captive by your side through the entire evening, were it not for the claims of a necessary etiquette."

All this accompanied by such bows, grimaces, salaams, facial contortions, and genuflections, as would drive to despair a French dancing-master.

After handing Miss Tremain to her seat, our Mr. St. Ledger would mince up to another imaginary lady with :

" Ah, Miss Fitz-James, you have saved my life ; for I was nearly dead with *ennui ;* there seemed a deep twilight gloom pervading the room, which was so depressing as to be felt like a nightmare, you know ; until all at once a glorious radiance seemed to fill the room, and some subtle, spiritual essence plainly whispered to my heart, ' Miss Fitz-James has come," and, sure enough, on looking round, you were just entering the room."

" Now, Mr. St. Ledger, such flattery "—

" Excuse the interruption, madam, let me assure you I never flatter, Miss Fitz-James."

Upon which, the lady was in an ecstasy of delight, while Mr. St. Ledger, with his hand on his heart, bowed profoundly,

and this would be punctuated by the far-reaching voice of Mr. St. Ledger as floor-manager—

"BALANCE TO PARTNERS—CROSS RIGHT AND LEFT—ALL HANDS ROUND—LADIES' GRAND CHAIN."

Then the handing the ladies to their carriages, and the revel ceased; much to the relief of the deputy-marshal, who had almost been thrown into pleurisy by the attempts to smother the side-splitting mirth which must not be allowed too much voice. It is to be hoped that the ladies never discovered that their wardrobe had been disturbed.

The next morning the officials returned to Rolla; but for many a night, that passed the deputy-marshal's wedge-tent dreams were disturbed by visions in white; the dreamland being peopled by Terpsichorean gods and goddesses, nymps and imps, satyrs and other matters, in which the floor-manager would be conspicuous, draped in little more than a feather-crested bonnet, and a well-ventilated hoop-skirt of ample dimensions, above the waist-bands of which, on the back, was fastened a large placard inscribed:

THIRTEENTH ILLINOIS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAVALRY AND SQUADS OF INFANTRY, BUSY ALL WINTER, UNDER MAJOR BOWEN, EL-BOWIN' THE REBS.—FROM MISSOURI OUT OF THE STATE.

THIS was to prove to be the winter of preparation, on both sides, for the decisive struggle for the final possession of the State of Missouri, for the Union or its abandonment. Should we gain substantial possession, the occupation of Arkansas by us, would be a foregone conclusion; and that would leave but a comparatively small central section of the Mississippi river but what would be open to the free navigation of our fleets of gun-boats, which would safely convey the immense quantities of ordnance-stores and all necessary army supplies for the series of brilliant victories which culminated in the reduction of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and which broke the Confederacy in two.

But, comrades, we shall see more tedious scouting, much monotonous drill and guard-detailing for protecting the post at Rolla, hundreds of miles of exhausting marches through an almost torrid climate, where sick and dying soldiers will die for the want of water, which is poisonous at the best, but which has been artificially poisoned

BY COMMAND OF THE REBEL OFFICERS.

But let us go back to Rolla and report for duty. The trouble will come soon enough.

The history will unfold and explain itself for awhile.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MO.
November 24th, 1861.

Brigadier-General SIGEL at ROLLA.

GENERAL: Hold your divisions in readiness for an attack or to move against the enemy, and telegraph me all information. Send out strong reconnoitering parties in the direction the enemy is said to be moving.

H. W. HALLECK.
Major-General Commanding Department.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MO.
November 26, 1861.

General FRED. STEELE.

GENERAL: Telegrams from Rolla indicate that the enemy is moving north, but not in any large force. * * * *

HEADQUARTERS, SEDALIA, MISSOURI,
November 26th, 1861.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: Look well to Jefferson City and the Northern Pacific railroad. Price aims at both. * * * * I think McCulloch will threaten Rolla, whilst Price crosses the Osage, by large numbers of detachments to assemble at some agreed point. Two detachments are out about which I feel uneasy.

With very great respect,
W. T. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS, ROLLA, MISSOURI,
November 30th, 1861.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: Another of my scouts in from the southwest. Left Osceola Tuesday night. Price was there with four thousand men. The Quartermaster of the force is own cousin to my scout, who informs him that Price is determined to ravage and burn Kansas, even if peace was declared to-morrow, and intends to go into Kansas, north of Fort Scott, at or near Butler. McBride was at Stockton with six thousand men, and Raines at Chester with five thousand men. McCulloch was ordered north with his whole force, but he refused to go, and is falling back into Arkansas. About one-third of the Cherokees are rebels. About five thousand of them are moving north to join Price in Kansas. John Ross

AFTER BEING HUNG UP THREE TIMES,

was forced to agree to remain neutral, with the remainder of the tribe.

One of Price's spies came into his camp Tuesday morning. Had been to Fort Scott; reports Lane there with five thousand men. Price will attempt to get into Kansas north of him. He says he does not intend to attack the troops in Missouri. They had already sent back into Arkansas four hundred stolen horses.

I am, General, respectfully,
J. B. WYMAN, Acting Brigadier-General.
Commanding Post.

December 2d, 1861.—President Lincoln declares Martial law in Missouri.

HEADQUARTERS, SALEM, MISSOURI,
December 3d, 1861.

Gen. J. B. WYMAN.

GENERAL: I was attacked this morning at 4 o'clock by three hundred rebels, under command of Colonels Freeman and Turner. They dismounted some two miles from town, and by coming through the woods they got inside, of my outer pickets. They first commenced firing on Company A's quarters, killing one and wounding others. Companies B and C, being quartered some five hundred yards from them, rallied on foot to the rescue of Company A. After a hard fight of twenty minutes, Company D came up mounted. I ordered Captain Williams to charge on the rebels, who were then retreating, which was promptly done, dispersing them in every direction.

My officers and men proved themselves to be soldiers; and I feel I have just reason to be proud of them. My force consisted of thirty from each company, one hundred and twenty in all.

Our loss is two men killed, two mortally wounded (one since dead), and eight slightly wounded. The rebel loss was six killed, ten mortally wounded, twenty slightly wounded. We also took several guns.

I am, General, respectfully and truly yours,
W. D. BOWEN,
Maj. First Bat'l Cav. attached to Thirteenth Ill. Vol.

[Act. Brig.-Gen. Wyman.]

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
December 3d, 1861.

Major-Gen. MCCLELLAN.

GENERAL: * * * * McCulloch near Springfield falling back towards Arkansas. Perhaps his retreat is a mere ruse to draw our forces from Rolla in the direction of Osceola. * * * *

Same to same :

December 3d, 1861.

GENERAL : Insurrections were to be organized in various counties north of the Missouri, so as to draw off our troops in various directions. In the meantime Price was to threaten Sedalia, not supposed to be strong, and make a dash at Jefferson City, the insurgents at different points also moving in that direction. If the troops at Rolla moved in Price's rear, McCulloch was to cut them off from St. Louis. Finding our forces at Sedalia much stronger than was supposed, Price halted near Osceola, not venturing to advance any farther.

I am, General, very respectfully,

H. W. HALLECK,

Com'd'g Dept.

HEADQUARTERS, ROLLA, MISSOURI,

December 4th, 1861.

Major-General HALLECK.

GENERAL : I have the honor to inform you that on Thursday last, Colonel Dodge requested me to send a small party to Salem and vicinity, to bring in some witnesses in the case of some prisoners he has now in the Fort. I made the arrangement for forty men to go the next morning. In the meantime one of my scouts came in from Salem and below there, and reported that Freeman, with eighty or one hundred men was in the vicinity. I, therefore, increased the detachment to one hundred and twenty men with proper officers, all under command of Major Bowen. He left Friday at 9 a. m. and reached Salem same afternoon (twenty-five miles). Saturday and Sunday he devoted to scouring the country. Did not find Freeman,

BUT TOOK EIGHT PRISONERS,

all of whom have been in the rebel army. On Monday morning at 4 o'clock, Freeman approached Salem and made his way through the brush and woods (thus avoiding the pickets), and got to the inside picket-line before any one was aware of his approach. Driving in their pickets, they proceeded to the quarters of Company A and commenced their attack. How bravely and gloriously they were repulsed, I leave you to judge from reading the report of the Major, which I have this moment received.

I beg also to inform you that upon the receipt of the news yesterday at 12 o'clock I ordered a reinforcement sent Major Bowen, and at 1 p. m. one hundred and thirty chosen men left this post, and at 6 p. m. had joined the Major at Salem, who was at that hour in peaceable possession of the town, although anticipating another attack

last night; but feeling fully confident he could cope with them successfully if they dared to do so.

I should be glad to receive orders from you to take or send such a force as would either exterminate or drive them out of the State.

I am informed by reliable parties that Freeman and Turner both intend to winter in Dent county, and have laid in stores and forage for that purpose. In fact, the prisoners inform me they swear they "will do so or die."

Awaiting your orders, I am, General,

Respectfully and obediently yours,

J. B. WYMAN,

Col. and Acting Brigadier-General.

[Major-General Halleck,

Commanding Department of Missouri.]

Same to same:

Dec. 6th, 1861.

GENERAL: Our forces at Sedalia and Rolla are held in readiness to move, but their efficiency is greatly reduced by disorganization and sickness. * * * * The camp measles is prevailing and daily increase our sick list. * * * *

(This can have no reference to the Thirteenth, as Dr. Plummer never allowed any of his patients to have more than one measle at a time.)

HEADQUARTERS, PILOT KNOB, MISSOURI,

December 6th, 1861.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: I have sent out scouts from Potosi and this post towards Salem, Steelville, and Centerville. The Potosi scouts report no rebel troops at, or east of Salem or Steelville; that Freeman's band, four hundred, had been to both places, but were driven away by Colonel Wyman. * * * *

I am, General, respectfully,

WM. P. CARLIN,

Thirty-eighth Illinois.

HEADQUARTERS, SEDALIA, MISSOURI,

December 6th, 1861.

Major-General HALLECK.

GENERAL: It is reported that Price crossed the Osage on the 4th instant.

I am, General, respectfully,

FRED'K STEELE,

Brig.-Gen. Com'd'g.

ROLLA, MISSOURI,
December 7th, 1861.

Major-General HALLECK.

GENERAL: Captain Waldemar, of the Benton Hussars * * * * was yesterday within eight miles of Lebanon and reports McBride there with three thousand strong. * * * *

I am, General, respectfully,
P. J. OSTENHAUS, Col.

HEADQUARTERS, ROLLA, MISSOURI,
December 9th, 1861.

Major-General HALLECK.

GENERAL: A dispatch from Salem has just reached me. Bowen was in full chase of Freeman in Texas county, five miles in his rear; intends giving him battle if he can overtake him. A rumor had reached Salem that McBride was moving from Huntsville with sixteen hundred men and two pieces of artillery to reinforce Freeman. If such proves to be the fact, I wish permission to reinforce Bowen with one battery of artillery.

I am, General, respectfully,
J. B. WYMAN,
Com'd'g Post.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
December 9th, 1861.

Colonel J. B. WYMAN,
Commanding Post at Rolla.

COLONEL: You are authorized to reinforce Major Bowen if you deem it advisable. Do not let him advance so far in pursuit as to be cut off by McBride. Look out for that. H. W. HALLECK,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g Dep't.

HEADQUARTERS, ROLLA, MISSOURI,
December 10th, 1861.

Capt. J. C. KELTON, A. A.-G.

CAPTAIN: I inclose copies of dispatches received from Major Bowen at 1 o'clock this morning. By them you will see that the major has fallen back to Salem, which place he will hold until further orders. My opinion is that a force sufficient to hold that place should be placed there permanently; say four companies of cavalry, and one battery of artillery. I feel confident it would have the effect to keep McBride and Freeman at a proper distance. I submit this for the consideration of our general and await orders.

Very truly yours,
J. B. WYMAN,
Acting Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
December 13th, 1861.

LORENZO THOMAS, Adjutant-General U. S. A.

GENERAL: The Engineer Corps proper, as it is called, has no troops, but probably about fifty officers. The names of forty-three have already been ascertained, but some one turns up every few days holding a commission or appointment from General Fremont. Some of these are already discharged; but it is impossible to discharge them all at present, their services being absolutely indispensable in the construction of the works which are now being built at Paducah, Cairo, Fort Holt, Girardeau, *Rolla*, Jefferson City, La Mine Cantonment near Sedalia. * * * * [Was it the fort at Rolla?]

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Com'd'g Dep't.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
December 14th, 1861.

Maj.-Gen. GEO. B. MCCLELLAN:

GENERAL: Salem, south of Rolla, threatened by a large force. It has been reinforced. * * * *

I am, General, yours respectfully,
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Com'd'g Dep't.

Same to same about same:

December 16th, 1861.

GENERAL: Major Bowen wrote from Salem on the 9th that he had driven the enemy through the Current Hills, taking twenty prisoners and some twenty-five horses. I have since learned that about fifteen hundred of the enemy turned on him. He has been reinforced with infantry and artillery from Rolla. * * * * General Sigel is still sick; and I feel greatly embarrassed about a commander for the troops, mostly Germans, at Rolla. If General Asboth has not been appointed, or if there be any objections to him, please let me have P. J. Osterhaus made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Perhaps, all things considered, he is the better man of the two.

I am, General, your obedient servant,
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Com'd'g Dep't.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI.
December 20th, 1861.

Gen. G. B. MCCLELLAN:

GENERAL: Captain Wood's scouting party has returned to Rolla. It pursued the enemy south of Houston, killed one captain and brought

in one major prisoner of war. About one hundred of Price's men were captured and released on parole, not being able to bring them in.

Very respectfully,
H. W. HALLECK, Major-General,
Com'd'g Dep't of Missouri.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.
December 24th, 1861.

Gen. FRANZ SIGEL, Rolla, Missouri.

GENERAL: You will assume command of all the troops at Rolla and vicinity, including the Fourth Division.

Respectfully,
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Com'd'g Dep't.

But the time had come when the irksomeness of guarding a post so far back from the front as never to be approached by large hostile forces, was getting to be unbearable. The reputation of being the finest regiment in the Western Department, was as gall and wormwood to the boys and officers of our regiment, who, for nearly a year, had chafed and fretted to be allowed on the battle-field to show what stuff they were made of.

What availed it that General Lyon, on the same day of the arrival of our regiment at Rolla, had said: "As this line (S. W. branch of the Pacific railroad) has become the most important in the whole State, and as it is threatened by hostile bands under General McBride and others, *it has been deemed best to place it under the command of Colonel Wyman, Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers*"?

What availed it that fourteen days further along, Adjutant-General Harding said to General Lyon "*Wyman's is a splendid regiment;* and I am trying to get other troops to supply his place, *and send him forward*"?

What would it avail, that by the time our campaigning had reached Helena, Arkansas, and only five days after General E. A. Carr had assumed command of the "Army of the Southwest," he should tell General Curtis that "*he desired to give Wyman a division*"?

In all other regiments, seemingly, Chevrons, double Chevrons, and diamond Chevrons, were being ripped off and transferred to subordinate shoulder-sleeves. Bars suddenly appeared on unaccustomed shoulders, and seemed to act as a fertilizer to hasten the growth of silver, and golden foliage; and this attracted the Eagles, who in turn, were scared off to lower perches by the flash and glare of falling Stars, double Stars, and clusters and constellations of Stars, which seemed to hang suspended over battle-fields, and which the thunder of artillery condensed and precipitated on the worthy shoulders of the great captains of battle.

But battle-fields avoided the Thirteenth as though the contact were dangerous contagion, and only loomed up to our view like the mirage of the desert, to follow which brought no fruition of tangible reality. In fact, it began to seem *as if any lieutenant of any other regiment than ours*, who could get fairly across the Gasconade river, to the southwest of Rolla, headed toward the front, *in a few weeks was almost sure to return through Rolla as a Brigadier-General on a leave of absence.*

Our boys of the rank and file, were being taunted as the "fighting regiment which never fought"; and, on several occasions, were compelled to turn in and soundly thrash some indiscreet recruits who made the mistake of shooting off their mouths to the implied disparagement of the Thirteenth.

The Thirteenth seemed to be chained to Rolla, and Rolla to the rear. In our regiment, no Chevrons came in contact with scissors. Bars seemed made only to prevent our advance. Gold and silver foliage had less life than the fodder of an army mule; and as for Stars, none were to be seen; and not even the belligerant planet Mars, could have been discovered by even the great Lick telescope.

When the Thirteenth arrived at Rolla, Missouri, on July 7th, 1861, Wyman, as Colonel, ranked Grant, Sheridan, Hurlbut, Palmer, and McClernand.

He ranked Grant by twenty-four days.

He ranked Sheridan by one year and one day.

He ranked Palmer by one day.

He ranked Hurlbut and McClernand by several months.

He had been a Colonel one hundred and seven days when Logan was commissioned. And Sherman ranked Wyman by only twelve days, but, to be sure, he was in the regulars.

There is nothing to show why Wyman was not the peer of any one of those named above,—certainly, of any one of them below Grant, Sherman and Sheridan ; and could he have gone to the front in time to reinforce Lyon, it is altogether probable that at Wilson's Creek, he would have found his first Star ; and could he have reached Pea Ridge before the battle, his chance for promotion would have been good.

But with Wyman still wearing the Eagle of the Thirteenth, the subordinates from the Silver leaf, down to the most meager Chevron could hope for promotion only through accident or resignation ; *and so, that fatal reputation of being a good railroad man, long blasted, not only his own chances for promotion, but of a thousand other good men as well.*

Guided now by the light of after events, the following order was fateful of glorious possibilities for the Thirteenth.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
August 6th, 1861.

Brigadier-General JOHN POPE.

GENERAL : The General directs that you send to this city immediately, the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, *and Twenty-first Illinois Regiments.* * * * * You are directed to use the utmost possible dispatch in carrying out the above orders. * * * *

I am, General, with great respect,
KELTON, Adj't-Gen.

The hurried ordering of these regiments was evidently to fit an emergency ; and the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, on reaching St. Louis, were hurried on to Rolla, while the Twenty-first, Colonel U. S. Grant, was sent down the river.

Why the Twenty-first was not selected as one of the two regiments to go to Rolla, we shall probably never know. It does not seem probable that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth should be sent to us because of their numbers following ours

in regular order; and it would seem reasonable that the Twenty-first, as well as the other two, should have been sent to Rolla, because all four, including the Thirteenth, were raised in northern Illinois; and brigades, frequently, were made up of regiments from the same neighborhoods. Had Fate's wheel of fortune made a half turn the opposite way, what chains of friendship and mutual respect might not have been forged which would have resulted in Wyman's advancement by the future greatest general of the age, who never kept back a competent subordinate.

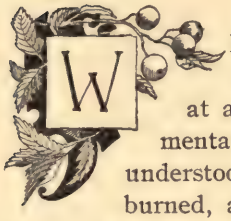
Already, about the middle of December, 1861, the old gray uniform had been exchanged for nice blue, and the boys were very proud of the change. Company F was now furnished with new rifled Minnie muskets, in place of the old Springfields, and a like change was to come also to the other companies soon after. On the last day of the old year, the regiment had been mustered for pay.

Several ladies visited us at different times, while in camp at Rolla: among whom were Mrs. Colonel Wyman and her sister, Miss Bradley, Mrs. Captain Messenger, Mrs. Captain Wadsworth and her sister, Miss Nina T. Pratt, Mrs. Sergeant Hinman, Mrs. Captain Noble.

But the youngest lady who came there to see us, was Miss Mary Hinman, *who was just seventeen months and five days old the day she arrived in our camp.* Her advent caused a commotion; and while she held the reins of social power, she held them very gently; but, unconsciously, she reigned right royally among the thousand men who wore the uniform of the Union while she remained with us; and their loyalty and admiration followed her home from the "tented field," tacitly acknowledging her as the "*daughter of the regiment*"; and her love for the regiment seemed to have been born in our camp, and has grown and strengthened with maturing years. No door of any home will open wider and more cordially swing back to any worthy survivor of the Thirteenth Regiment, than that of the comfortable home of Mrs. Mary Hinman Van Lanningham, of Blue Island, Illinois.

CHAPTER X.

OUR INTENSE ANXIETY TO BE RELIEVED FROM HOLDING THE POST AT ROLLA, AND TO GO FORWARD WITH OTHER TROOPS TO THE FRONT.



HEN asked to assist in writing our regimental history, your historian was utterly at a loss to know how to begin, as all regimental records, and papers of all kinds, it was understood had been captured by the rebels and burned, at Madison Station, Alabama, when the regiment was about to be mustered out of the service. And the only scrap of anything resembling a regimental paper so far furnished for the history, is the original, and one other of which the following is a copy, of the first which was sent to Comrade Colonel Henry T. Noble at Dixon, Illinois, which letter is given entire as of special interest to the boys.

STERLING, ILLINOIS, February 25th, 1891.

COMRADE NOBLE: Find inclosed paper. You probably will recognize it. They (there were other papers) were found in an old bureau here that had been left for repairs; and most of the companies were represented. I found one that I made out for feed in 1862, for Company G. It pleased me to see the bill of fare after thirty years. So I send you yours. Yours truly,

C. H. DRAKE.

Comrade Drake merits our thanks and congratulations for sending on this old scrap of paper; for it comes back on the memory like a long-forgotten strain of music; and its very

lonesomeness pleads for its preservation in this history. The following is a reproduction of it:

Provision Return For Capt. H. T. Noble's Comp'y A 13th Reg't. Ills. Vols. for Ten days commencing Jan'y 11th, 1862, and ending Jan'y 20th, 1862.

Camp LaFayette.

88	No. of Men		
10	No. of Days		
880	No. of Rations		
440	Bacon	330	
440	Fresh Beef	550	
880	Flour	6 bbls.	
880	Sugar	132	
880	Coffee	70	
880	Rice	88	
880	Candles	60	
880	Soap	32	
880	Salt	16	
880	Vinegar	32	

HENRY T. NOBLE Comdg. Co.

The A. C. S. will issue agreeably to above return.

Comdg. Regt.

On *January 15th* the troops began to leave Rolla, for the Southwest, and we expect to go soon.

The weather lately, has been bad and stormy, and roads bad. Orders to be ready to move. January 18th our orders countermanded.

January 21st the Ninth Iowa, and a six-gun battery of artillery came on from St. Louis, and went right on towards the front. This made us nervous.

On *February 3d* we moved back from Camp LaFayette, to Camp Rolla, our first camp after coming to Missouri. This was so far from going to the front, that it looked like a permanent settlement for an indefinite time; and an apathetic sullennes pervaded the regiment, which could be seen in the faces, but not given voice or action. The camp duties were promptly and scrupulously performed, while the cleaning up and policing of the grounds was as thoroughly done as if for a year's longer stay.

This was characteristic of the Thirteenth, and was a glorious trait, and one that helped not a little to preserve for us the proud reputation, among both friends and enemies, of being desired as a reinforcement, or dreaded as a foe, as much as many whole brigades.

In the meantime, those tempestuous elemental storm-centers, Confederate General Raines, and General Frost, with gusty South-windiness of both speech and proclamation, were *richocheting* up and down the State, trying to induce the people to revolt against the Union, and flock to the standard of secession. These were supplanted by inflammatory appeals for men and means from General Sterling Price, who poetically urged the men to "*come to the tented field.*" Tented field was particularly good, in the light of Confederate General Jeff Thompson's experience of what General Price's tented field, consisted of, as he found it. He says:

SIKESTOWN, MISSOURI, August 16, 1861.

Major-General GIDEON J. PILLOW:

GENERAL: * * * * I herewith send you a requisition *for a tent for myself. I have been sleeping about more like a stray dog, than a general.* * * * * I do not care about a regular marquee. * * * * Anything will answer the purpose.

I am, General, respectfully yours,

M. JEFF. THOMPSON,
Commanding Post.

General Jeff Thompson sleeping about like a stray dog, was scarcely more vagabondish than was the rebel Missouri Legislature; which, with its rebel governor, had been chased and worried by Abraham Lincoln, and his renegade Yanks, so sharply and continually that they had never found the opportunity to get together long enough to adopt an ordinance of secession. They were making another effort in that direction on February 26, 1861, according to a letter to Confederate General Earl Van Dorn, from Confederate General Jeff Thompson at New Madrid, who therein says: * * * * "The Legislature is to meet here on Monday, *if we are not driven away before then.*"

The last clause of the preceding paragraph must have been prophetic; for, on March 3d, General Thompson issued a circular which reads:

WHEREAS: The forces of Abraham Lincoln are making such demonstrations this day, that *it is deemed unsafe and inexpedient for the Legislature of Missouri* to assemble and transact business in this town.
* * * * M. JEFF. THOMPSON,
Brigadier-General Commanding Post.

(Abraham Lincoln ought to have been ashamed of himself.)

This picture of the wandering Legislature of Missouri, is so vividly drawn by both General Jeff Thompson, and Governor Claib. Jackson, that it leaves little to the imagination to conceive, of the poor old governor being so pestered by Abraham Lincoln, as to be compelled to make his State journeys on the back of a mule, his great Seal of State in his saddle-bags, and wherever he could find one member of the legislature, he would convene that man, open the session, appoint that man as a committee on credentials, the committee would seat that man, and declare no opposition. At about this stage of the session, an alarm would come by some mounted scout, that a force of Yanks was near by, when Governor Jackson would hastily prorogue that man, declare the legislature adjourned without day, stuff the great Seal of State into the saddle-bags, throw the saddle-bags across the saddle, straddle the mule, and disappear down some cart-track through the woods; and when arrived at a safe distance, he would dismount, hitch the mule, sit down on some rebel stump and make a frugal meal from a corn pone which had been the companion of the great Seal; and when sufficiently refreshed, he would take the brown paper wrapper of the pone, *and with his pencil, draft the Declaration of Independence which was issued on August 5th, 1861.*

It appeared that the Thirteenth were destined

NEVER TO SEE THE COMPLETION OF FORT WYMAN,

which, although commenced as far back as the latter part of

August, 1861, and the four siege-guns had arrived as long ago as August 18th, and had been hauled to the site of the Fort by a ten-mule team to each gun, no use of the Fort appears to have been made, except for keeping prisoners, which we learn through Colonel Wyman in a letter to General Halleck, under date of December 4th, 1861, where he says :

"Colonel Dodge requested me to send a small party to Salem and vicinity, to bring in some witnesses in the case of *some prisoners he has now in the Fort.*"

And again, in a letter to Adjutant-General Thomas, of the Regular Army, by General Halleck, who, under date of December 13th, 1861, says * * * * "The service of some of these (army engineers) is absolutely indispensable *in the construction of the works which are now being built at* * * * * *Rolla.*"

And as late as January 18th, 1862, we find in Comrade Chapel's diary, the following entry :

"Troops all gone except our regiment, which has all the duty to do. Provost-guard, *Labor details at the Fort.* A picket guard for the railroad, besides our own camp guard."

And lastly, in a communication to Captain N. H. McLean, Assistant Adjutant-General to General Halleck, under date of February 16th, 1862, only twenty days before we bade good-bye to Rolla forever, Colonel Wyman says : * * * * "I am still of opinion there should be more force at this post, particularly a battalion of cavalry, and one company (one hundred men) with two good officers to man the Fort, *and finish it up.*"

Dear delightful old Fort Wyman! You were ours, and we loved you from the first spadeful of your loyal earth which was to begin your walls, under the competent and accomplished Bushnell, and on upward through the various slow stages of construction toward your never-consummated completion.

We loved those four old guns of yours; skulkingly half hid among the neutral undisturbed weeds near by; with hungry stomachs which had never yet had a square meal of

powder and ball; *but which had already most thoroughly scared more rebels than ten times as many of McClellan's mounted guns of much larger caliber on the Peninsular.*

The Thirteenth loved, and always will love you, for your name; which, together with the figures one and three, and your unfinished walls, and those four unmounted cannon, and the old Thirteenth alone at the post for defense, and at the same time handicapped by the care of over a thousand sick and wounded men of other regiments; yet your frowning, ragged walls and the significant, though silent, growls from those skirmishing four old "dogs of war" in the neighboring brush, *were potent enough to prevent Price, McCulloch, Hardee, or Pillow, from approaching nearer than three or four days' march.* And even after we were gone, Price never seemed ready to march toward you. His tastes led him in some other direction. In fact, *it was not his forte.*

We wish we could take you with us. You are tenderly associated in our memories with the well-loved Bushnell, your builder; and the names of Wyman and Bushnell, not to mention others as worthy, will always cause such a thrill of soldierly pride and loyal devotion in the heart of every survivor of the old regiment, as to involuntarily bring every imaginary gun to an imaginary "Present arms!"

Farewell old Fort! Farewell old guns!! Farewell forever, dear old Fort Wyman!!!

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
December 25th, 1861.

General FRANZ SIGEL, at Rolla, Missouri.

GENERAL: Get all your troops ready for the field. The cavalry as soon as possible. Respectfully,

H. W. HALLECK.
Maj-Gen. Com'd'g Dep't.

Pope to Halleck:

December 25th, 1861.

GENERAL: Price in full retreat for Arkansas, says it is by order from Richmond. Passed Humansville on Saturday.

I am, General, with very great respect,

JOHN POPE,
Brig-Gen. Com'd'g.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
January 20th, 1862.

Major General GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

GENERAL: So far, it seems to me the war has been conducted upon what may be called *pepper-box strategy*—scattering our troops so as to render them inferior in numbers in any place where they can meet the enemy.

I am, General, with very great respect,
H. W. HALLECK,
Maj-Gen. Com'd'g Dep't.

Curtis to Halleck:

February 1st, 1862.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: One (scout) arrived last night giving news direct from Springfield. All was quiet there; *Price still occupying Mr. Grave's house*, and no signs of running away.

Very respectfully,
S. R. CURTIS,
Maj-General.

The reference to General Price occupying the house of Mr. Graves at Springfield, Missouri, in the above letter of General Curtis recalls a story told the writer, by Mrs. Graves, touching the matter itself.

A LADY OUT-GENERALS A GENERAL.

The alternate advance and retreat of both Union and Confederate armies in Missouri, in the beginning of the war, rendered the condition of the Union families precarious in the extreme; and many of them flocked to Rolla, as the only safe place until peace should again settle down on the land.

Mr. and Mrs. Graves were living in Springfield, Missouri, at the breaking out of the war, and, as he was a merchant, his stock of goods was constantly in jeopardy; and when the death of General Lyon lost us the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mr. Graves removed his stock of goods to Rolla, leaving Mrs. Graves to close up their affairs as soon as possible, and join him.

They had a very fine house at Springfield, which would be pretty likely to be appropriated by some of the Confederate officers. *In a closet of this house, Mrs. Graves had packed away large quantities of valuable medicines, left in her care by Union surgeons*, who, in the hurry of evacuation following defeat, found it impossible to take their medicines along with them to Rolla, and had begged Mrs. Graves to secrete them until they could be reclaimed. These medicines, valuable though they were to us, would be a thousand times more valuable to the Confederates; hence the importance of putting them in a place of safety; and Mrs. Graves had promised to do the best she could with them, and had nailed them up in this closet.

General Sterling Price, the Confederate Commander, was personally known to Mrs. Graves, and applied to her for permission to occupy her house for his headquarters until he was obliged to move. Mrs. Graves told General Price that he was welcome to her house on two conditions. That she had some articles of bric-a-brac, nick-nacks, and some other articles of very little intrinsic value, but *of great value to her on account of some associations connected with them*, in that closet, and she did not want the closet opened and the things rumaged among.

She wanted his word of honor that the closet might remain nailed up just as she left it; and the other condition was, that he would take as good care of the house and grounds as he could, as she desired to occupy it again "when this cruel war was over." All of which General Price promised and performed, never dreaming that in that closet, which he passed several times every day, lay stored, what, to the army under him would have been worth more than its bulk in gold.

When next Mrs. Graves occupied her house, the closet honestly gave up intact its stores of bric-a-brac, nick-nack and ipicac. Mrs. Graves had out-generaled a General.

Thirty years' distance from war, and war's alarms, undoubtedly tends to a feeling of security against the realities of what the veterans of the Thirteenth experienced at the other end of those three decades; but now and then a shudder may be

called up by reading of the perils of those campaigns which were, many times, not far off, as a bit of rebel contemporary history, which your historian has rescued, will abundantly show. It is as follows:

Special orders } HEADQUARTERS, COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY,
No. — } January 16th, 1862.

The General commanding congratulates Lieutenant S. Swank, with four men: Matthew Wyrick, Geo. Holman, Jo. Danforth, and Alonzo Clark, all of the C. S. A., *who attacked and drove thirteen hundred of the Yankees*, killing five and wounding twenty-one, of whom five died soon.

LEONIDAS POLK, C. S. A.,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.

This most astonishing piece of work might most properly call forth a congratulatory order from any commanding general—*for, of course, it is true*—and it is recorded here *for the emulation of the Thirteenth*, and it seems to have been a direct and conspicuous example of the pious teachings of the good bishop, inculcated at the same time, and alongside of Hardee's manual of arms; and is positive evidence that such remarkable prowess could only be attained by those who, like the disciples of the good bishop, kept the commandments, as shown in Leviticus, 26th chapter and eighth verse, where reference is found to these very men, as follows:

"And five of you shall chase an hundred, and an hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight." * * * *

It will be observed that the number of these champions exactly agrees with the Bible account, only; *the soldiers turned out by the bishop were thirteen times as valiant as the best of the Bible soldiers*. It is to be regretted that the force chased by these valiant Southerners, could not have been designated, or have by some means been recorded in history. It would also be interesting to know whether these doughty (doubtful?) warriors kept up their fighting reputation in the same direction? It was claimed at the beginning of the war, by the Southerners that one Southerner was good for ten Yanks;

but each one of these valiant men under Bishop Polk, was twenty-six times as good as the above claim. It seems as though we must admit the above claim, as, up to the present writing, none of the thirteen hundred so chased, have found the opportunity to return and report for duty, and substantiate the rebel claim.

By comparison, however, we shall find some other rebel forces not quite so formidable as were those of Bishop Polk; and undue anxiety need not be harbored by the Thirteenth, as will be seen by reference to what is said by Confederate General Thomas C. Hindman, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, who does not seem to have been so fortunate in a moral direction, in his army, as was Bishop Polk; for, in a report to his superior officer, Major-General T. H. Holmes, about all that can be gathered of interest, after wading through seven or eight solid pages, is the mention of a battle in which Schofield and Brown captured one of his batteries, defeated, and drove him off, and his only offset was, his claim to have captured General Schofield's cook. He bounced Brigadier-General Raines for drunkenness, and Colonel Coffee for being intoxicated. He arrested Colonel Stevens for cowardice, and also Colonel Bass for not daring to any longer fight the Yanks. He then says that he instructed Brig.-Gen. A. Rust to poison the drinking water on the rout of Curtis' army, by killing cattle, ripping open the carcasses and throwing them into the water.

General Hindman and his army had evidently not been pupils in Bishop Polk's Sunday-school.

LEBANON, MISSOURI.
February 2d, 1862.

Major-General HALLECK, St. Louis.

GENERAL: Col. Jeff. C. Davis' Division was expected at Linn Creek to-day. * * * *

S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General.

ROLLA MISSOURI,
February 2d, 1862.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: No forces at Salem. General Curtis ordered them all away. *I have only my own regiment to hold this post.* One thousand sick left behind for me to take care of.

I am, General, with very great respect,
J. B. WYMAN,
Col. Com'd'g Post.

CAMP VERNON, MISSOURI.
February 6th, 1862.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: Twenty-five of the teams used on the march were ordered by the post quartermaster at Rolla, * * *, * and ten were given in accordance with your orders by Colonel Wyman, from his regiment, under my obligation to return them. * * * *

I am, General, with very great respect,
ASBOTH.

February 8th 1862.—Martial law declared in Kansas, by General Hunter.

Special Orders } LEBANON, MISSOURI,
No. 80. } February 9th, 1862.

VI.—"The remaining troops of this command, *the Thirteenth Illinois, commanded by Colonel Wyman*, Colonel Phelp's regiment, Bowen's Battalion, the Curtis Horse, and other troops not here designated, will report to these headquarters until otherwise ordered."

By order of Brigadier-General S. R. Curtis.

T. I. MCKENNY,
Act. Asst. Adjt.-Gen.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
February 10th, 1862.

Major-General HUNTER and Brigadier-General LANE,
Leavenworth, Kansas.

"My wish has been, and is, to avail the Government of the services of both General Hunter and General Lane; and, so far as possible, to personally oblige both. General Hunter is the senior officer and must command when they serve together; though, in so far as he can, consistently with the public service, and his own honor, oblige General Lane, he will also oblige me. If they can not come to an amicable understanding, General Lane must report to General Hunter for duty, according to the rules, or decline the service. A. LINCOLN.

Bowed down, as these Generals knew President Lincoln to be, under the load of anxieties and responsibilities of a disrupted nation's troubles, it does seem as if they might have settled their squabbles by themselves, and there is a tinge of pathetic sadness in the fatherly firmness with which he settles the dispute.

MARSHFIELD, MISSOURI,
February 10th, 1862.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: *The Iowa Cavalry are not needed at Rolla.* They are needed here. I wish they might be allowed to come forward. Van Dorn is moving up to join Price. Shall try to prevent junction. My columns are arriving here. *Let the cavalry reinforce me.* Van Dorn has promised thirty thousand or forty thousand at Springfield very soon. Expects to be there with ten thousand by the 15th. These are the hopes and expectations of the enemy. I move on to attack in detail. I am, General, with great respect,

S. R. CURTIS,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.

In thus taking away the cavalry from Rolla, General Curtis must have considered the Thirteenth nearly equal to General Polk's five men.

Where are kept the rosters of the great armies of anxious ones who were constantly pressing, by rail or steamer, to the front, peering through hospitals, or gasping almost despairingly over battle-fields, sometimes so fortunate as to find their loved ones, but far more frequently, despondently returning alone to a home of sadness and gloom? Some of them extremely fortunate if they could recognize and tenderly bear back the cold remains for burial in some quiet nook, where tears could be shed on the sacred mound.

I have a memory for voices. I was busily writing passes one evening, in the Provost-Marshal's office at Rolla, Missouri, surrounded by probably twenty applicants, when my ear caught a familiar voice talking with Marshal Williams, who was questioning the man as to where he lived, and so on. I had not heard that voice for six years, but knew it at once ;

and I called to the Marshal, that I would vouch for that man. The man was Mr. Coon ; and was an old neighbor of mine at Rockton, Winnebago county, Illinois, and he wanted a pass for himself and sick son, who was a soldier.

Mr. Coon came over to my table, and, looking at me sharply, said, "Who are you, sir?" I explained the matter to him, when he said : "I perfectly well remember the man whom you claim to be, but I do not in the least recognize you while dressed in the army blue." "Never mind, Mr. Coon," said I, "so long as your pass is all right. When you get home, please remember me to my old neighbors, Fletcher, Gridley, Dickinson, the Talcotts and all the rest."

Mr. Coon departed, still eying me sharply, but rejoicing.

Twenty years after, I was visiting in the village where I had known Mr. Coon, and while walking the streets with one of the old friends mentioned above, he said, "There comes Mr. Coon ; you must remember him," which was true ; but the army incident had entirely gone from my memory, until Mr. Coon himself, said : "Why, you are the man who gave me the pass to bring home my sick son." Then it came over me like a flash ; and I replied, "I am the same man." The greeting on his side, I hardly need say, was cordial, and the meeting, at the same time with him who had been the sick soldier, made it the more interesting.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
February 13th, 1862.

Major-General GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

GENEALL : * * * * I am anxious about Fort Donelson.

I am, General, respectively,
H. W. HALLECK.
Com'd'g Department.

Three days later, Grant relieves the anxiety, not only of General Halleck, but of the nation, by the capture of Fort Donelson and thirteen thousand prisoners. And on the same day, Price orders retreat from Springfield.

CHAPTER XI.

GRANT'S CAPTURE OF DONELSON MAKES US THE MORE EAGER TO HUNT PRICE IN THE BOSTON MOUNTAINS. —AT LAST WE ARE ON THE MARCH.

PRICE had retreated from Springfield, the day before the date of the following letter, from Van Dorn, laying out their joint spring's work, which letter must have had some trouble in making a circuitous skulk around the flanks of our army, and humping itself briskly enough to overtake Price, who was "not standing on the order of his going, but was in something of a hurry." Van Dorn's letter was as follows:

POCAHONTAS, ARKANSAS, February 14th, 1862.

GENERAL STERLING PRICE.

GENERAL: On the 1st of April, you and I together will have twenty-three thousand men. * * * * I design attempting St. Louis. As soon as I can get my wing ready to march from Pitman's Ferry, I intend putting your column toward Salem, in Dent county, covering your object by moving your advance toward Rolla. I will move so as to join you between Salem and Potosi. * * * * From this point of junction of the two columns, I will push on by rapid marches to St. Louis, and attempt it at once by assault. As we advance, *the bridges on the railroads from Sedalia, Rolla, and Ironton, will be destroyed.* * * * * Being between Ironton and Rolla, if we are immediately threatened on either hand, we can strike with our whole force to the right or to the left, as most advisable, taking the two armies in detail. If we were repulsed from St. Louis, or if we found it not advisable to attempt it, *we could attack the enemy in the field towards Rolla and Sedalia*, passing up the river and gathering together our friends in that

section of country to reinforce us. * * * * Now with this plan in view, I do not think it advisable to disturb the enemy, or alarm him any more than is necessary until we are ready to march. But if in the meantime, with the force at your disposal, *and you think it perfectly practicable to strike him a blow at Rolla*, [don't remember of feeling anything] *secure his arms* [just imagine the Thirteenth handing over their guns to Price] and check his intention of advancing for awhile, it is well to do so. [The trouble with the Thirteenth was, that they could never get any orders to advance.] Having done this, *pause where you are* [Price was too wise to ever go near enough to Rolla to need any advice about pausing,] and call in recruits from that section or country and north, and watch closely the enemy to the northwest, *and maneuver your column over the country between Rolla* [saw nothing of them,] and Springfield until I am in readiness with my column to join you at or near Potosi. * * * *

I am, General, respectfully,

EARL VAN DORN, Commanding.

There being more room south of Springfield, Price maneuvered his army in that direction, *instead of between Springfield and Rolla*. And Van Dorn, with his army, long before that 1st of April, had been among the conquered, and was in hiding among the fastnesses of the Boston Mountains.

The subject of the valor, or fighting qualities of Confederate soldiers and their generals, is a bundle of surprises and contradictions very difficult to understand.

On the 23d day of July, 1861, Confederate General Polk announced to Confederate Secretary of War Walker, his scheme for overrunning Missouri, seizing St. Louis, *invading Illinois, and "taking Cairo in the rear on his return."* He claimed to have twenty-five thousand men to do it with. Five days afterward, he writes again to Secretary Walker, and says that since his former letter he learns from the Adjutant-General of Missouri, that his estimate of the forces under the several generals reported to him by Governor Claib. Jackson, was greatly exaggerated ; *to the extent indeed, of one-half.* (What a fall was there, my countrymen!) *And so, the invaders did not invade.*

At Wilson's Creek, the victorious rebel army *did not follow the vanquished army a single step ;* and went the other way when they did move.

On the other hand, *five men* of Confederate Bishop General Polk's army *encountered, attacked, and routed, an army of thirteen hundred Federals*, several being killed and many more wounded. (? ? ?)

Then, again, while our army under Hunter, lay at Springfield, Missouri, in the fall of 1861, Price, with his army approached to within one day's march of Springfield, and there, without striking a blow, or being attacked, *turned, and precipitately fled into Arkansas.*

Instances could be produced similar to the above enough to seriously discommode the multiplication-table to measure; but the following will do for a finish:

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS,
February 16th, 1862.

Major-General STERLING PRICE.

GENERAL: * * * * *Rumors have reached me that you are falling back from Springfield.* I place no reliance on the rumor, *because I think you would have advised me of the movement.*

I am, General, with great respect,
BEN. MCCULLOCH,
Maj.-General.

When McCulloch wrote that letter, Price was three days' march on his retreat; and it may easily be presumed that Price invited himself to supper that evening at McCulloch's table.

On February 24th, 1862, one week previous to the time he and Price were to assault St. Louis, capture *Rolla and the Thirteenth*, Van Dorn, issued a circle to the people of Arkansas, in which he says:

* * * * The enemy has invaded your State. His army is powerful, disciplined, flushed with success, and he comes with hatred in his heart. He seeks to subjugate your soil, to desolate your homes, and to wrest from you and degrade all you hold dearest in life. * * * *

EARL VAN DORN,
Commanding C. S. A. Forces.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
February 15th, 1862.

Major-General S. R. CURTIS.

GENERAL: Be careful in your pursuit of Price. Don't separate or divide your forces. Keep them together, and well in hand. *Sigel's detour lost the battle of Wilson's Creek.* Don't let him lead you into the same error.

I am, General, respectfully,

H. W. HALLECK,

Major-General Commanding Department.

HEADQUARTERS, ROLLA, MISSOURI,
February 16th, 1862.

Captain N. H. MCLEAN, A. A.-G.

CAPTAIN: The telegraph of General Halleck last night, is at hand. I had an interview with Major Wood this morning, and find he has received sabers sufficient to arm his command, and also has made requisition for carbines, which is being filled by Colonel Callender as fast as possible. This will make him effective. I am satisfied from present appearances that I shall be obliged to keep at least half of his force near Salem to support Major Drake. The counties of Dent, Texas, Shannon and Howell are infested with three or four bands of outlaws, who are stealing and destroying all the Union property they can find; would attack Salem and this post if they dared, and will try and tear up the railroal track unless closely watched.

I am still of the opinion there should be more force at this post, particularly a battalion of cavalry, and one company (one hundred men) with two good officers to man the Fort *and finish it up.* A battery of four guns, well manned, would be the best to take possession of the Fort, as they could be used both in the field and Fort. There is an immense amount of government property here which I do not want the rebels to get or destroy, and do not intend they shall while I command here.

I have sent Major Wood with two hundred of his best mounted and armed men to the support of Major Drake at Salem, with the orders to exterminate or drive out of the State any marauding rebels they can find.

I am, Captain, respectfully yours,

J. B. WYMAN,

Colonel Commanding Post.

NEW MADRID, MISSOURI,
February 26th, 1862.

General EARL VAN DORN.

GENERAL: * * * * The Legislature is to meet here on Monday, *if we are not driven away before that time.*

I am, General, respectively yours,
M. JEFF. Thompson.
Com'd'g Post.

This rebel Legislature of Missouri, reminds one of the Missouri farmer, whose chickens used to come up to the door every morning, and roll over on their backs, and stick up their legs and cross them, to have them tied; so used, had they got to moving.

Confederate General Jeff Thompson, who, only six days ago, wrote General Van Dorn of the meeting of the Legislature, and his doubts of its accomplishment, seems to be in such a condition of unrest as to think it necessary to promulgate a proclamation to the effect that

WHEREAS, *The forces of Abraham Lincoln are making such demonstrations this day,* that it is deemed unsafe and inexpedient for the Legislature of Missouri to assemble and transact business in this town. * * * *

M. JEFF. THOMPSON,
Brig-Gen. Com'd'g Post.

On February 26th, 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel S. N. Wood reports to Colonel Wyman, at Rolla, his raid on Salem and vicinity, and of the affair at West Plains, which they surrounded and took, and where their mountain-howitzer sent a shell through both walls, and three partitions of the Court House, and then exploded.

CROSS HOLLOW, ARKANSAS,
February 22d, 1862.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: My flank movements command Cross Hollow. The enemy evacuated and my cavalry drove the pickets and camped on the ground. All the traps have now been taken. I shall camp here till my Commissary train comes up; my left resting on Cross Hollow, and my

right on this Spring (Osage Spring) extending from road to road six miles. I will send my cavalry forward to take Fayetteville, which is only ten miles from their front pickets.

THE ARKANSAS HILLS ECHO THE SHOUTS

of my troops who rejoice at the glorious news from Fort Donelson.

I am, General, with great respect,

S. R. CURTIS,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
February, 28, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. S. R. CURTIS.

GENERAL: Carry out the general instruction of the 22d. Vary the details as circumstances may require. General Hunter will soon move with five thousand men on your right flank. All you have to do now is to hold your position and keep the enemy south of the Boston Mountains. I will turn them in a few weeks and cut off their supplies. *I have kept Colonel Wyman at Rolla. It will not do yet to weaken that post.* I am, General, very respectfully,

H. W. HALLECK,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.

How the post of Rolla, numerically, could be weakened and still held, General Halleck does not say; but he has talked and acted all along as though he considered the place perfectly safe as long as the garrison consisted of no more than the Thirteenth; and even the regular and refugee loyal citizens had such perfect confidence in the prowess of our regiment, not to speak of the cordial friendship entertained by almost a year's association, *that they protested against our leaving and going to the front;* and they had got so accustomed to the methods of procedure of *our Company Q that they much rather have their good things stolen by that organization than to sell them to new-comers.*

CROSS HOLLOW, ARKANSAS,
March 4th, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: *I regret the delay of Wyman's regiment for many reasons.* The enemy is said to be receiving large reinforcements. * * * *

I am, General, with great respect,

S. R. CURTIS,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.

Our release came at last. On March 5th, we had orders to march at 8 o'clock next morning.

Had we spent one more day here, *it would have been exactly eight months since our first arrival.* The regiment arrived at Rolla at daylight on Sunday, July 7th, 1861. We leave on Thursday, March 6th, 1862.

The morning was cold and stormy, and we took the road toward the front, at 10 a. m. in the midst of a severe snow-storm. When we reached a more wood-sheltered locality, the weather was more comfortable; but there had been enough storm to render the roads difficult of travel.

After nearly a year's stay at Rolla, we could not bid farewell for ever, without much sober thought, accompanied by many pleasant and tender recollections; and the day of gloomy weather accorded well with the depression of spirits observable among the men by their silence and quietness of manner; and then the somewhat sad thoughts of what we were leaving, were smothered and driven back, by the future looming up before us with its responsibilities and possibilities.

We crossed the Little Piney, and camped on its thither bank, at 3:30 p. m., after marching fourteen miles.

Friday, the 7th, we broke camp at Little Piney, at about 7 a. m., and during the day crossed the Big Piney river, on a ferry-boat, made about twenty miles, and went into camp near the town of Waynesville. The weather had moderated, and was now warm. Fresh pork seemed to be abundant, which indicated disloyalty; as Union pork stands a poor chance in a Secesh community. But disloyal pork affiliates in a most friendly manner with Union soldiers; and our boys made the most of their opportunity.

DESECRATING A GRAVE.

It was at a small plantation close by our camp here, that several of our boys visited, and struck a streak of unusual luck. At the house, there were two young ladies who

walked uneasily up and down the galleries and seemed to keep a sharp lookout on the boys, seeming to watch their every movement; and even when one of the politest and suavest of the Illinois soldiers, having a record for gallantry achieved among Dixie's fair daughters, approached and tried to engage them in conversation, he was snappingly repulsed, while the fair damsels seemed to regard the other soldiers with more interest than the one at hand. Chagrined, piqued, vexed and mortified, our hero drew off his forces to secure a better position; and it struck him that the ladies had some strong reason for their close watch of his comrades; and he set himself to fathom the mystery if he could. He, as well as the other boys had already discovered a new-made grave, in a secluded spot, and surrounded by older graves. Our boys were naturally somewhat suspicious of fresh graves, especially in "the land of cotton"; for, many times they had proved to be cunningly arranged cache's containing no corpse, but articles of more or less value hidden for safety. The discarded ladies' man noticed an entire change of facial expression in the young ladies, as the soldiers approached, or receded from, the fresh grave. He, therefore, came to the conclusion that a sufficiently thorough post-mortem examination had not been made of the deceased, before burial, and that the public (the five soldiers) were clamoring for an investigation.

Our philosopher called the boys and imparted to them his suspicions, and his reasons therefor. The whole five approached the gallery, and our previously discomfited hero, of Company A, being the acknowledged spokesman, said:

"Ladies, what does that fresh grave contain?"

"Why! our aunt is buried there," replied the light-haired one, in somewhat well assumed astonishment.

After each question and its answer, the military quintette of coroners would walk a little apart, apparently for consultation and again approach with another interrogatory.

The man from Company G, in the coolest, matter-of-fact way, now, asked:

"Ladies, how happened your aunt to die just then?"

"Why," replied the dark-complexioned one, with ill-concealed vexation, at such a preposterous question :

"Can't we uns die when we uns git ready, and not ax you Yanks?"

Upon which tall Bob, of Company I, replied :

"Folks are not apt to die just as our regiment comes along, unless they get killed."

This philosophy seemed to stagger the blonde young lady, who seemed to be the milder of the two in disposition, and she said :

"Do you uns 'spect ter have we uns die afore the time, or wait 'till you uns git by, jest ter please you uns?"

A Company C man now asked :

"Why do you not wear mourning for your aunt?"

"Nun o' yer bizniz," snapped out she of the raven tresses ; "we had black rigin' all fixed up, and Bowen's critter company, *and er lot o' them ere nasty ol' Thirteenth*, up ter Rolly, raided down this a-way, und stole mighty nigh every dog-goned fixen we uns had."

The Company A man thought it high time to bring the inquest to a close ; and once more addressing the young ladies, said :

"Ladies, we are suspicious that you have arms and ammunition buried in that grave, with which to arm our enemies. We must examine that grave."

Not desiring to encounter the full force of the two cyclones already shadowed forth by the sharply accentuated uncomplimentary epithets and taunts, to be found only in the vocabulary of a rebel Secesh woman, the boys politely raised their caps, bowed profoundly, withdrew from the dangerous proximity of the female storm-centers, procured a spade, reverently opened the grave of the young ladies' aunt, *and exhumed about six bushels of very fine apples.*

Sending to camp for enough extra pairs of trousers, by tying the bottoms of the legs, convenient receptacles were thereby fitted, in which to transfer the treasure-trove to camp. Before leaving, tall Bob drew deferentially near and said :

"Young ladies, *I like your aunt more than any woman I have seen about here.*"

It seems hardly worth while to wait until we are nearing Helena to relate a story which overmatches the above, and will be given now, as it is a companion piece to this, and is related in the company history of H Company, by its historian, Sibley, as follows:

The day but one before we reached Helena, Arkansas, as our regiment was passing through a suburb of the town of Clarendon, we passed a burying-ground, where there was a new-made grave, several of the boys sat down and agreed that the rebs had hidden bacon there, and to fool us, had made the mound. Warren Jennings, of G Company, commonly called "Old Sly," stoutly asserted the contrary. "It was a grave," he said; but the majority prevailed, and they got a shovel and took turns digging, "Old Sly" sulkily watching. It was a hot day; but *the boys soon reached a strong scent*, and then said it was a grave, and were for filling it up. "Old Sly" however, took the shovel and now said, "It is bacon, I know it is." He soon came to a box, took off the lid, and reached down *and pulled up a colored child*, its teeth and eyes shining and grinning.

It is almost needless to say that the resurrectionists jumped out of the grave and left in a hurry.

The luxury of apples was a delicious dessert after fried bacon, lobscouse, and hard-tack. But six bushels of apples among a thousand men would not have much of a show towards going round and giving each a taste of even the core, or a bit of paring, and it was not to be thought of, and no distribution was attempted, except to a few of the particular chums of the apple foragers.

Comrade Nelson E. Chapel records that, at this camp Colonel Wyman ordered Captain Dutton and a squad, *to go up town and empty three barrels of whisky on to the ground.*

Saturday, March 8th.—Had reveille at 4 o'clock, and left *Camp "Reb Russet"* (named by the boys in honor of the apples) at daylight. The weather, which in the morning had

been beautiful, made a change in the afternoon, which brought rain in torrents ; and the last of the day's march of twelve miles, was through mud and water, sometimes ankle-deep. The marching in mud and rain for an entire day, once in a while, would not amount to much in the way of discomfort, if it were not for the inevitable discomfort of the following night. If the soldier, after marching all day, in mud and storm, could come into camp to find a good rail fire, a piece of hard-tack, a cup of hot coffee, and a dry bed to sleep in, he would laugh at talk of hardship and exposure.

This camp was near Lebanon, Missouri, and it was here that we got the first rumors of the fight, and our victory, at Pea Ridge ; and it served to divert the minds of the boys, and cheer them while surrounded by so many discomforts.

Sunday, March 9th, sky clear, but our ten miles was made over horrible roads.

Monday, March 10th, roads so bad that a late start, at 10 a. m. was considered better policy, than forced marching when the weather and roads were at their worst. We went into camp not more than ten or twelve miles from our last night's camp.

Tuesday, March 11th, 1862, Comrade Chapel's diary says: "During the night, we got word that a fight was going on near Springfield, between Generals Curtis and Sigel, and 'Old Price' and that we were wanted there as soon as possible; so we were five miles on our way by sunrise. We marched the first fourteen miles in four hours. During the day we marched over some very pretty country, including several small prairies that served to remind us of Illinois. We marched twenty-six miles and camped at 3 p. m. within sixteen miles of Springfield. We have learned that the fight had taken place at Sugar Creek, Arkansas, and Price was thoroughly cleaned out."

Wednesday, March 12th, clear and bright, and we got an early start, and reached out for Springfield, which we reached, and, in the best form which the Thirteenth was capable of putting on, the regiment, with guns at a "right shoulder,"

and band playing "Jefferson's Liberty," looked its very best.

Colonel Wyman led us through the town, and two and a half miles beyond, where we went into camp. This camp was called "Camp Bush"; and as we are to spend one day here for rest, we shall find it a convenient opportunity for learning something about the great fight, which, although we could not participate in, we see the evidence of on every hand, in the great numbers now passing through here, of the wounded and prisoners.

The battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, was fought on the 6th, 7th and 8th of March, 1862. It commenced the same day that the Thirteenth left Rolla to take part in it. General Curtis' force consisted of the Twenty-fifth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, Forty-fourth and Fifty-ninth Illinois; Second, Third, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-fourth, and Phelps' regiment, Missouri; Eighth, Eighteenth and Twenty-second Indiana; Fourth and Ninth Iowa, Third Iowa Cavalry, Third and Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, First, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Missouri Cavalry, Batteries B and F Second Missouri Light Artillery, Second Ohio Battery, First Indiana Battery, Battery A Second Illinois Artillery.

Union: two hundred and three killed, nine hundred and seventy-two wounded, one hundred and seventy-four missing. Confederate: eleven hundred killed, twenty-five hundred wounded, sixteen hundred missing and captured.

Union Brigadier-General Asboth and Acting Brigadier-General Carr wounded. Confederate General B. McCulloch and Acting Brigadier-General James McIntosh killed.

It is an advantage not to write history close by the events of which that history is composed. Later on, the light of many contemporaneous events can be turned on, throwing into conspicuous relief, causes, reasons, and results, which are so necessary to a clear understanding of what is imperfectly understood at the time.

We turn on the light, therefore, but only those veterans who have survived for twenty-nine years will be able to read

what that same night in "Camp Bush" brought forth not far off, as told by General Pope, as follows :

NEW MADRID, MISSOURI,
March 14th, 1862.

General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: To my utter amazement, the enemy hurriedly evacuated the place last night, leaving everything. * * * *

I am, General, with great respect,
JOHN POPE,
Com'd'g Post.

And again Halleck to Stanton, same date :

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
March 14th, 1862.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

GENERAL: * * * * The enemy has evacuated his post and intrenchments at New Madrid, leaving all his artillery, field batteries, tents, wagons, mules, etc., and an immense quantity of military stores. * * * * This was the last stronghold of the enemy in this State. There is

NO REBEL FLAG NOW FLYING IN MISSOURI.

I am, General, with great respect,
H. W. HALLECK,
Maj-Gen. Com'd'g Dep't.

This continual snatching away of victories which bob up just ahead of the skirmish-line of the Thirteenth, both to the right and left, was desperately provoking, while we were almost literally double-quicking to catch up with one. This evacuation of New Madrid, within a week after the victory at Pea Ridge, seems to have resulted from that victory, the importance of which is thus shown, and must have greatly cheered General Curtis. And it would greatly have cheered us, had we known, that when we left "Camp Bush" and three days afterwards reached the State line of Arkansas, we left nothing formidable behind us.

CHAPTER XII.

TOO LATE, BUT CURTIS WHIPPED MCCULLOCH WITH HIS INDIANS, WHO WERE ALLOWED TO MUTILATE WITH THEIR SCALPING-KNIVES.

AFTER resting a day at Camp Bush, we left the camp at 6 a. m. on Friday, March 14th, made a short halt at the old battle-ground of Wilson's Creek, and saw many reminders of that battle. After making eighteen miles over bad roads, went into camp at Dug Springs, where some of the boys luxuriously slept on straw which they found three and a half miles away. Passed many rebel prisoners during the day being taken to Springfield, some of whom were Indians.

Saturday, March 15th.—Marched through mud and water sixteen miles and made our camp in an orchard near the head of Crane Creek. On Sunday, March 16th, made nineteen miles over bad roads, passing many wounded men in ambulances, being taken back to Springfield. We made our camp to-night near Cassville. Comrade Reuben Hevenor records that we crossed Platt Creek ten times to-day.

Monday, March 17th.—Notwithstanding bad roads, we made twenty-four miles. The latter part of the march took us over parts of the late battle-ground, where were evidences on every hand of the prevalence of the "besom of destruction" which follows artillery practice in great battles. The splintering of great trees, the lopping off of their tops and branches, as though they had been nothing but reeds, the

ground furrowed by shot and shell, spent cannon-balls, dead horses, muskets, and broken artillery wagons, were all to be seen by one sweep of the eye. Nearly all of the dead had been buried.

On *Tuesday, March 18th*, there is recorded in Comrade Wilson E. Chapel's diary this interesting and worthy to be preserved record:

"This morning our knapsack wagon was discharged, and for the first time in our (military) lives

WE PACKED OUR KNAPSACKS ON OUR BACKS.

Made but seven miles and camped on Sugar Creek, Sigel's old ground, and near where he and his troops now were.

Wednesday, March 19th.—A severe march of twenty-four miles, between 1 a. m. and dark, brought us back to Keetsville, where we went into camp for fifteen days, which will give us time to look up some matters which must be recorded before commencing the Arkansas Campaign.

In one of the opening chapters of this history, in speaking of the Confederate conspiracy with the Indians, of which the massacre of the white settlers in Minnesota was the first fruits, the writer then said: "We shall have occasion, in another part of this work, to trace the causes, and fix the responsibility where it belongs."

On March 9th, 1862, one day after the closing of the battle of Pea Ridge, Confederate General Earl Van Dorn, under flag of truce, asked permission of General Curtis to bury his dead. In addition to the granting of the permission asked, General Curtis instructed his adjutant-general to say:

"The General regrets, that *we find on the battle-field*, contrary to "civilized warfare," *many of the Federal dead, who were tomahawked, scalped, and their bodies shamefully mangled*, and expresses a hope that this important struggle may not degenerate to a savage warfare."

Colonel Cyrus Bussey, and Adjutant John W. Noble, of

the Third Iowa Cavalry, made affidavits that eight of the men of their regiment

WERE SCALPED.

These barbarous atrocities seem to furnish a fitting text for a consideration of the Indian question, as connected with the Slaveholders' Rebellion.

By the light of comparatively recent history, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that, by the aid of a Slaveholders' Rebellion, long promised in the United States, Rome was ready to strike a deadly, and decisive blow for the destruction of civil and religious liberty in America. America's necessity was to be Rome's opportunity, when the Monroe doctrine could be ignored with impunity. The Slaveholder's Rebellion was to occupy all the powers of the Union ; the Indian nations, from the Canada line to the Rio Grande, were to revolt against the United States Government, simultaneously with the Rebellion, all of which were to engage our forces by a combined power so formidable as to afford Rome the needed opportunity of using the bayonets of Roman Catholic Europe, in placing a Roman Catholic prince on an imperial throne in Mexico, on our very borders ; presuming that Catholic Mexico would hasten to obey her behests.

The imperial chariot of Rome was ready to move before the slaveholders of America, with their Indian allies, were ready to co-operate. Mexico was overawed by European cohorts long enough to thrust Maximilian on to a hastily improvised throne, and the semblance of an imperial court stalked through the ancient "halls of the Montezumas."

Maximilian had no troops that he could spare to assist the Rebellion, when they were needed. Jefferson Davis was overmatched at home and could not lend a man to help sustain the insecure throne across the river, and a direct interposition of divine Providence sent a Russian fleet accidentally near our Pacific coast at the right time to prevent a naval fleet from Protestant England seizing our cities and harbors on that defenseless coast, the conspirators, having once

before failed to stab us in the back, by secretly backing Mexico against us in the Mexican War of 1846. Only a few of the Indians revolted, and that few were controlled so as to be useless to the rebels.

Treason's hand was finally shaken from the throat of our nation, but a four-thousand-million saddle of bankruptcy was left on its back, which made it impossible to immediately drive Rome's Empire from Mexico ; but mountainous Mexico had reared a liberty-loving race of people who had tasted the sweets of political liberty ; and while still willing to wear the iron collar of Rome's religion, utterly refused to wear the political shackles of monarchy. They overthrew the throne, tossed the Imperial crown into the smelting-pot, and ignominiously shot the usurping Emperor.

THUS LAY MINGLED IN A LAST EMBRACE, THE ASHES OF THE LAST AMERICAN EMPIRE, AND THE FRAGMENTS AND DUST OF ITS INTENDED DEPENDENCY, THE AMERICAN SLAVEHOLDERS' CONFEDERACY.

As corroborating and substantiating the above position and claims, it seems timely and appropriate to take the evidence of no less distinguished personages than one Archbishop of the Romish church, one Romish Cardinal, and the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., himself.

The article following is taken from the public prints of the time of the document found in the records captured at the time of the evacuation of Richmond, and is as follows :

POPE AND REBEL.

Pius IX.'s Recognition of Jeff Davis—A letter unearthed at Washington.

Washington Dispatch : "For twenty-five years it has been charged and denied, and denied and charged, that the Vatican was in sympathy with the South during the war. In

his political history of the Rebellion, McPherson, who, in matters of doubt, always, and naturally, leans to the northward, says that the church took no official action, although Archbishop Lynch went to Rome as agent of the Confederacy. He also gives a letter from Cardinal Antonelli, addressed to A. Dudley Mann, J. M. Mason, and John Slidell, Commissioners of the Confederate States of America, *acknowledging on behalf of the Pope the receipt of a manifesto from Jefferson Davis*, and expressing the hope of the Pope that war between the States may be speedily terminated."

This is all I can find in history on the subject, beyond numerous general assertions and denials that the Pope did officially recognize the Confederate Government and gave Jefferson Davis his august blessing. *That Davis sought the same has never been disputed*, and that he received it has been claimed by nearly all the historical writers on the Confederate side. High functionaries of the church have repeatedly denied that the Pontifical benediction was ever pronounced upon the Confederacy, and their denial has been accepted as final.

At the Treasury Department the other day, Mr. Crites, of Nebraska, the chief of the division of captured and abandoned property, showed me a time-worn paper, which was found among the records captured at the time of the evacuation of Richmond, *that will settle the controversy forever*. It has lain all this time in the pigeon-holes of the department, unknown and unnoticed, while the historians and theologians have been disputing its existence. Attached to it is the following letter of transmittal :

BRUSSELS, May 9, 1864.

To the PRESIDENT : Herewith I have the honor to transmit *the letter which his Holiness, Pope Pius the IX., addressed to your Excellency* the 3d of December last. Mr. W. Jefferson Buchanan has obligingly undertaken its conveyance and will deliver it to you in the person. *This letter will grace the archives of the Executive office in all coming time. It will live, too, forever in story as the production of the first potentate who formally recognized your official position and accorded to one of the diplomatic representatives of the Confederate States an audi-*

ence in an established court palace, like that of St. James and the Tuileries. I have the honor to be, with the most distinguished consideration,

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

A. DUDLEY MANN.

[To his Excellency, Jefferson Davis, President C. S. A., Richmond.]

The letter of the Pope is written upon parchment in the quaint ecclesiastical style, in Latin, of course, and is addressed as follows :

Illustre et Honorabilie Viro, Jefferson Davis, Præsidi Fœderatarum Americæ Regionum, Richmond.

The following is a translation of the text :

ILLUSTRIOUS AND HONORABLE SIR : We have received with fitting kindness the gentleman *sent by your Excellency* to deliver us your letters bearing date of the 23d of September last. We certainly experienced no small pleasure when we learned from the same gentleman and the letters of your Excellency with what emotions of joy and gratitude towards us you were affected, Illustrious and Honorable Sir, when you were first made acquainted with our letters to the reverend brothers, John, Archbishop of New York, and John, Archbishop of New Orleans, written the 18th of October last, in which we again and again urged and exhorted the same reverend brethren that as behooved their distinguished piety and their episcopal charge, they should most zealously use every effort in our name and also bring an end to the fatal Civil War that had arisen in these regions, and that these people of America might at length attain mutual peace and concord and be reunited in mutual charity. And very grateful was it to us, Illustrious and Honorable Sir, to perceive that you and these people were animated with the same feelings of peace and tranquillity which we earnestly inculcated in the letters mentioned as having been addressed to the aforesaid revereud brethren ; *and would that other people also of these regions, and their rulers,* would seriously consider how grievous and mournful a thing is intestine war, and be pleased with tranquil minds to embrace and enter upon counsels of peace. We, indeed, shall not cease, with the most fervent prayers, to beseech God, the omnipotent and all-good, to pour out the spirit of Christian charity and peace upon all the people of America and deliver them from the evils so great with which they are afflicted. And of the most Merciful Lord of Compassion, Himself,

we likewise pray that He may illumine your Excellency with the light of His grace and conjoin you in perfect love with ourself.

Given at Rome, at St. Peters, December 3d, in the year, 1863, and of our pontificate the eighteenth.

PIUS P. P. IX.

To show the importance of its intended Indian contingent, it will be necessary to show the record of the Indian connection with the Confederacy from the standpoint of both sides.

Every survivor of the army under Fremont first, and then of Hunter, at Springfield, Missouri, will remember the force of mounted Cherokee Indians who came to us there, and the conspicuous figures they cut, blanketed, and riding their ponies through the camps; but principally roasting on sharp sticks, at their camp-fire, and devouring enormous quantities of fresh beef which, it was understood, was ordered to be issued to them until they left us to return to the Indian Territory from which they came to offer their services for the war; but which, it was understood, the Commander of the Department declined, as being considered contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. No records whatever, have been found relating to this matter, but there seems a strong probability that the above-mentioned view of the affairs was taken by the commanders of both sides, from the fact that the Confederate General McCulloch says:

CAMP JACKSON, ARKANSAS, October 14th, 1861.

General L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

GENERAL: * * * * In conclusion I beg leave to suggest the propriety of destroying Kansas as far north as possible. We can never have safety or quiet among the Indians so long as Kansas remains inhabited by the present population; and, although I have, up to this time declined to march an Indian force into Missouri, yet I will do so in the event of the approach of a large Federal force, or it may be possible that they will be used against Kansas this fall.

I am, General, with great respect,

B. MCCULLOCH,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

That a cordon of revolted and revolting Indian nations against the Union, reaching from the Rio Grande to the British Northwest, was a part of the far-reaching scheme of the rebel leaders, and which Rome counted in as among the assets of the capital stock of the transatlantic investment, is certain; and would, no doubt, have been consummated in time had not Union victories conquered and scattered the standards around which the Plains Indians were expected to rally. There is plenty of evidence that the plan was ripe, but the conditions necessary for the harvest of the fruit were too unfavorable to risk.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Aid-de-camp, H. C. Nutt, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, under date of September 15th, 1862, says: * * * * "I saw, while at Sioux City, Captain Lu Barja, who had just returned with his boat from the Upper Missouri. Captain Lu Barja has been in the employ of the American Fur Company for twenty-five years and says that never before this trip have the Indians been unusually hostile. He says the whole Sioux Nation is bound for a war of extermination against the frontier; but says they will not come to Sioux City, but go down by Forts Laramie and Kearney and beyond. Captain Lu Barja says that the British Government, through the Hudson Bay Company, are, in his opinion, instigating all these Indians to attack the whites, he says:

BRITISH RUM,

from Red river, comes over onto the Missouri river, and British traders are among them continually. I have great confidence in his judgment and opinions."

On *August 30th, 1862.*—Brigadier-General Craig, at Fort Laramie, writes General James G. Blunt, * * * * "I am convinced that nearly all the French in these mountains are unfriendly to the Government. They are wary and prudent, but that some vicious influence is at work among the Indians is proved by the fact that there never was a time

in the history of the country when so many tribes distant from, and hostile to each other, were exhibiting hostility to the whites."

On *September 6th, 1862.*—Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, to the President, said: "Those Indian outrages continue. * * * * This is not our war it is a national war." * * * *

On *August 25th, 1862.*—General Craig, to General Halleck, said: "I am satisfied that rebel agents have been at work among the Indians."

On October 2d, 1862, General Pope at St. Paul, to General Halleck, said * * * * "General Elliott informs me from Omaha, that white men (secessionists) are among the Indians urging them forward. He is endeavoring to arrest them." * * * * *

It is certain that up to the dates of the above communications no solution of the problem of the "vicious influence" had been arrived at, but few doubted its existence. That not only the Indians, *but General Craig is convinced that nearly all the French in the mountains are unfriendly to the Government.* General Craig also says in a communication to General Halleck, on August 25th, 1862, that he is "satisfied that rebel agents have been at work among the Indians."

All this tends to prove the cordon of revolt, notwithstanding that there was wanting a missing link, undiscovered by Unionists until the captured Confederate archives gave up the secret, and the missing link shows Gen. Albert Pike, Confederate Commissioner to the Indians, to have been General Craig's "vicious influence," as is seen to be the case when he says to Confederate Secretary of War, L. P. Walker, July 31st, 1861: "I take an escort of fifty-six Creeks and Seminoles, organized as a company, as my escort to the Wichita country, where

I AM GOING TO TREAT WITH THE WILD COMANCHES OF THE PRAIRIE."

* * * * This Confederate Emissary bureau, was managed with consummate ability by Gen. Albert Pike, for the rebel

government, and he must not only have made many personal visits to the far-western tribes, but have had many agents of ability, and "wary and prudent" to a remarkable degree, to have kept their work and identity from the knowledge of our military officers on the frontier for a full year in the beginning of the war.

HEADQUARTERS, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS,
May 11th, 1861.

R. W. JOHNSON.

SIR: It is absolutely certain that the enemy's government will not permit the Indian country west of us to belong to the Confederate States without a severe struggle. * * * * It will hardly be safe to count upon putting in the field more than three thousand five hundred Indians; maybe we may get five thousand. To procure any, or at least, any respectable number, we must guarantee them their lands, annuities and other rights under treaties, furnish them arms (rifles and revolvers, if the latter can be had), advance them some twenty-five dollars ahead in cash, [wonder if they got the cash, and whether it was Confederate money!] and send a respectable force there as evidence that they will be efficiently seconded by us. * * * *

The arms for the Indians should be forwarded as soon as possible to be placed in depot on the frontier and there distributed to organized bodies. * * * * We must also have several regular officers to command the bodies of Indians enlisted.

With great respect,
ALBERT PIKE,
Captain and Confederate Commissioner to Indians.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA,
May 13, 1861.

Major DOUGLAS A. COOPER.

MAJOR: I now empower you to raise among the Choctaws and Chickasaws, a mounted regiment to be commanded by yourself in co-operation with General McCulloch. It is designed also to raise two other similar regiments among the Creeks, Cherokees, Seminoles, and other friendly tribes for the same purpose. The arms we are purchasing for the Indians are rifles, and they will be forwarded to Fort Smith.

Respectfully,
S. COOPER,
Adj't and Ins. Gen.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA,
May 11, 1861.

General BEN MCCULLOCH.

GENERAL: * * * * Independently of this force (white), it is desirable to engage, if possible, the service of any of the Indian tribes, occupying the territory (Indian) referred to, in numbers equal to two regiments. This force, should you be able to obtain it, you are authorized to receive and organize as a part of your command, for such service as your judgment may determine. * * * *

I am, General, respectfully,

S. COOPER,
Adj't Gen.

HEADQUARTERS, LITTLE ROCK,
May 13, 1861.

Honorable JEFFERSON DAVIS.

MR. PRESIDENT: * * * * Captain A. Pike and myself are anxious that some steps be taken at once to secure the co-operation of the Indians of the West, and especially to prevent any emissaries of the Republicans from poisoning the minds of the full bloods. *Many of the Cherokees are already abolitionists;* but the half-breeds, and the enlightened part of the nation, are true to the South in their sympathies.

I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,

N. BART PIERCE,
Brig.-Gen.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA,
May 14, 1861.

DAVID HUBBARD, Confederate Superintendent Indian Affairs.

SIR: You are now especially charged to proceed to the Creek Nation, and * * * * the rest of the tribes west of the Arkansas and south of Kansas * * * * and represent to them the earnest desire of the Confederate States to defend and protect them against the rapacious and avaricious of their and our enemies at the North yet holding the Government at Washington. You will impress upon them the imperious fact that the real design of the North * * * * has been and still is * * * * if consummated, the emancipation of their slaves and the robbery of their lands. To these nefarious ends all the schemes of the North have tended for many years past. * * * * You will be diligent to explain to them * * * * that the Government of the Confederate States of America, now powerfully constituted through an immense league of sovereign political societies, great forces in the field and abundant resources, will assume all the responsibility of

protecting them. * * * * To do this effectively, they must call out their warriors and form them into military organizations. * * * *

In addition to these things, regarded of primary importance, you will,

WITHOUT COMMITTING THE GOVERNMENT TO ANY SPECIAL CONDUCT,

express our serious anxiety to establish and enforce the debts and annuities due to them from the Government at Washington, which otherwise they will never obtain. * * * *

Finally, communicate to them the abiding solicitude of the Confederate States of America to advance their condition in the direction of a proud political society; * * * *

BUT YOU WILL GIVE NO ASSURANCE OF STATE ORGANIZATION AND INDEPENDENCE;

As they still require the strong arm of protecting power, and may probably need our fostering care.

I am, sir, respectfully,

L. P. WALKER,
Sec. of War, C. S. A.

The above jesuitical policy marked out for the guidance of the Confederate Superintendent of Indian Affairs, did not seem to suit Albert Pike, for he says:

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE COMMANDANT INDIAN AFFAIRS,
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS,
May 20th, 1861.

Honorable ROBERT TOMBS, Montgomery, Alabama.

SIR: * * * * I very much regret that I have not received distinct authority to give the Indians guarantees of all their legal and just rights under treaties. It can not be expected they will join us without them; and it would be very ungenerous, as well as unwise and useless, in me to ask them to do it. Why should they, if we will not bind ourselves to give them what they hazard in giving us, their rights under treaties?

I am, sir, with very great respect,

ALBERT PIKE,
Con. Com. to the Indians.

May 25th, 1861.

The Senate and House of Representatives of the Chickasaw Nation, among other Acts, resolved as follows: * * * *

"That the current of the events of the last few months has left the Chickasaw Nation independent, the people thereof free * * * * to

take such steps to secure their own safety, happiness, and future welfare as may to them seem best. * * * *

Sixth, *Resolved*, "That the Governor of the Chickasaw Nation be, and he is hereby instructed to issue his proclamation to the Chickasaw Nation, declaring their independence. * * * *

Ninth, *Resolved*, "That the Governor cause these resolutions to be published in the National Register at Boggy Depot, and copies thereof sent to the several Indian Nations, to the Governor of the adjacent States, to the President of the Confederate States, and to

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE BLACK REPUBLICAN PARTY."

(Signed) ALEXANAN,
Speaker House Representatives.
JOHN E. ANDERSON,
President of Senate.
C. HARRIS, Governor.

It will be seen that the noble Red Man was making rapid strides of "advance in the direction of a proud political society," by taking on statehood eleven days after Mr. Hubbard was instructed not to give it to them.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS,
May 28th, 1861.

GOVERNOR MOORE, LOUISIANA.

HONORED SIR: * * * * The agent of the Indians called on me this morning, and states that the Nations on the borders of this State are anxious and desirous to be armed: *that they can and will muster into the service twenty-five thousand men;* that they have immense supplies of beeves, sufficient to supply the meat for the whole Confederate service. * * * *

With very great respect,
HYAMS,
Lieut-Col. 3d La. Vol.

The Confederacy could not, at that time, have armed twenty-five thousand Indians, neither would any organization be able to hold and control them.

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE SUPERINTENDENT INDIAN AFFAIRS.
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, June 2d, 1861.

L. P. WALKER, Montgomery, Alabama.

GENERAL: * * * * My sense of duty requires me to report that with about twenty-five thousand able-bodied men, Arkansas has less the appearance of a military organization than any people I ever yet knew. The people are nearly all under arms, and daily rumors of invasions calling them from home, and I never yet saw people who appeared to know so little about commanders, or who seemed so utterly devoid of confidence in any one faction or leader of a faction in the State. My belief and conviction is that but little can be done among these factions, and that a military leader from without the State is needed, who, when he gets here shall have command of all the forces not under McCulloch; and that the bold and brave men can rally under such without disturbance from leaders of any faction whatever; and that without this, Arkansas, with her brave and hardy hunters, can not be made available in any other way, *unless it be by waiting for a new man to grow up*.

I am, General, with very great respect,

DAVID HUBBARD,
Con. Supt. Indian Affairs.

Fortunately a fragmentary specimen of an Indian Declaration of Independence and draft for military service, and roster of Seminole, and of First Regiment of Cherokee Mounted Riflemen, has been preserved for our history. It is as follows:

* * * * Now, therefore, I, George Hudson, Principal Chief of the Choctaw Nation, do hereby publish and proclaim that the Choctaw Nation is, and of right ought to be, free and independent, * * * * and (in accordance with a law passed by the General Council) that Apuckshanubbee district shall furnish three volunteer companies. * * * * Two companies of like strength from Pushmataha district and two from Mosholatubbee district, * * * * and report themselves ready for immediate service, * * * * of the Confederate States of America, to be commanded by Col. D. H. Cooper, of C. S. Army.

Maj. John Jumper was Chief of the Seminoles. Of the First Regiment Cherokee Mounted Rifles, among others, were: Major Pegg; Lieutenant White Catcher; Lieutenant Deer-in-Water; Captain Geo. W. Scraper; Lieutenant Bearmeat;

Lieutenant Trotting Wolf; Lieutenant Little Bird; Private Nelson Hogshooter.

The latter most undoubtedly a deserter from Company Q of the Thirteenth.

SEMINOLE AGENCY, INDIAN TERRITORY,
July 31st, 1861.

General L. P. WALKER,
Secretary War, C. S. A.

GENERAL: When I recommended the appointment of William H. Garrett, the present agent of the Creeks, to be colonel of the Creek Regiment, I had not sufficiently estimated the ambition and desire for distinction of the leading men of that nation; and I also supposed that Mr. Garrett, popular with them as an agent, would be acceptable as colonel of their regiment; but when I concluded with them the very important treaty of July 10th instant, they strenuously insisted that the colonel of the regiment to be raised, should be elected by the men. As the public interest did not require I should insist on a contrary provision, by which I might have jeoparded the treaty, I yielded; and the consequence is that by the treaty, as signed and ratified by the Creek Council, the field officers are all to be elected by the men of the regiment. * * * * I take an escort of fifty-six Creeks and Seminoles, organized as a company, as my escort to the Wichita country, where I am going to treat with the wild Comanches of the prairie; and I consider it no small matter, in the present state of affairs on our border, that we have so dealt, by fairness and frankness, with these brave and honest Indians, so lately at war with us, and whose old homes we possess, that they are now with us almost to a man, as zealous as we are, for the rights of the South.

I am sir, with very great respect,
ALBERT PIKE,
Capt. and Commissioner to Indians.

That Jeff Davis and his Cabinet, who, at first, proposed to ride the high horse (rough shod) over these Indians, had finally to dismount and eat humble pie, is evidenced in the following:

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA,
August 24th, 1861.

ALBERT PIKE,
Com. to Indians.

SIR: In order that there shall be no misunderstanding with the friendly Indians west of Arkansas, this Department is anxious that the

article in the treaty made by you, guaranteeing to them the right of electing their own field-officers, shall be carried out in good faith. The name of Mr. Garrett will therefore be dropped as Colonel of the Creek regiment, and that regiment will proceed to elect its own officers. The regiment being formed among the Seminoles will exercise the same right.

Reassure the tribes of the perfect sincerity of this Government toward them.

Most respectfully,
L. P. WALKER,
Con. Sec. of War.

"*Perfect sincerity*" is good; in the light of the instructions of this same "government" to Mr. Hubbard, a few pages back; and it is refreshing to see Jeff Davis confronted with Lieutenant Trotting Wolf, Lieutenant Bearmeat, and Private Nelson Hogshooter, who demand and compel their rights.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INDIO-CONFEDERATE CORRESPONDENCE RICHLY SUGGESTIVE OF QUAINT AND CURIOUS METHODS OF DIPLOMACY WITH INDIANS.

CHRONIC rumor-tism prevailed here in Camp Cross-Timbers, its symptoms usually being a wide-open mouth, and a bulging out of the eyes. Our boys will readily recall to mind the many idle and false rumors that circulated through our camps, especially as to whom was due the praise of having planned and directed the battle of Pea Ridge to a successful issue. There was a current rumor that at the close of the second day's fight, a council of war was called, as to the best thing to be done for the next day; or, in other words, as to whether we were already whipped; and General Curtis was said to have advanced the opinion that we were then whipped, and had better retreat. Upon which General Sigel got mad and swore he would not retreat; and that if General Curtis would not fight any longer, he (Sigel) with his own troops, would go on with the fight on the next day. The rumor had it that General Curtis allowed General Sigel to conduct the next day's fight, and the result was a glorious Union victory.

General Halleck may be able to throw a little light on this particular matter, and, as he was at that time Commander of the Department, and directed all of General Curtis' movements, it must be admitted that he was good authority, and his testimony will be allowed in this court.

The following letter was written the same day that the Thirteenth reached Camp Cross-Timbers, on the back-track, where we went into camp for what proved to be fifteen days.

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.
March 19th, 1862.

General S. R. CURTIS.

GENERAL: I was by no means surprised at General Sigel's conduct, before the battle of Pea Ridge. *It was precisely in keeping with what he did at Carthage and Wilson's Creek.* After your expedition started, I received documentary proofs from Generals Sturgis, Schofield and Totten, and a number of other officers, in regard to his conduct on these occasions, which destroyed all my confidence in him. It was for that reason that I telegraphed you so often not to let Sigel separate from you. I anticipated that he would try to play you a trick by being absent at the critical moment. I wished to forewarn you of the same, but I could not then give you my reasons. I am glad you prevented his projects and saved your army. I can not describe to you how much uneasiness I felt for you. *You saved your army and gained a glorious victory by refusing to take his advice.* I do not believe he has been made a Major-General. If so, I shall ask to have him sent to some other department. * * * *

I am, General, with very great respect,
H. W. HALLECK, Commanding Department.

As we were on three-quarter rations, for a part of the time we lay in Camp Cross-Timbers, foraging came boldly to the front. On one such expedition one of the wagons carried, among others, George Robinson, of Company H, who managed to detach his wagon from those under the oversight of the lieutenant in charge, and assumed its management.

George Robinson regarded all citizens of the South, as rebs anyway, and consequently, that it was lawful to plunder them of everything needed in our camp; but indiscriminate plunder was not allowed; but if there was a show of honest dealing, the transaction was seldom inquired into by the commanding officers. Driving up to the plantation-house and calling to whoever he could see, George Robinson would order them to call off and chain up their dogs. He would then tell the men with the wagon to load up with anything

they could find; turkeys, pigs, chickens, and fodder; while he, himself, would engage the old man or woman in conversation, in which he was an adept. He would assure them that while the needs of the army made it necessary to take the things, the Government paid cash for everything so taken. That any time after such a day, setting the time several days ahead, they could come to camp and get their pay on the receipt which he would give them. This setting the time so far ahead, was for the purpose of giving ample time to eat up, and so secure the things taken, that identification would be next to impossible, if there should happen to be any trouble about it; but the old planter was given to understand that the delay was on account of the paymaster who was expected in a few days. The receipt was as follows:

Mr. Judas Reb, Cr., by turkeys, chickens, eggs, pigs, etc., as per schedule $00.00

GEO. MULECHEEK,
Adjutant Fourth Vermont.

The man would be instructed to inquire in camp for the above-named regiment. *Now if there was any such regiment in the service, it was probably not nearer than the army of Virginia, any way;* and when this man came for his pay, and accosted first one officer and then another, as to the whereabouts of the Fourth Vermont, no such regiment could be found; and the old planter would come reluctantly to the conclusion that he had been assessed for the support of the Government of Abraham Lincoln.

CAMP CROSS-TIMBERS, ARKANSAS,
March 24th, 1862.

Gen. H. W. HALLECK, Com'd'g Dep't.

GENERAL: Hospital stores arrived yesterday. They are thankfully received, and I am grateful to the General and the Sanitary Commission for promptness in this regard. Many an aching wound is comforted by this. *God bless the ladies that care for the sick and wounded soldiers.*

I am, General, with very great respect,
S. R. CURTIS,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.

The employment of Indians in a body, in the army, by the Confederates, called forth a very general and indignant protest, as being an outrage against the rules of warfare among civilized nations. But the policy of the act was as short-sighted as the outrage was gross.

Take a hundred Indians and distribute them not more than one or two in a company of white soldiers, and *the probability is that you will have a hundred effective fighting men in a regiment.*

Take the same hundred Indians and let them operate in a body by themselves, under their own officers, and governed by their own ideas of warfare, and *it is nearly certain that you have a hundred almost worthless men.*

No doubt, at the battle of Pea Ridge, bullets from Indian sharp-shooters laid low many good men in blue, but in any concerted movement of regular military tactics they are worse than useless, as the following history will show. General Fremont promptly declined the proffered services of a large body of Cherokee Indians on what was supposed to be the eve of a great battle. The Confederate General Ben. McCulloch, however, employed a large body of rebel Indians at the battle of Pea Ridge, commanded by Gen. Albert Pike.

It is said that immediately in front of where the Indians were stationed, there was a Union battery of artillery, which the Indians called "Fire-wagons," and which they were ordered to charge and capture. *They sprang across the intervening space with all the demoniac yells, war-whoops, and pagan bric-a-brac,* common to them on such occasions, and what with their impetuosity and infernal din, demoralized our batterymen to such a degree that they were driven from their guns long enough for the "noble Red Man" to seize and tip over the "Fire-wagons"; when, not stopping to draw one of them off, or even to spike a gun, they rushed back again, yelling, as they came. The Yanks soon recovered their composure, righted up the carriages and guns, and in a few minutes were sending shot and shell from those same guns into the Indian lines *in a manner that Gen. Albert Pike must have despised.*

General Sherman is credited with saying that "The only good Indian, is the dead Indian." That being so, when our burial corps was burying the dead, on the field of Pea Ridge, after our victory, they found not a few "good cold Indians" lying about. At first, they utterly refused to bury them, on the assumption that none of the rules of civilized warfare required the decent burial of what might be called, outlawed belligerants. Instead of burial, our men, it was said, *piled them up like cord-wood between two trees, eight feet apart.* But the grave-diggers had reckoned without their host; for it is a well ascertained fact, that *a chronically moribund Indian smells as loudly as a white man;* and, in this way, the "good Indian," not only demanded, but enforced the order for his own burial.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST,
CAMP CROSS-TIMBERS, March 31st, 1862.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL: * * * * "*Much talk about Thompson and others burning railroad and Rolla.* Rebels think that is Price's next move."

I am, General, with very great respect,

S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General Com'd'g.

A good many things happened during those fifteen days at Camp Cross-Timbers. A characteristic story is told of Colonel Wyman, that ought to be true.

Henry Taylor, of our regiment, a worthless soldier, and back of that, a worthless man, met Colonel Wyman, one day outside the regimental lines, and accused the Colonel of doing him an injustice, in the way of punishment for some alleged shortcoming.

The Colonel condescended to explain and justify himself; but nothing could placate Taylor, and he told the Colonel, then and there, that his shoulder-straps alone protected him from a flogging.

The Colonel, coolly and deliberately dismounted, hitched his horse to the fence, then coolly took off his coat and threw

it across a rail, and then said : "Taylor, there is now no difference in our rank ; when I take off my coat, I take off my rank also ; now pitch in. Taylor pluckily pitched in, but, without knowing it *had encountered a scientific boxer;* and was soon polished off so that he expressed himself satisfied.

The Colonel, resuming his coat and rank, said : *Taylor, whenever you desire promotion to my rank, I will cheerfully take off my coat.*

KINSHIP.

On the march from Springfield, Missouri, to Pea Ridge, Arkansas, a ludicrous thing happened which interested the writer personally, more than any other member of the regiment ; but no really good thing in the army can be kept personal, it is seized by all as though it had been issued from the quartermaster's department on a regimental requisition.

After a good day's march, the regiment had gone into camp on the hither side of some plantation buildings which were flush with the road over which we should pass on resuming our march the next day.

Sometime during the night, I was gradually awakened by a hand gently pressing and shaking my shoulder, while an almost inaudible whisper, close to the ground, outside the tent, and close to my head, was saying, "Hush, A. B., hush." "What is it," I responded, in an equally guarded whisper. "Take this package," the voice said, "and put it in your haversack, and make no mistake (there were five other haversacks hanging there), and be sure you eat it before reveille." I took the package, never doubting. I knew the voice. To me, always kindly ; but the parcel did feel curiously, rough and stiff, but clean. I thought of cabbage, rhubarb, and dock ; this latter it proved to be, instead of paper, which could not be had for love or money. After intrusting the precious secret to my haversack, I snuggled and wriggled back into my place, for the voice was waiting to explain. I listened to enough of the explanation to get the points, and gathered the details afterwards.

That my exact locality in the small text, containing six of us, was well known to my friend, was not at all surprising, for, it is probable that the members of Company Q knew within three-quarters of an inch, where every head lay, in every tent in the regiment; and a mistake of one and one-half inches, would be considered an unpardonable blunder, and would subject the delinquent to a severe reprimand.

After the explanation I could not sleep any more, and it would not be long before reveille any way, and so, quietly, selfishly, stealthily, meanly, and hoggishly, I took down my haversack and took out the precious package, *which proved to be the upper and lower joint of a chicken's leg*, done to a turn, and seemed to me the most delicious morsel I ever ate; and what surprised me was, that I could not for the life of me tell whether the chicken was Confederate or Union,—for I never did school myself or my palate sufficiently to tell the difference. When I had fairly scraped the bones, I did them up in the generous burdock leaf, and warily threw them over among the tents of the next company. This would save litter around our own tent, and at the same time lend an air of generous living to our neighbor.

The explanation was, that two or three of Company Q boys of our company had sallied out by the "sweet silver light of the moon" for adventure; and, having been used to good society, they resolved to call at the plantation house and pay their respects to the good people there.

Two or three "bra laddies," each with a shining musket in his hands, under most circumstances, will command respect—and is a strong reminder to others of the necessity on their part, of good manners and politeness; and when these Company Q boys knocked at the door of the farm-house, a "Come-in" was promptly vouchsafed, and such broken chairs, stools and boxes as were available, were placed at the disposal of the visitors, by the daughter of the house, whom the mother called Miz-u-ry; giving the *u* its long, full sound, and with a strong accentuation. This was really meant for

Missouri; a very common name for a girl in the Southern States.

"Miz-u-ry," under the inspiration of the bright buttons, of the blue clothes, and the bright glances of the eyes of the wearers of the buttons, moved about so briskly, that seats were soon found by the visitors, without disturbing the lady of the house from the only splint-bottomed chair in the room. Here the matron sat, entirely undisturbed by the visitors, somewhat spitefully smoking a corn-cob pipe, *and anon expectorating a jet of saliva from where she sat, in the middle of the room, to a particular knot-hole in the fore stick in the fireplace*, where was burning an ample fire.

This accomplishment is by no means rare among the ladies of the South; and our boys soon noticed that the fair markswoman never missed her target; and that before they took their leave, *the knot-hole could hold no more.*

Both ladies were dressed in some dark homespun, and home-woven fabric, that, when new, or clean, must have been comfortable looking. The mother's hair was of a dull terra-cotta color, and cut short in the neck, and was intended to be kept back behind the ears, but straggled badly, and seemed to have a disposition to come to the front; while the young lady, just budding into womanhood, aspired to a top-knot, made by bringing all the hair together on the top, and winding a string from the head upward, for four or five inches, and then letting the golden surplus (red) fall outward in graceful overflow. *Both ladies kept their hair comparatively smooth by crawling through the brush-fence after the pigs.*

A half-suppressed giggle from the corner where "Miz-u-ry" and one of the boys sat, caused the mother to turn in that direction so suddenly as to almost miss her target, at which she was just then again firing, and sharply said, "I declar to grashus, Miz-u-ry, you be that ornary, that the Yanks 'll think ye ha'n't got no larnin." "Well ma," explained the young lady, "he sez, what's dad's name?" (*She had forgotten to also tell her ma that the Yank had just taken*

her hand and was squeezing it somewhat fervently for such a short acquaintance.)

"Wall, what o' that?" sharply interrogated the mother.

"I told him 'twas Mun," replied the girl.

Here the soldier, addressing the mother directly, asked: "Madam, is that his name?"

"Wall," she replied, "*I never did rightly git hold o' the old man's name. I taxed him about it a time or two, when we was a courtin', but I 'low that I never did git hold of arry right eend on't.* 'Pears like he said 'twas Mummy-Mungrel—(Mongrel) Mun—Vermen—Mullen—(mullein) Muren—(Murrain) or sum sich."

The young lady in the meantime, had gone out, and on coming back, handed the soldier an old envelope on which had sometime been addressed, the following:—"gege rulf mun."

The whole three scanned it and studied over it as though it had been an ancient "cryptogram"; and finally decided it to be intended for—*Judge Ralf Munn.*

Again addressing the lady, the soldier said,—"Madam, there is a man up in our camp by that same name."

(The young lady had already told her admirer that her father was in the Confederate army.)

"Do he tote arry gun?" the lady asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "he is a musician."

"*What; is he one of them ar' rub-a-dub fellers*"?

"No," the soldier replied, at the same time imitating the holding and playing of a fife.

"*Oh, then he blows into one of them ar' screechinsticks*"?

The soldier thought this latter name too appropriate to question, and made no further conversation.

Upon this, the lady, either inspired with disgust, or having determined upon a more aggressive attitude, *delivered a most Gatling-like discharge of nicotinized saliva at the devoted knot-hole*, which caused such a violent ebullition as to make enough overflow as to almost put out the fire; at the same time rising and knocking the bowl of the pipe against the

chimney-jam, to empty it, she stood a moment refilling the pipe, looking the soldiers full in the face all the time, as though measuring them, to decide how far she might safely go in abuse without laying herself liable to retaliation. "Wall" she finally continued, "*I hope a bullet from my old man's squirrel rifle 'll hunt him up and make his acquaintance.*"

And it is certain that had that bullet ever got after me, propelled with the venom, and with the certain aim that my amiable lady namesake was master of, I should most certainly have gone under.

The boys could take no personal revenge on the woman who they considered had literally spattered me with so nasty an insult, but they determined to assess exemplary damages, at least; accordingly they took their way out through the outbuilding and yards, and gathered in six nice chickens and a noble shoat that would weigh at least a hundred pounds.

The boys took the chickens and pig far enough into a neighboring piece of woods to prevent the light from a fire being seen, and there dressed and cooked them, and feasted all they could comfortably get away with, *gave some packages of it to the guard, instead of the countersign*, when they went back through the guard lines, brought me my package, and may possibly have had two hours' sleep before reveille.

A sick comrade, who had started along a little in advance of the regiment, thinking to walk a little for exercise until the ambulance should overtake him, had sat down in the gallery of the house, and afterward told me what he had observed. He said that the lady of the house was walking up and down the gallery of the house in a state of decided unrest, and he had from the first, noticed that she always spat from a certain spot on the gallery, and in exactly the same direction. Looking more closely, he discovered that a great fat toad had crawled from his burrow and was watching for unwary flies, when, unfortunately for him, the lady saw him and immediately selected him for her morning's target. Somehow, in this lady's vivid imagination, the poor creature, in a manner, seemed to typify, and even personate the average Yankee

soldier; and as such, all the worse for the toad, the lady was determined to show her disgust for the Lincoln Government. As the drums and *screechinsticks* struck up, announcing the approach of the regiment, the lady's disquietude increased, and the unsavory missiles struck the toad's mailed sides with greater frequency, and more destructive impact, *and always with unerring aim.* Finally, the toad, seeing that he was entirely overmatched in the fight, retreated precipitately to his burrow, where he wriggled, twisted, and squirmed until he had thrown up sufficient earthworks to temporarily protect himself.

As a laughable contrast to the mother's belligerant aspect, and attitude, the daughter's face was radiant while this splendid regiment of men marched by; and a sudden suffusing of her neck and face with blushes, told too certainly that she had discovered in the ranks, her last night's admirer, who had attracted her notice long enough to waft her from his fingers' tips, several kisses, the language of which, young ladies, by the time they are sixteen, learn by intuition.

Good-bye, my fair kinswoman; you will be madder still two or three hours from now, when you learn that you and "Miz-u-ry" have not so many chores to do us usual.

Gambling, to a fearful extent, prevailed in the army. If officers surrounded tables piled with money, though protected from too general observation by private rooms, and night, the boys could not be expected to resist the blandishments of the Chuck-a-luck board in an adjoining grove. Men fell into the demoralizing practice in the army, who had never done so at home; and, should they live to see home again, would never touch gambling machinery again.

John Curtis was one of the most quiet, and least boisterous of our soldiers; and yet, one of the most indefatigable and reckless gamblers.

He was never excited, *possessed a countenance so stolid, that feeling never lit it up.* Losses were never recorded on his face; and gains had no power whatever, to make him look cheerful; in fact, *he had the same face for faro as for funerals.*

I asked him one day, whether, on the whole, he lost, or gained by play? He replied, "I don't mind telling you that I have gained by play, enough to send home to my father nearly a thousand dollars, with which to pay off a mortgage on the farm. I would not have my parents know how I got the money, for the world; it would break their hearts. I deceive them by saying that, when off duty, I have an opportunity of making considerable money by trading. I don't intend to, ever again, touch a card after I leave the army."

It is to be hoped that he carried out the above good resolution; but greatly to be feared that the habit clung to him like a "Shirt of Nessus."

There is no rich, rare, or racy quality of the human mind which did not find ample scope for exercise, in army life.

The order that, none but the "top rail" of the old planter's fence be used for the boys' camp-fires, caused the legitimate destruction of the entire fence, on the principle that when the top rail is taken off, the next lower one immediately becomes a top rail; and so on in regular promotion downward, according to the strictest interpretation of the rules of Civil Service Reform.

Colonel Wyman, was famous for ambiguous orders: but his actions usually gave the key to his intentions.

One afternoon, after a march since daylight, and a few days before arriving at Camp Cross-Timbers, our camping-ground was chosen in a beautiful grove, and near a fine plantation which was extensive and under good cultivation. Arms were stacked and everything ready for breaking ranks, when the Colonel rode into one of the central company streets of the prospective camp, and halted right in the midst of an old sow and large litter of fine roasting size pigs. The old sow and family, by their familiar confidence, betrayed a lamentable ignorance, not only of the existence of war, at that time, but of *the latent possibilities wrapped up in the uniform of a soldier, whether wearing the blue or the gray.*

The Colonel called for attention, and then addressed the regiment as follows:

"I have learned that the gentleman who owns yonder plantation, *is a good Union man.* It is true his sons and sons-in-law are all in the Confederate army, but, of course, you will not hold the old gentleman in the least responsible for what is entirely beyond his control. I have frequently observed, however, that *here in the South, the more intensely loyal to the old flag a man is, the more sons he has in the rebel army.* This is a somewhat curious coincidence, but most probably to be accounted for on the principles of the old darky, who said that he prayed to the devil half of the time, *as it was uncertain whose hands he should fall into.*

"Now the Union man's property must be preserved; nothing must be touched; *not even one of these pigs.*" Upon which, he drew his revolver, still sitting in his saddle, *shot two of the pigs dead on the spot.* The Colonel then rode to the place where his own tent was being pitched, and dismounted.

It is scarcely necessary to add that nearly everything eatable on that plantation went inside those blue uniforms before marching next day.

Besides being hungry, at Camp Cross-Timbers, we were cold. I can not do better than to quote from Comrade Chapel's diary, as to the weather during a part of the time. The diary says:

"*Friday, March 21st, 1862.*—It snowed all night, and this morning we have as much snow as we had at Rolla any time this winter. It is a regular "down easter" equinoctial storm. As we left our overcoats, and all our blankets, except one, at Springfield, we have to work hard to keep warm. I laid abed almost all day, wrapped up in my blanket. Towards night the weather moderated a little."

CHAPTER XIV.

BENTON HUSSARS POISONED, AND CAPTAIN DUFLER FATALLY. —OUR SOLDIERS CAN STAND HUNGER AND COLD, BUT OBJECT TO POISON.

NOW was about to commence one of the most remarkable campaigns of the war; whether looked at from the standpoint of hard marching, over almost impassable roads, inclement weather, hunger, cold, sickness, less danger of battle than of poison, in beverage and in food, and poisoned wells, springs, and streams of water, or from being cut off from any source of supply, or from the knowledge or whereabouts of our army, by General Grant, and other armies east of the Mississippi.

The following order inaugurates the campaign :

Special orders No. 134. } HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST, CAMP CROSS-TIMBERS, April 4, 1862.

VIII.—"The army in the field will move to-morrow, the 5th instant, in the order herein stated, on the road or eastward, leading through Cassville and hence toward Yellville. Order of march : First Division will move at 6 a. m. ; Fourth Division at 8 a. m.; *Wyman's Brigade at 8 : 30 a. m.*" * * * *

By command of Major-General Curtis.

H. Z. CURTIS,
Asst. Adj't-Gen.

When our army broke camp at Cross-Timbers, it took the back track, and we were fearful that the campaign was ended, and that we were destined to see Rolla again ; but when we

reached Cassville and took an easternly direction, we were reassured, and right away began to speculate as to where such horrible roads, through so wretched a country could take us, unless we ran into the Mississippi river some dark night while trying to make camp. This zigzag campaign of two hundred miles in an easterly direction, consuming twenty-three days, first zigging to one side of the line between the two States, and then zagging back to the other side, through rain and snow, much of the time without blankets, muddy roads letting the wheels of the army wagons in to the hub, going without their one-quarter ration, which was in those wagons stuck in the mud, three miles back from camp, country forage scarce, the natives hungry and the women and children half-starved, and so utterly wretched that an angel would shed tears of pity, and at the sight of our boys dividing their one-quarter ration with these poor people, that same angel might properly weep tears of joy.

Great God! What a heart of gold hast Thou wrapped up in many of those blue uniforms!!

The route of our army, the destination of which puzzled and worried our boys so, lay across the northern spurs of the Ozark Mountains; and these spurs had a way of throwing themselves crosswise of their general direction; and valleys, streams and roads were tortuous, devious, and doubled back on themselves so frequently, that their geography was disappointing and so distracting as to make one feel sure that he was making more distance backward than forward.

The boys began to think our destination to be Memphis; as that exhausting and exhaustless eastward tramp seemed to point to that place as being the only place in that direction worthy to be called an objective.

But finally, when we had fairly turned the head-waters of the White river, and headed southward, we came to the conclusion that probably General Curtis knew what his orders were, and how to carry them out. We must, however, have a more detailed record of that mountain march with no known destination.

April 5th.—On the first day from Cross-Timbers marched eighteen miles and camped on Stony Creek.

Sunday, April 6th.—Bad roads, no meat, and short of meal, wet through with rain, no tents or blankets, suffered with cold during the night. Under such conditions, marched eighteen miles, while Shiloh's first day's battle was being fought.

Monday, April 7th.—Distance not recorded, but a march much interrupted by teams was made, reaching until midnight, bringing us to Platt Creek, without tents, blankets, or food, raining, and we suffered greatly. Our discomfort would hardly have been noticed by us, could we have known of the glorious Union victory at Shiloh, on this very day, in which the Union loss was seventeen hundred and thirty-five killed, seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-two wounded, and three thousand nine hundred and fifty-six captured. Confederate loss—seventeen hundred and twenty-eight killed, eight thousand and twelve wounded, and nine hundred and fifty-seven captured.

Tuesday, April 8th.—Did not break camp, got some rations, built a bridge over Platt Creek, during which time, Island Number Ten was captured from the rebels, with three thousand prisoners. We were then ready for the following order:

CAMP AT GALENA, MISSOURI.
April 8th, 1862.

Special Orders No. 138.

Order and hours for marching April 9th. * * * * Bowen's battalion, immediately after the First Division has crossed James' Fork, and proceed with the same to the mouth of Bear Creek.

Wyman's Brigade, immediately after the Fourth Division, camp on the east bank, move at 8 a. m. of the 10th instant rear of Fourth Division and camp at mouth of Bear Creek. * * * *

S. R. CURTIS,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.

Wednesday, April 9th.—Pursuant to above order, marched nine miles over bad roads and went into camp on James' Fork, at Galena, Missouri.

Thursday, April 10th.—Made thirteen miles, and crossed James' Fork, on a bridge of wagons placed end to end.

Friday, April 11th.—After marching seven miles, camped on a hillside on the east bank of Bear Creek, with plenty of wood and water; and only the "top rail", was taken for the boys' camp-fires.

Saturday, April 12th.—Comrade Chapel says:—"We lay in camp all day, expecting orders to march, but none came. It came my turn to cook; *which is no desirable job, now that we have nothing but cornmeal to live on*, and unbolted at that; and no sieve to sift it with. Some of the boys went out to buy something; but could not find anything."

The regiment lay in this camp on Bear Creek, at Galena, Missouri, from Saturday the twelth to Sunday the twentieth. Comrade Hevenor says: "Here we had nothing to do but forage and pick up a living as best we could, *through a country which barely affords subsistence for its thinly scattered population.* We occasionally found a beef, and a few hogs on the mountains, but no meal or flour. Obliged to live on a one-third ration."

Comrade Chapel says, same day:—"Our teams went to Forsyth for rations, and succeeded in getting a little. Adams and Olney were out and shot two pigs which are very acceptable just now. Barton went off and got us some sorghum. We to-day first heard of the great Union victory in Tennessee."

With all these discouragements, hunger, cold, fatigue,

NOTHING COULD DAMPEN THE HOPES AND SPLENDID COURAGE

of these noble men; and while hovering over their camp-fires, where food in sufficient variety and quantity was a stranger to those hungry stomachs, the genial warmth was there, and which they seemed to devour through every pore, as though the warmth was the most delicious food, and the pores were so many passages to imaginary stomachs which were revel-

ing in a square meal, at any rate these men were so jolly that Comrade Chapel records that, "I made a bet (on April 18th) with Jimmy Smith, for oysters for the mess, that peace would be declared within three months," and this hungry man adds: "*I believe the rebs begin to see their case is hopeless.*"

Now, while a rebel bullet would not dodge such a man, any more than it would the most worthless man in the army, to the ordinary vicissitudes of military campaigning they were invincible.

And now loomed up the Arkansas campaign, and it looked like business; which, indeed it proved to be before we got through with it, and many a long and weary month elapsed before the declaration of that "peace" which Comrade Chapel risked the "oysters" on.

Sunday, April 20th, left Camp Starvation at 8 a. m., in a drenching rain, struck the worst road yet encountered. Obliged to double teams, unload wagons, pry the wagons out of the present mud-hole, only to have them plunge into a worse one just beyond. The mules got the most real enjoyment out of this mud-hole experience, for the simon-pure army-mule is never happy unless everybody, including himself, is miserable; he will then fairly enjoy getting his wagon stalled in the mud, being thrashed nearly to shoe-strings by both the wagon-driver and the wagon-master, who then double black-snake whips and mule-driving profanity, every word of which the mule perfectly understands, and gets back by bringing forward a reverse of balkiness never before used; and then when he is unharnessed for the night, he immediately rolls over from three to five times (seldom an even number), then gets up and shakes himself and sings, "Ye banks and *braes*," and then pretends to be attending to his feed; but is watching, *and if he has a half a chance, will eat up his driver's jacket.*

Leaving Bear Creek a mile behind us, we came to Bull Creek; and, although a large and rapid stream, as we were already wet through and through, the boys found the wading

of it a scarcely increased discomfort; and plundged in, singing, "Jordon am a hard road to trable."

Our tents and blankets being of the past,—that is, they were some of the things we had passed a good ways back, their wagons stuck in the mud; and there was, therefore, but little prospect of securing a state-room for the coming night.

For myself, I had hunted up three rails of unequal sizes and degrees of crookedness, but the most nearly matched obtainable in the then distracted condition of the country, and had rested one end of them on the lower rail of a neighboring fence, to raise them above any possible accumulation of water underneath, during the night; for it was still raining; and I wanted to assure myself of a dry bed. The lower end of my bedstead rested on the ground. On this couch I turned in, thanking my stars that I was not as other men; even as those fellows who were obliged to huddle around the camp-fire all night. Sometime in the night I woke, not feeling as comfortable as I had reason to believe I had insured to myself and which I insisted that I had a right to expect. It was raining, and I found myself lying in a considerable puddle of water. The rails which had composed my bedstead were gone, and also the fence on whose lower rail one end of my bedstead had rested, had gone entirely. In a somewhat dazed condition of mind, not varying materially from somnambulism, I waded on to higher ground and took a survey, or reconnoissance (not in force) of the situation. It did not take long to arrive at a conclusion.

The boys had determined to keep the camp-fires burning all night; and had needed the rails. *With the most generous and delicate consideration for my comfort*, they had removed the rails so carefully as not to wake me. I was deeply touched by such friendly consideration for my comfort. I received a hearty welcome to a snug place by the camp-fire which my rails had helped to make.

Monday, April 21st.—Accomplished but two and a half miles, being hindered by wagons fast in the mud. We found

a good camping-ground, and Comrade Hevenor says, "plenty of good pork."

These evening camp-fires are occasions of much social enjoyment at the time, but also impress the memory with pleasant recollections to be called up in after years, and lived over again and again. Many times these evenings were reunions with former comrades who had left our regiment for promotion to commissions in other regiments who came to us for suitable timber for officers, for which we had an enviable reputation among neighboring, but younger regiments. Company A, of the Thirteenth, had given Bowen's Cavalry Battalion Comrade John D. Crabtree, as a Lieutenant, who made his way to an honorable mention, by General Curtis, in his report of the battle of Pea Ridge, and who achieved a Major's rank before leaving the service.

Company K, of our regiment, had given Comrade Daniel W. Ballou, as a Lieutenant, to the Tenth Missouri Cavalry; and he was repeatedly mentioned in reports of his superiors as having rendered efficient, and important service; and at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, Lieutenant Ballou commanded Company C of the Tenth Missouri Cavalry in our (Blair's) First Brigade, Fourth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps.

Lieutenant Pierre Bushnell, of Company C, was another comrade of ours, that we had given to the Sixth Missouri Cavalry, and at Chickasaw Bayou, was in the Third brigade of our Fourth Division. These young officers, whenever camped in our vacinity, lost no opportunity of coming home to spend the evening, and swap their chicken stories for our hog yarns; and were somewhat envied by our boys for their greater foraging opportunities over us, by reason of their belonging to the "critter companies." We gave other good men, but no record is at hand.

This evening, the second after leaving "Camp Starvation," Lieutenant Bushnell came over, and, after discussing a tin-cup of coffee, told me the following incident of Pea Ridge, in which battle he had participated. It was, in fact, a

counterpart, in reality, of Washington Irving's beautiful fiction, of the "Headless Horseman." The battle-field of Pea Ridge was one of the roughest of all the unpromising surfaces over which our brave soldiers have fought during the war; being little less than deep mountain gorges and ravines, made almost impassable by tangled vines, and scrubby underbrush, the whole being covered by a forest so dense that the screaming shells with their concentrated death, concealed in their iron bosoms, could scarcely find their way; and were continually bursting with impotent rage against the giants of the forest, who minded as little about the amputation of their huge limbs, as though no deadly scalpel was searching eagerly for congenial employment.

Artillery could scarcely gain positions from which to sweep those parts of the field occupied by the enemy, and cavalry charges were entirely out of the question, over almost the entire battle-field; but battalions of the latter were stationed at different points, in readiness for any favorable turn in the battle, when their services might be made available.

Drawn up close, in line of battle, Comrade Bushnell's company was impatiently waiting the order to charge. Every horse as immovable as its rider, the roar of artillery, and the crashing of heavy projectiles through the timber, and bursting of shells all about them, failed to break their ranks, even when one of these winged messengers of death found its way to them. More than one horse and rider were stretched lifeless or fearfully mangled on the ground by their side, and yet the order to charge, came not; but death in its most appalling form came to one of the brave men who sat there in his saddle. A cannon-shot cut the head clean from the body, and it dropped upon the ground behind the horse, while the body remained perfectly upright in its saddle (so closely were the horses wedged together in line), until the order to charge, which fortunately came just at this time, when the body tumbled heavily to the ground, thereby relieving its comrades from its awful presence.

This serves to bring to mind Homer's grand verse, in describing the death of Archilochus, slain by Ajax:

> "And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
> The drooping head first tumbled on the plain.
> So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
> Erect, then rolled along the sand in blood."

Comrade Bushnell said that he had seen terrible sights on the battle-field before, but that sitting by the side of that headless corpse, drenching itself and the horse with its own gore, was a far more horrible sight than he had ever seen.

Tuesday, April 22d.—The weather proved clear, and we found better roads, and started at daylight and pressed forward in the opposite direction from that in which somebody, or somebody else, has said that "the Star of Empire takes its way."

Crossed many creeks, and made twenty miles, and went into camp near a church. *We were living high to-day, on one gigantically small hunk of corn pone, and nothing whatever to cook for supper.*

Our camp was named "Camp Hungry Church," but the boys did manage to kill some kind of a carcass of what the people called beef, but Dr. Plummer, being called upon for a physiological opinion, expressed grave doubts about it, and hinted that he could tell better about it *if a nicely cooked slice of it should, in some manner, find its way to his table.*

"Camp Hungry Church," was only about twenty miles from Springfield, Missouri, almost directly south.

Wednesday, April 23d.—Broke camp at 8 a. m., and marched, as usual, toward the rising sun, and camped on Beaver Creek; the morning was cloudy, but it cleared about noon. We got some flour to-day.

Thursday, April 24th.—Made eighteen miles over more spurs of the Ozark Mountains, and went into camp in good season.

Our hunger was no greater, our disgust was no smaller, our endurance was not going to give out, and our patriotism

was of the "Yankee Doodle" kind; therefore, there was nothing of unusual dimensions to record.

Friday, April 25th.—Reached longingly eastward, and took in about fifteen miles, and camped about two or three miles from Vera Cruz, Missouri. As usual, we are camped on a small stream.

Saturday, April 26th.—Comrade Hevenor says:—"Leaving camp at 6 a. m., we made a hard day's march of twenty miles, over rough roads. To-night a commissary train came up with us, *and for the first time in many days, we had plenty of hard bread. It relished better than ever did the daintiest morsel at home.*"

Sunday, April 27th.—Left camp at 6 o'clock in the morning, and during the day, crossed the north, or east, branch of White river, twice. In fact, most of these streams are as crooked as the great hollow log that the farmer used in the foundation of his fence; through which an old sow went, expecting to come out into the garden, but was exceedingly puzzled on her exit, to find herself still on the outside. Not fully understanding why this was thus, she tried it again, but with the same result. Going again to the entrance she looked warily in, then, after a moment's hesitation, turned, gave several grunts of intense disgust, and ran off into the woods.

We made fifteen miles to-day, and camped in a splendid pine grove. Called it "Camp Pleasant." A good many troops passed our camp, some of which we fed, satisfying their hunger out of our abundance. We were

VERY HUNGRY YESTERDAY,

and may be so again, probably by the day after to-morrow.

Monday, April 28th.—Reveille at 3 a. m., and broke camp at 5 o'clock, and twenty miles passed behind us before we made camp within a mile of West Plains, Missouri, a small village from which Colonel Wood had driven the rebels, eight days before we left Rolla. This was the place where one of Colonel Wood's howitzers had sent a shell entirely through

the two walls, and three partitions of the Court House, after which the shell exploded. *Colonel Wood was kind enough to leave the hole*, and the rebs were so much in awe of it, that it had remained; and our boys now made pilgrimages to it, as to a shrine.

Tuesday, April 29th.—Passed through West Plains, and took a southerly direction, which seemed to indicate that we were about to come into active sympathy with the "Arkansaw Traveller." Four o'clock, and fifteen miles, brought us to our camp at Spring Creek.

Wednesday, April 30th.—We were early on the road, and Comrade Hevenor says: "At 9 o'clock, we pass the Arkansas line, and, with the band playing "Yankee Doodle," we give three rousing cheers, shake the dust (mud) off our shoes, and bid adieu (as we hope, forever,) to Missouri.

The fact was, we were in no mood to accept the advice of William Shakespeare, that we

> "Better bear the ills we have, than fly to those we know not of."

Fifteen miles brought us to Salem, Arkansas, where we camped in a full-blooded secession State.

The day we remained at Salem, there came to our camp an old man who lived but two or three miles off. While talking with the Colonel, he asked if we had an American Flag? The Colonel wished to know why he asked? He replied: "*Colonel, I have lived seventy years, but have never seen the American Flag.*" We happened to have no flag flying at the time, but the Colonel immediately ordered the regimental flag raised; and soon, a beautiful specimen was floating on the breeze, which had not yet been defaced by the rough usage which it afterward experienced at Chickasaw Bayou, rebel capture, and its imprisonment at Libby Prison. The old man's admiring gaze was fixed on it for a long time, while he walked around it and viewed it from every point of view, *except that of loyalty*, and, on being asked how he liked it,

replied: "Colonel, its a mighty peart fixin'; sure's you're born."

After the old man had gone; the Colonel was heard to growlingly soliloquize: "*I have my opinion of any grown American citizen, who has never seen the American Flag.*"

While staying here at Salem, Arkansas, for rest, and to muster for pay, we will pay a little attention to General Steele, who had on March 1st, been ordered to Pilot Knob, and from there, on an armed expedition, with a force of ten thousand men through Arkansas, between St. Francis, and Cache rivers, there being a favorable route here, called Crowley's ridge. His destination was Helena, Arkansas, which he was to occupy and fortify, so as to cut off steamboat communication with Memphis by the rebels from below.

General Steele found it impossible to move his army to Helena by land on account of the country being flooded above Helena; and so, came across the country to us at Batesville, and practically had been a double left-wing to our army.

This particular work which General Steele's expedition was set to do, the cutting off rebel steamboat communication with Memphis from below, was, fortunately, more thoroughly and promptly accomplished by other means, which could not have been calculated for beforehand; and which a short recapitulation will make clear, and explain why he was able to join us at Batesville, Arkansas, and go with us from there to Helena.

Sixteen days before the Thirteenth left Rolla for the front, General Curtis drove the Confederate army out of Missouri into Arkansas. Eight days after that, Columbus, Kentucky, was evacuated by the Confederates.

On the day after the Thirteenth finally left Rolla, General Curtis was victorious at the great battle of Pea Ridge.

March 13th.—Having reached Springfield the evening before, the regiment rested in camp all day; and on that day the Confederates evacuated New Madrid, Missouri, in haste, leaving a million dollars' worth of military stores.

Tuesday, April 8.—The day we lay at Platt Creek, after

having left Cassville, Island Number Ten, was captured from the rebels.

Tuesday, April 28th.—The day we left what we called Camp Pleasant, and camped near West Plains, Missouri, Forts Jackson and St. Philip, below New Orleans, surrendered to the Union forces.

May 12th.—While in camp at Batesville, Arkansas, Natches, on the Mississippi River, surrendered to Farragut.

Thus we see that, so far as cleaning out the Mississippi river was concerned, General Steele's "occupation was gone"; and whether he sighed because there were no more Secesh towns to conquer, we don't know; but we do know that we felt all the stronger for this reinforcement of ten thousand men.

Friday, May 2d.—Did not march until 1 p. m. as the order of march required a considerable part of the army to take the advance of us, and regiments, batteries and cavalry battalions had been moving past our camp ever since daylight. The mere matter of their being in advance of us, we cared nothing about; but after the wheels of many artillery carriages, and numberless army wagons had cut the roads up badly, it left us a soft thing, to be sure; but under such conditions, there is very little romance left in the roads. And then, again, beeves, hogs, chickens, and bonny clabber, get badly worn out before the rear-guard gets a sight of them.

DOG SALEM.

The "dogs of war" are not all guns; and many a canine becomes as much attached to army life, as do the soldiers themselves, and they learn not to fear the thunder of artillery and carnage of battle, and seem as much inspirited by loud-throated war, as any soldier can be. A little dog came back along with the army from Wilson's Creek, where he was said to have chased spent cannon-shot, and used his paws to try to stop them; and would snap at them savagely.

Captain Henry T. Noble, of Company A, Thirteenth Illi-

nois, took into the army with him a fine Newfoundland dog, named Nep, who seemed to be in his glory, while we were on the march, and delighted to skirmish through the woods by the road-side, and scatter the masked batteries of Secesh pigs; but sometimes had to fall back on his reserves for a stronger support. He was always a general favorite. The Captain took, or sent, him home so as not to lose him.

"Dog Salem," however, was the real "dog of the regiment"; and he deserved a far abler historian's pen than falls to the lot of the average regiment. This is to be regretted, but in this case, seems to be unavoidable.

After a most tedious march of many days, the Thirteenth turned short to the south and camped for one day, May 1st, 1862, in the town of Salem, Arkansas. On the morning of May 2d we were ready, but did not march until 1 o'clock, p. m., and when we did go, the "irrepressible little Irishman," Peter Dougdale, of Company H (as company historian Sibley, calls him), took away from the town, concealed in his blouse, a small pup. His nativity suggesting his name; hence—Dog "Salem."

Whether Peter Dougdale's love for pets, caused him to tote away this small canine, or whether is was a passing freak of fancy, we do not know; but, certain it is, that the other boys all sympathized with Peter, and volunteered to assist in the care of the juvenile "Dog Salem," through the "dog-days" that were coming on, and they declared that

"EVERY DOG MUST HAVE HIS DAY."

After a day or two, the pup was assigned quarters in the feed-box of the wagons; and from that time onward, he may be said to have an assured position as the "dog of the regiment." His cunning tricks as a pup, endeared him to his friends, and his development towards dogship was watched with great interest and he soon began to develop unusual sagacity; and it was claimed of him that, after we got to Helena, and large numbers of negroes were employed as cooks, waiters, serv-

ants, and ostlers, etc., that "Salem" knew unerringly, every negro who belonged to our camp; and that it was only necessary to say—"Salem, there is a strange nigger in camp; hunt him out." Thereupon, he would set out and search until he found him, and then drive him out of camp.

When in a fight, the zip of bullets excited him so that he would savagely snap at them as they whizzed near him, striking the trees or ground.

Having been born in a slave State, is hardly a sufficient cause for his seeming antipathy to the negro race. There was a tradition in "Salem's" family, from away back, that there was an ancestral "Bloodhound" in his pedigree; if so, then it might be that some of that ancestor's traits had cropped out in "Salem." His careful training in Union camps, however, gave him a loyalty that could not be shaken.

The historian has not been able to ascertain with certainty the fate of "Dog Salem"; but it is probable that in some of the many steamboat expeditions of the regiment, "Dog Salem" failed to get on board the boat with the regiment, and was lost to us; and a grievous loss it was.

It only remains for the historian's pen to draw a portrait of "Dog Salem's" personal appearance. He grew to be a dog of middle-size, made for quick action and great endurance. Had a keen eye, which beamed kindly on his friends, but flashed fire in scintillations, and sparks, on those who provoked him. His tail, which was not long nor aggressive, was a strong reserve force which always ably seconded the advance part of the animal, which never lagged, but kindly wagged, both for his friends, and the Union cause. He was shaggy about the head and shoulders. But his color—"aye, there's the rub"—he was not a "yaller dog," neither was he a "red dog"; one need not be offended if he was called a reddish-brown, but he certainly did not have a terra-cotta color. In fact, one would not be far out of the way to say that his color was something like the worst painted house in town.

However, if the Pythagorean doctrine of metempsychosis, is true, and the transmigration of souls takes place, and the

spirit of an animal may animate the body of a man, as well as the opposite, then there are plenty of men who would be vastly the gainers could they swap souls with "Dog Salem."

The weather was now warm, but we made an afternoon's march of twelve miles over a much improved country, and camped on Strawberry Creek at 5 p. m.; but, let alone the berries, we could not find even the straw, for beds.

Saturday, May 3d.—The reveille roused us at 3 o'clock and breakfast did not hinder us from starting at 4; and twenty-two miles of rain and mud brought us to our camp on Buttermilk Creek, at 1 p. m.

Neither the strawberries of yesterday, nor the buttermilk of to-day materialized; but still further improvement is noticeable in the country through which the last two or three days have taken us, and if the above named luxuries, or any other, exist in this country, our boys will be sure to have their part.

Sunday, May 4th.—The inexorable reveille pulled us out of bed (picked us from off the ground) at 1 o'clock, and through an incessant rain, which drenched us thoroughly, diversified by wading through twenty-one miles of mud, two miles of which were on a wrong road, and had to be countermarched, we reached Batesville, Arkansas, at 2 p. m., pretty well fagged out, and, as usual, hungry.

Monday, May 5th.—The first move was to select a better camping ground, for it seemed likely that we might remain here for several days, which proved to be the case. A suitable place was found just east of the town, with plenty of wood and water, and here the boys cleared up a fine camping-ground, and put everything in the best condition for comfort and attractive appearance. As Comrade Chapel wields a graceful, and versatile quill, I shall borrow his impressions of Batesville:

"The town is situated on White river, and is the most beautiful town I have seen in the West. Its streets and residences are beautifully laid out and ornamented. I was much surprised to find so pretty a town. The river is naviga-

ble from here to Memphis, from which we are one hundred miles. The people here are all Secesh, and they own it, and defend it too.

"When our cavalry came in here, there were three thousand rebels camped on the other side of the river; but a few shells from our howitzers made them think they had better be off; and as all the boats were on their side of the river, our men could not get over till they were out of harm's way."

The conditions for an early resumption of our march towards the Mississippi can be ascertained from General Curtis himself who says:

HEADQUARTERS, BATESVILLE, ARKANSAS,
May 6th, 1862.

Inspector-General KETCHUM.

GENERAL: A scout sent forward to determine the possibility of moving east, could only go forty miles east of Jacksonport; beyond it was an endless lake of water.

The General directs me to press forward to the Mississippi, and it seems the river is coming this way. The whole country about the mouth of the Arkansas and White rivers is overflowed. Napoleon is flooded. *I am preparing means to cross the White river*, so as to drive some Texas troops away, and take Little Rock.

I am, General, with very great respect,
S. R. CURTIS, Major-General,
Com'd'g Army of the Southwest.

CHAPTER XV.

PEA RIDGE HAVING ELUDED, AND NEW MADRID DODGED US, WE CROSSED THE OZARKS WITH NO REBEL ARMY ON OUR FLANK OR REAR.

WHEN Van Dorn retreated from Pea Ridge, he was ordered to take his army to Des Arc, Arkansas, a town on the White river, some miles below Jacksonport, from which they were under orders for Memphis, by boats which were to take them from Des Arc, and the day on which Comrade Chapel records going out with a foraging-party from Keitsville, under Lieutenant Buck, and when rumors were thick, that Price was advancing on us, Price was a General without an army. And on April 5th, the day we began our Arkansas campaign, turning east from Cassville, Van Dorn returned to his army at Des Arc, until which time, it was not generally known that Missouri and Arkansas were practically abandoned to the victorious Union army. And the day we built the bridge over Platt Creek, Tuesday, April 8th, Little's Missouri brigade embarked for Memphis, and the entire rebel army, of twenty thousand men, quickly followed. The rebel army of Van Dorn was too late for Shiloh, and as a military organization, very few of those rebel soldiers ever returned to their trans-Mississippi homes; and, practically, from April 8th, to 31st of May, General Curtis had no organized army to fear, in any direction. On that last-named date, and while we were camped near Searcy, Hindman established

his headquarters at Little Rock, and the "Conquest of Arkansas," by Snead, says:

"Van Dorn, on leaving Arkansas, had assigned Brigadier-General Roane to the command of that State. There were no troops there except a few companies of State militia, and these were badly organized and poorly armed; and Roane, though he had been governor of the State and was a brave and estimable gentleman, amiable and popular, was wholly unfit for a military command. Besides these militia companies there were some five or six thousand Indian and mixed (Indian and white) troops in the Indian Territory under Brigadier-General Albert Pike, but they could hardly be accounted a force, as they were of no value except on furlough, and had even then to be fed and clothed, and supplied with all sorts of things, and treated with great consideration and gentleness.

"Arkansas was thus utterly undefended, and her people, feeling that they had been abandoned by the Confederate government, were fast becoming despondent and apathetic. Those living to the north of the Arkansas among the mountains which rise west of the White and Black rivers were fast submitting to the authority of the Union, and many of them were enlisting in the Union army. The slaveholders that lived in the valley of the Arkansas and on the rich alluvial lands south of the river and along the Mississippi, were in despair. The governor and State officers were making ready to abandon the capital, and that part of the population which still remained loyal to the Confederacy was panic-stricken. In these straits a delegation was sent to Beauregard, to whose department the trans-Mississippi region belonged, to beg him to appoint Major-General Hindman to the command, from which Van Dorn had been taken; and to authorize him to raise an army for the defense of the State.

"Hindman was consequently assigned, on the 26th of May, to the command of the trans-Mississippi district, comprising the States of Missouri and Arkansas and that part of Louisiana north of the Red river and the Indian Territory.

He had commanded a brigade at Shiloh, was wounded there, and had been promoted for good conduct.

"Leaving Corinth at once Hindman went to Memphis, which the Confederates were preparing to evacuate as soon as Corinth should be abandoned. There he collected a few supplies for his army, and "impressed" a million dollars that was in the banks. Thus equipped he hastened to Little Rock, where he assumed command of his district and established headquarters on the 31st of May, 1862.

"With great energy and with administrative ability of the highest order, he went to work to create an army and provide supplies for it. He declared martial law, and scattered his provost-marshals all over the State; enforced the conscript law remorselessly; collected thousands of stragglers that were skulking in all directions; arrested deserters and shot scores of them; sent recruiting officers into northern Arkansas and Missouri; stopped five Texas regiments that were on their way to Beauregard; established workshops for making powder, shot, arms, clothing, and other supplies for his forces; and worked in every way so intelligently and earnestly that early in July he had an army of about twenty thousand armed men and forty-six pieces of artillery.

"Not only had Little Rock and the valley of the Arkansas been saved to the Confederacy, but Curtis' position at Batesville was fast becoming untenable. In front he was threatened by Hindman, who was growing stronger and bolder every day, while behind him the Missourians were organizing in all directions to break his long line of communication with St. Louis. The failure of a gun-boat expedition to relieve him from this precarious situation determined him to retreat across the swamps to Helena. Hindman resolved to attack him. Sending a considerable force under Brigadier-General Albert Rust to get between the retreating army and Helena, and to hold the crossing of the almost impassable Cache, he himself set off in pursuit. But Rust, though a very successful politician, was one of the most incompetent of all 'political generals,' and was easily brushed out of the way by Curtis, who,

conquering the greater obstacles which nature opposed to his march, got safely to Helena on the 13th of July."

It will easily be remembered that, in our regiment, the question used frequently to be raised, whether the real destination of our army, was Little Rock? In a former order General Curtis says that he is preparing to "take Little Rock," and his authority is distinctly shown in the following order:

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
May 12th, 1862.

Major-General S. R. CURTIS.

GENERAL: On reaching Little Rock, you will assume the direction of affairs in Arkansas, as military Governor.

All civil authorities who are untrustworthy, or who may not take the oath of allegiance, will be removed from office and others appointed in their place.

I am, General, respectfully yours,
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Com'd'g Dep't.

Special Orders } BATESVILLE, ARKANSAS,
No. 172. } May 13th, 1862.

* * * * The divisions of the Army of the Southwest having been reorganized, as set forth in General Orders No. 19, paragraph III, the commanding officers of the following named regiments, detachments, and batteries will report by letter without delay * * * * to Brigadier-General E. A. Carr, commanding Second Division: Ninth Iowa Infantry, Fourth Iowa Infantry, *Thirteenth Illinois Infantry*, Fourth Iowa Cavalry, Third Illinois Cavalry, First Missouri Cavalry, Elbert's Flying Battery, First Iowa Battery, Dubuque (Iowa) Battery. * * * *

S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General Com'd'g.

In addition to the information furnished by the above order, and of particular interest to our regiment, Comrade Josselyn's diary says: "The army was here (Batesville) reorganized, *and the Thirteenth was made First regiment, First Brigade of Second Division, Army of the Southwest, under command of Brigadier-General Eugene A. Carr.*"

In an order recorded a few pages back, it will be remem-

bered that General Curtis said: "*I am preparing means to cross White river*, so as to drive some Texas troops away and take Little Rock."

This undoubtedly has reference to the four flat-boats, afterwards taken to Jacksonport by Company I of our regiment, a detailed account of which will be found in the history of Company I.

While camped in the vicinity of Batesville, we were rescued from the utter monotony of camp life—which is the bane of soldier life—by foraging expeditions, military raids, and thickly flying rumors of approaching enemies; and this called frequently for the "long roll," which always had the effect of causing us *to tumble out*, and hastily *fall in*.

Marching orders moved us for Little Rock, on May 18th, and over very muddy roads, and through frequent drenching rains, the main army reached as far as Searcy, on the Little Red river, and its advanced posts within thirty-five miles of the capital, when rebel reverses at Corinth, Mississippi, and resultant evacuation of Memphis by the rebels, opened the Mississippi to Vicksburg, and the consequent opening of the White river, determined General Curtis to avail himself of this opportunity of securing a sure base of supplies for so large an army; and while the means for opening this new line, via the White river, were being prepared, we remained as a sort of army of occupation, with headquarters at Batesville.

It has before been said that in our supposed Little Rock march from Batesville, we had reached as far as Searcy, which lay about midway between the two places, a considerable town on the south bank of the Little Red river. An almost exactly north and south line, drawn from Batesville, besides cutting the White, Little Red, and Arkansas rivers, would also have touched Batesville, Searcy and Little Rock.

On *May 19th*, the second day from Batesville, detachments of the Third and Seventeenth Missouri, and Fourth Missouri Cavalry, Battery B First Missouri Light Artillery, had a fight with the rebels, at Searcy Landing, in which we lost eighteen

killed and twenty-seven wounded. The rebel loss was one hundred and fifty killed, wounded and missing. Many of the dead of the Seventh Missouri were barbarously mutilated; and a Union surgeon was afterwards found hanged to a tree, his tongue cut out,

AND HIS BOWELS RIPPED OPEN.

From the above, and similar experiences already passed through, it would seem that we had "supped full enough of horrors" to satiate even the fastidious would-be "thane of Cawdor"; but two weeks from now, on the White river, near St. Charles, we shall see the United States ironclad "Mound City" exploded by a thirty-two-pound shot which had penetrated its port casemate, and passing directly through its steam-drum, fore and aft, killing in the casemate, eighty-two men outright while many who were suffering indescribable torture from the scalding steam, leaped into the river, *and were deliberately fired on by rebel sharp shooters on the bank.*

Two weeks still further on, General Hindman will order General Albert Rust, *to pollute and poison the springs and streams*, by throwing into them the rotting carcasses of dead animals, prepared for that purpose, along the supposed route of our army, and which water *our soldiers would be compelled to drink.*

It is not claimed that these cases cited, are samples of an average, but as samples of cases which were altogether too possible and frequent; and which would have been impossible, *except among a people fighting for the perpetuation of human slavery.*

That our soldiers could be restrained from wreaking swift and summary vengeance, is matter of astonishment.

Considering the above mentioned rebel atrosities, if our soldiers did not retaliate in kind, it would be asking too much of weak human (soldier) nature to expect them to neglect any chance for pillage, or, for the same reason, that many of the officers would be extra vigilant to prevent it; but instead of

being influenced by feelings of revenge, almost invariably, the spirit of mischievous fun seemed to be the dominant feeling.

There is no form of thieving, mischievous outrage, or vandalism, but what was committed by soldiers in the army, and whether singly or in combination, frequently exhibited a wonderful ingenuity in the conception, secrecy and celerity in the working up and skill (or audacity, which is frequently the full equal of skill) in the masterly manner in which such projects were brought to a successful issue.

On the first day's march from Searcy, Arkansas, back to Batesville, during one of those wonderful moods when every man keeps silent, and lets his neighbor think, the profound silence was rudely broken in upon by a cumulative shout that made the welkin ring. The colonel and staff turned their horse's heads to see what was up. And, behold! about twenty men, holding their guns at a right shoulder, with their right hands in their left, each one carried an open umbrella, or parasol, as jauntily, and stepped as mincingly, as to gait, as any fashionable lady on Broadway. Immediately in their rear, came about twenty more soldiers in full Masonic regalia, marching with as much decorum as if in some civic procession. Colonel Wyman could possibly have stood the parasols and umbrellas, but the Masonic regalia was a little too much, as he was a Mason himself, and would look upon such an outrage as bordering on sacrilege; *and his vocabulary for special occasions* was immediately called into requisition, and made to perform all it was capable of, as he saw at once that, besides robbing a dry-goods store, the scamps had plundered a Masonic lodge. Every article of regalia was scrupulously returned, but the parasols and umbrellas were thrown into the brush by the roadside.

No one wondered for a moment how the things could be procured, but the wonder was as to how the men could so successfully conceal them about their clothes as to escape the eyes of the officers when the order to "fall in" came, in

the morning. The conclusion was irresistible that several of the officers connived at it.

THE CACHE ON LITTLE RED RIVER.

When Curtis' army mobilized itself, after the battle of Pea Ridge, the head of the columns pointed south; and that remarkable campaign was commenced, which was only equaled by "Sherman's march to the sea," which, in fact, it strongly resembled in many respects. A detailed comparison will not be instituted here, as this is merely a reminiscence of Company Q; but as the campaign unfolds itself in the regular course of the regimental history, the remarkable similarity to General Sherman's immortal achievement will be conspicuously seen.

It is almost needless to premise that many of the remarkably mischievous pranks of Company Q never could have been carried to a successful issue without the willing connivance of some commissioned or non-commissioned officer, and the price of such connivance, of course, ought to be and was, a generous slice of the plunder.

The country through which our army marched was either dry and thirsty or water-soaked and muddy, and these alternations of extremes were equally exhausting in exposure and trying to the constitutions of the men, even though they were as hardy as were those of the Thirteenth regiment.

In the vicinity of the Little Red river, our regiment remained for several days in camp; and foraging parties were sent out every day. Company H being out foraging one day, in some woods, smelt out and unearthed a cache containing a most remarkable find, which was nothing less than five or six casks of assorted beverages, of apple-jack, peach brandy and whisky.

This was turned over to Quartermaster Henderson, whose storage-tent was right alongside of the tent of Colonel Gorgas.

It had been quite rainy, and disagreeable weather, and a deputation of the men waited on Colonel Gorgas and asked

that rations of the liquor be served to the guards and other details. Colonel Gorgas declined to do so. The men then demanded as a right what they at first had asked as a favor; but what the colonel had before declined, he now flatly refused. No threatenings were indulged in, but, though somewhat sullenly, the men retired in an orderly manner to their quarters.

If Colonel Gorgas had been a prophet, or the son of a prophet, the previous rainy weather might have presaged a storm, but instead he looked for fair weather.

The quartermaster's store-tent, with this liquor, or as much of it as had not evaporated into or through the condensers in the officer's quarters, had been guarded for three days, before it came the turn of Company I to relieve the previous guard.

Certain friends of good order and military discipline, in Company I had concluded that the precious nectar was too dangerously near the quarters of the Staff officers to be safe, and so when Company I sent its detail for this service, Sergeant Frank Thoma was Sergeant of the guard.

The camp-guard as well as the special guard, at the quartermaster's tent, would be relieved at an hour after midnight; but it would be inconvenient in the accomplishment of any great enterprise, to have a general guard and a special guard relieved at the same time; and as this particular special guard was to be doubly special for that night, its time for relief was fixed for a quarter to 1 o'clock a. m. It had not cleared off in any sense as the colonel had trusted, but nature had dropped down a murky curtain about the camp, while an uncomfortable drizzle served to make the general guard much less vigilant and observing.

At a quarter to 1 a. m., Sergeant Thoma withdrew Henry Reinhardt and William Schonberg from guard at the quartermaster's tent, and placed there, Orson Hamlin and Edward D. Minton, while Theoderick Pool was conveniently near, as his services, it was expected, would be in demand. Before it was the regular time for relieving guard, all the remaining

liquor had been removed so secretly and quietly, that Sergeant Thoma's second relief did not know it.

Sergeant Thoma had in his tent four boxes of shoes, and a box of clothing, of which he had charge; two of these shoe boxes he emptied entirely, and the clothing box, and packed the contents away somewhere else; he put three or four full canteens in each box and covered with a part of their former contents. He piled up the four shoe boxes in one pile, those with the filled canteens at the bottom, the full boxes of shoes on top. The box of clothing was disposed of so as to attract as little attention as possible, and besides these canteens, which he had concealed, five camp-kettles of the liquor were distributed and concealed elsewhere, principally among the wagons.

As was expected, there was a tremendous row in camp next morning when the quartermaster's sergeant opened up.

Sergeant Thoma was hauled over the coals, as being delinquent in his guard duty; and protested that his guards had faithfully done their duty.

He called up his first relief, Henry Reinhardt and William Schonberg, and they convinced Colonel Gorgas that the quartermaster's tent had not been disturbed up to the time that they had been relieved. (That they had been relieved earlier than usual, they did not know, and the darkness had been so great, that faces could not be seen.) Of course Hamlin and Minton were not called up, as the detail list did not include them.

The second relief swore stoutly that nothing went wrong while they were on duty. The Colonel was in a towering rage, and said he would search each tent.

Sergeant Thoma was trembling in his boots (army shoes) when the Colonel and Staff appeared at his tent to search it. Frank stormed about and swore that they might search and be d—urned; and led the way inside his tent, followed by the military inquisition. Wrenching off the cover of the top box, he gave it a vicious throw at random, and it sailed dangerously near the colonel's head, who dodged the missile, saying

deprecatingly, "My conscience, Frank! don't break my head." By this time the army shoes began to fly in every direction without regard as to where a target might be located as though they had been discharged from a magazine-gun.

A pair of 7's struck Major Partridge in the abdomen, and doubled him up like a jack-knife, and caused that officer to gracefully back out of the tent with great apparent politeness; and as they began to stand not "on the order of their going, but to go at once," a pair of large 10's struck Quartermaster Henderson in the back between the shoulders, just as he was making a somewhat unceremonious exit, which drew from him a baritone grunt, that was a tribute both to the quality of the army shoes, and of Sergeant Thoma's indignant earnestness.

When Sergeant Thoma had vigorously emptied the second box, he looked out of his tent in search of the searchers; he saw the company street half full of assorted sizes of army shoes, but no commissioned officer in sight. The Colonel never found the liquor.

Something of the nature of our service at this time, may be learned from the following communication from our Division Commander, General E. A. Carr, to General Curtis.

CAMP NEAR SEARCY LANDING, ARKANSAS,

May 28th, 1862.

Major-General S. R. CURTIS.

GENERAL: Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis' (of the First Missouri) skirmish yesterday resulted in killing four of the enemy and wounding many others, as shown by blood on the ground. He lost one sergeant, mortally wounded, and one private, slightly. He remained out all night on the other side, thirteen miles above. I was very anxious about him, *and sent Wyman's brigade at daylight to succor him.* He made a detour to the southwest on account of the bad crossing of Indian Creek, which wagons and all had plunged through in their ardor, *and came into Searcy while Wyman was looking for him.* * * * *

Thus it will be seen that while no rebel army confronted us from any direction, at that time, there were yet left enough

guerrillas, to cause much annoyance, and continuous vigilance; and the more so, as from about this time, our base of supplies was cut off from the direction of Rolla, and now we must subsist off the country, or, cut our way through to a new base, both of which we were successful in doing.

THE DRAMA IN THE ARMY.

> . . . . O, it offends me to the soul, to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters.
>
> —*Hamlet.*

> . . . . But I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.
>
> —*Bottom.*

Among our armies, in addition to military musicians, there had to be of necessity, now and then one who had more or less (generally less) dramatic talent; and of course, where there was a dearth of fighting, or of fun, all of this surplus talent was brought into requisition.

Frank Clark, a soldier of General Steele's body-guard, (Kane county, Illinois Cavalry) which had just now joined us at Batesville, was one of these dramatic artists, from whom our friend "*Bottom*," *at the top* of this, could have learned some points to his advantage.

In person, he was tall, lanky, and loose-jointed. His two eyes could never agree, except to disagree; and generally looked in opposite directions. His hair, which was really his strong feature, generally stood up, whether in deference to the company, as a part of good manners, or other motive, was, I believe, never ascertained; but certain it is that his hair had imbibed most radical "State's rights" doctrines; for every particular hair, not only stood on end, but each hair in the confederacy reserved to itself the right to carry out its own ends; and when all of these sovereign hairs massed their different expressions, this feature became not only formidably, but comically expressive.

He could easily transpose tragedy into extremely low comedy, and he could mix the two in just the right proportions to make the whole an extremely ridiculous farce.

He delighted in travestying Shakespeare, and every other poet and writer.

Some samples must be given in order to show his talents; but no word-painting, however graphic, could reproduce his personality. Commencing where Othello says:

> "I had rather be a toad and live upon the vapors of a dungeon, than keep a corner in the thing I love, for others' uses."

He would render thusly:

> "I would rather be a tadpole and feed on the vitals of an Injun, than have one drop of water in the rum I love."

And then Macbeth to Banquo:

> "Banquo, thy soul's flight, if it find heaven, ... must find it out to-night."

Adding:

> "But if you miss the way, then, well,
> Go thou and fill another room in hell."

Another:

> "Imperial Cæsar; dead, and turned to clay,
> Might stop a crack to keep the winds away."

Then, this argument:

> "Now, if Imperial Cæsar would deliberately join a Plasterers' Union, using his *mort*uary remains for *mortar*, why may not the imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he finds it stopping a bun '

Then, too, Frank Clark was a singer. That is, he knew something of tunes in a general way, and in a chorus could do extremely well; or at any rate, he had a way of opening his mouth, causing his hair to vibrate or oscillate in some queer way which, together with abundance of facial contortion, gave the impression that he was *singing*, and I believe most people thought he *was* singing.

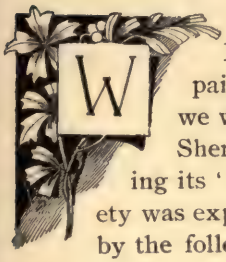
This really great artist was welcome everywhere throughout all the camps where he visited. His whole appearance, even in his soberer moments, was provocative of merriment, and his friends and auditors would commence to laugh before he had said a word. His presence had a far better sanitary effect than the entire medicine chest of the surgeon; and his ability in the comic line was of vastly greater value to the country than he could have been while stopping bullets.

Frank Clark held a captain's commission when mustered out of the service.

May loving hearts prompt willing hands to strew fresh and fragrant flowers as each succeeding Decoration Day comes round, on the mound covering the remains of genial Frank Clark.

CHAPTER XVI.

CURTIS' ARMY LOST FOR WEEKS IN THE WILDS OF ARKANSAS.—GREAT ANXIETY OF GRANT TO REACH US.—FIGHT TO GAIN THE RIVER.



E had now reached a crisis in our campaign, in which, for a period of several weeks, we were as completely lost to the world as was Sherman's army, a year and a half later, during its "march to the sea"; and the greatest anxiety was experienced as to our safety, as will be seen by the following:

BATESVILLE, ARKANSAS,
May 30th, 1862.

Brig.-Gen. SCOTT KETCHUM.

GENERAL: My express from Rolla has not arrived for several days. At last news the train was attacked near Rolla. * * * * A report has just come in that Pike, with eight thousand Indians, has crossed White river thirty-five miles above here and designs to take Rolla. The report seems incredible, but should be looked after.

I am, General, with great respect,

S. R. CURTIS,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.

FLAG SHIP, WESTERN FLOTILLA,
June 10th, 1862.

Hon. GIDEON WELLS, Sec. U. S. Navy.

SIR: * * * * I received this morning a telegraphic message from General Halleck, urging me to open communication with General Curtis by way of Jacksonport. I shall, therefore alter the original de-

sign of the expedition so far as to limit it to the waters of White river, so long as its presence may be necessary to give support to Gen. Curtis.

I am, Sir, with very great respect,

C. H. DAVIS,
Flag Officer.

HEADQUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
June 23d, 1862.

General S. R. CURTIS.

GENERAL: Colonel Fitch, with transports and provisions, ascended White river one hundred and seventy miles, but being unable to communicate with you fell back to St. Charles, ninety miles from the mouth. Can you not move down east side of White river and connect with your supplies? Endeavor to communicate with Colonel Fitch at St. Charles, and order supplies up to Duvall's Bluff, or above, as soon as you can change your base to White river and draw your supplies from Memphis. As soon as communication between you and Memphis is opened, I will send you reinforcements if required. I receive no communications from you, and am kept in entire ignorance of your movements and wants. If you have telegraphic communication with St. Louis, there is no reason why I should not hear from you daily.

I am, General, respectfully,

H. W. HALLECK,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g Dept.

HEADQUARTERS, CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI,
June 25th, 1862.

General U. S. GRANT.

GENERAL: If your information from Arkansas is such as to render it safe for the expedition to ascend White river, send all of Colonel Slack's forces to reinforce Colonel Fitch and open communication with General Curtis. If the boats can not get up the river, we must repair the railroad. Have we no gun-boats at White river?

I remain, General, with great respect,

H. W. HALLECK,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g Dept.

On June 25th, 1862, Grant says to Halleck: "I will, with your approval, send such of the boats now loaded with supplies for General Curtis as can ascend the White river, reinforcing Colonel Fitch with two regiments from here. There are two gun-boats at the mouth of White river, but

they can not ascend over sixty miles with the present stage of water. I would recommend, on consultation with Captain Phelps, that two or three light draught steamers be fitted up to keep open the communication with General Curtis. * * * I am informed that a body of rebel troops are now trying to get in north of General Curtis." * * * *

Same date as above, Ketchum writes to Curtis: "Transports ascending White river one hundred and seventy miles and could get no higher. Hearing nothing of you, fell back to St. Charles, ninety miles from the mouth.

"General Halleck directs me to give you this notice, and see if you can not communicate with the boats. They are loaded with commissary stores."

We had now been in the vicinity of Batesville, Arkansas, including the Searcy campaign, from the 4th to the 25th of June, 1862; and were now again under marching orders; and, with the exception of Company I, which was detailed for service with the Flat-boat fleet on White river, the regiment had reveille at two on the morning of the 25th, and breakfast before daylight, and broke camp at four and headed southeast, taking the old stage-road to Jacksonport. We camped that night about fifteen miles from Batesville.

On *Thursday, the 26th*, the same matutinal hours were observed, in regard to reveille, breakfast, and etc., and were again on the road at 4 a. m., but had only nine miles of march before reaching our camp between the White and Black rivers, two miles, or so, above their junction.

On this last day, to Colonel Graham N. Fitch, commanding expedition on White river, General Grant writes:

"I send five steamers loaded with supplies for General Curtis' army. As they necessarily pass through a hostile country, great caution will have to be exercised to prevent these supplies from falling into the hands of the enemy or from being destroyed.

"I have selected you as commander of the expedition, and reinforce you with two additional regiments, as you will perceive from special orders accompanying this.

"It would be impossible to give full special instructions for the management of this expedition. Much must necessarily be left to the discretion of the officer in command. I would suggest, however, that two pieces of artillery be placed on the bow of the boat intended to lead; and that all of them be kept well together; and when you tie up for the night, strong guards be thrown out upon the shore, and that the troops be landed and required to march and clear out all points suspected of concealing a foe.

"It is desirable these supplies should reach General Curtis as early as possible. As soon as the boats can possibly be discharged return them, bringing your entire command to St. Charles, or to where you now are.

"It is not intended you shall reach General Curtis against all obstacles, but it is highly desirable he should be reached."

Friday, June 27th.—The regiment crossed the Black river by the pontoon bridge, and Comrade Hevenor says: "Moved up stream one mile and camped in a cypress swamp, between Black river and Horseshoe lake."

The regiment remained in this camp one week. In the meantime Company I had not left Batesville for seven days after the regiment had gone. It had taken that time to complete and load the boats. Carr's Division, to which we belonged, was the real guard of the army, and Bowen's Cavalry was assigned as the escort of the boats, and was to move down the river on roads parallel to, and as near as possible, so as to be able to render such aid as might be necessary. The boats got away on the 3d of July, were attacked on Friday, the 4th, at a point where the cavalry escort could not reach them on account of a cane-brake through which there was no road, and perfectly impenetrable by any animal larger than a hog. The cavalry distinctly heard heavy musketry firing for the space of half an hour, or so, and charged up and down the outside edge of that cane-brake, and were foiled at every point, and were extremely anxious for the safety of the boat's crew, and eagerly watched at the nearest point where the river could be approached from below.

And when the boats drifted into view, and nearer, they felt somewhat relieved, but had many misgivings as to the losses sustained through such heavy firing; and were very much astonished to find our men victorious, and not a man even scratched, except Captain Wadsworth, and his wound not dangerous.

Disembarking at this point where the cavalry was waiting, Company I camped there for that night, and next morning, July 5th, took on board, one of Colonel Bowen's mountain howitzers, shelling the woods, occasionally, on the right bank of the river, at places which looked as if a foe might choose it for another ambush; but no serious hindrance was met with, and Company I with fresh laurels after this baptism of fire, safely reached Jacksonport that night, where the four boats were eventually scuttled and sunk.

This fight was at a place called "Devil's Bend," and was about twenty-five miles above Jacksonport.

July 6th.—Company I rejoined the regiment, near Augusta.

On *July 3d.*—The day that the Flat-boat fleet left Batesville, General Grant says to General Halleck: "So well satisfied am I from information received (and which I telegraph herewith) that I deem it my duty, in the absence of instructions, to dispatch to Colonel Fitch, to take no risks in reaching General Curtis. It is impossible to reinforce him from here sufficiently to insure the success of the expedition."

On *July 6th, 1862.*—The same day that Company I rejoined the regiment near Augusta, Arkansas, Grant says to Halleck: "A messenger is just here from Colonel Fitch. He reached Clarendon with nine casualties from guerrilla firing (three fatal), when the gun-boat declined proceeding farther. This is below Ball's (Devall's) Bluff, the point of greatest danger. Colonel Fitch has dispatched two messengers to General Curtis, informing him of his position. I will instruct him to remain where he now is (he has dropped back to St. Charles) a reasonable time to hear from General Curtis, and if the latter is not making his way to Fitch, to return here.

"In the meantime, I have two separate messengers on their way to General Curtis. Colonel Fitch says that it will be impossible to reach Jacksonport without cavalry and artillery, and a very considerable increased infantry force from what he now has." * * * *

As a fitting text, or preamble to the record of those few last dreadful days between Augusta and Helena, we draw from Confederate General Thomas Hindman, in his report to his superior, Major-General T. H. Holmes, dated November 3d, 1862, bringing up a considerable period in arrears, he says: "On June 24th, 1862, certain information reached me that Curtis with his entire army was in motion down the east bank of White river, and that he was almost destitute of supplies. * * * * Three regiments of infantry were being raised east of White river, mounted, to admit of their withdrawal on any sudden emergency. They were concentrated at Cotton Plant, fifteen miles east of Des Arc, and added to General Albert Rust's command. His force amounted to about five thousand effectives. His instructions were to resist the enemy to the last extremity, blockading roads, burning bridges, destroying all supplies, growing crops included, *and polluting the water by killing cattle, ripping the carcasses and throwing them in.* In that country at this season, the streams are few and sluggish. No army could march through it so opposed."

(It is fortunate that we have Confederate authority for these diabolical proceedings. And it is no palliation of the fiendish intention, that he afterwards says, that he countermanded the order.)

* * * * "In that interval (two days) Curtis advanced, crossed the Cache river and attacked General Rust, whose command, after an engagement of about thirty minutes, retreated in great disorder across White river. * * * * The Governor and other executive officers fled from the capital, taking the archives of the State with them. * * * *

"These evils were aggravated by an address of the Governor, issued shortly before his flight, deprecating the

withdrawal of troops, *and threatening secession from the Confederacy.*" * * * *

We shall avail ourselves of the graphic pen of Comrade Reuben M. Hevenor, to picture that last seven days' march, from Augusta to Helena, Arkansas. Comrade Hevenor says:

"*Tuesday, July 8th, 1862.*—With an early start, we made eighteen miles. The dust and heat are terrible. Water very scarce and all suffer much.

"*Wednesday, 9th.*—Up again at two, and on the road at 4 o'clock. Slow marching on acccount of teams. Heat as usual, and water very scarce. Made but fifteen miles.

"*Thursday, 10th.*—Three o'clock found us on the road again. Water scarcer than ever, and we were glad to get a cup half-filled with mud. The boys were so overcome with heat that they could hardly travel; and were scattered for miles along the road. Suffering thus, we dragged out twenty miles ere we encamped for the night.

"*Friday, the 11th.*—Broke camp at 6 a. m., and after four miles travel, news came that the enemy was upon us, and we were brought into line of battle on a double-quick. It proved a false alarm, but the day's work was spoiled, and we filed into the woods and encamped.

"*Saturday, the 12th.*—Left camp at 2 a. m. and made one of the longest, hardest marches ever known. The sun was scorching, and the dust blinding. There were few wells on the rout, and we were parched with thirst. *One, and even two dollars, was offered for a canteen of water, but money was no object.* Men would stay for hours at a well, till all the troops had passed, before they could fill their canteens. For thirty-two miles we toiled on, and then found a *small, filthy lake in a cypress swamp*, near which we pitched our tents. We were ready to rest here, and the most of us too tired to eat, threw ourselves on the ground, and only arose at reveille next morning.

"*Sunday, the 13th.*—But little rested from the march of yesterday, we started at 6 a. m., making ten miles during the day.

"*Monday, the 14th.*—We start off briskly and cheerfully, for this day is to be the last of marching for a time. *We mind not sun or dust but stretch out bravely*, and after twenty miles, we then, for the first time in twelve months, see the waters of the old Mississippi. With three rousing cheers, such cheers as the Thirteenth only can give, we close our columns, and with firm and steady step to the music of our band, pass through the streets of Helena, *the strongest and healthiest regiment in the grand Army of the Southwest.*"

Comrade Josselyn, in his diary, says: "The distance marched by the regiment, from our arrival at Rolla, Missouri, to our arrival at Helena, Arkansas, was twelve hundred and eighteen miles."

Here, and now, seems fitting in both place and time, for drawing some comparisons between General Curtis' Arkansas campaign, and that of General Sherman, in his famous "march to the sea," one year and a half later.

Sherman was lost to the world four weeks. Curtis was not heard of for five weeks, and from the efforts of Halleck and Grant to communicate with the latter, his condition will be seen to be considered far more perilous than was that of Sherman during nearly a like period of time. For the greater anxiety in the case of Curtis, there were many reasons.

Sherman marched through a section of country with which he was personally thoroughly well acquainted, not only with its physical geography, but with many of its inhabitants as well; and could feel sure of exemption from modes of warfare not allowable among civilized people.

Curtis marched through a section of the country where the tomahawk, the scalping-knife, and the poisoning of social beverages and food, and of springs and streams, were modes of warfare which many experiences made it necessary for him to constantly guard against.

Sherman started from Atlanta with twelve hundred thousand rations, which was a twenty days' supply for an army of sixty-two thousand men, and through a country where he says: "We found abundance of corn, molasses, meal, bacon,

and sweet potatoes." * * * * "We also took a good many cows and oxen. In all these the country was quite rich, never before having been visited by a hostile army."

To McPherson, he had said: "The recent crop had been excellent, had been just gathered, and laid by for the winter. As a rule, we destroyed none, but kept our wagons full, and fed our teams bountifully. * * * *

"They (the foraging parties) would usually procure a wagon, or a family-carriage, load it with bacon, cornmeal, turkeys, chickens, ducks, and everything that could be used as food or forage. * * * *

"Even cattle, packed with old saddles and loaded with hams, bacon, bags of cornmeal, and poultry of every character and description. * * * *

"Our men were well supplied with all the essentials of life and health. * * * *

"And our animals were well fed. Indeed, when we reached Savannah, the trains were pronounced by experts to be the finest in flesh and appearance ever seen with any army."

To Honorable E. M. Stanton, United States Secretary of War, Sherman says: "The army is in splendid order, and equal to anything. The weather has been fine and supplies are abundant. Our march was most agreeable. And we were not at all molested by guerrillas. We have not lost a wagon on the trip."

Curtis marched through a country of such scarcity, that his army *would have been deeply grateful for the overplus which Sherman left, or permitted the slaves to carry off, and which his sleek teams left in the feed-boxes.*

Sherman says: "The most extraordinary efforts had been made to purge this army of non-combatants and of sick men, for we knew well that there was to be no place of safety save with the army itself. Our wagons were loaded with ammunition, provisions and forage; and we could ill afford to haul even sick men, in the ambulances; so that all on this exhibit (roster to go) may be assumed to have been able-bodied,

experienced soldiers, well-armed, well-equipped, and provided, as far as human foresight could, with all the essentials of life, strength, and vigorous action."

Alas! for Curtis' poor, sick, wounded, and crippled veterans, they could not be turned over to General Thoma, and safely protected and comfortably transported by his magnificent and invincible army, which was about to move back towards home. *There was no back towards home for our men, there was only a back towards destruction;* the only alternative to which was, forward with the army in wagons sunk to the hub in swamp-muck or quicksand, with ambushes from guerrillas concealed in the tangled woods skirting the roads, *with no water, or poisoned water to drink, or some other method of assassination awaiting every straggler.*

Through Sherman's entire march he never once encountered a bad road; for he says: "We have not lost a wagon on the trip."

When our regiment arrived at Helena on Monday, the 14th of July, 1862, we had camped temporarily above the town about two miles; but the place proved to be so muddy in wet weather, that we were glad to be ordered to move, which we did on the 20th, to an ideal camp-ground on the side of a fine hill where the soil was so sandy that it thirstily drank up the rain as fast as it fell, leaving no mud to remind us of the mud we had waded through in the twelve hundred or more miles now between us and Rolla; *and we called that mud-splashing marching.* We were much nearer the town. Then again, the outlook from our new camp was inspiring to all who love a beautiful landscape,—one sweep of an appreciative eye took in woods-covered hills, fertile valleys, and a noble river; then our hill was crowned, and ornamented partly down the sides, by beautiful and most majestic beech trees, which nowhere reached a grander perfection of growth than over our camp on that delightful hillside. Then, too, we knew that those busy steamers plying up and down the river so constantly, were bearing off, with full cabins and crowded decks, our sick and wounded, who were thereby

snatched from the grave and borne back to homes of loved ones, and to health, *which soon sent them again to the front with unabated patriotism and a new lease of life.*

When those steamers brought back those soldiers to rejoin us, their holds were filled with, not only munitions of war, but with provisions for the army. We had known what it was to be hungry, without knowing whence was coming the food to feed that hunger. Comrade Hevenor, had written in his diary, at "Camp Starvation" on April 22d last,—"*To-day we had but a small piece of corn bread to the man, and nothing to cook for supper.*" But as we looked from our hill-side camp at those boats on the river, we knew that abundant stores of provisions were in their holds, and even piled on their decks. This made us feel as if we had never been hungry, and never should be.

And those "ironclads," we had never before had them to lend us courage; but now, their tremendous enginery of war gave us a most delicious sense of security.

Notwithstanding the well known fact that millions of government rations were now in the commissary department, the boys were just as eager to hunt out any concealed stores as though we were still at "Camp Starvation"; and, in one sense, it was their duty to prevent such stores from being used by the rebels. As a case in point, Comrade Chapel records that—"Last night (July 21st) some of the boys found where an old rebel had stored fifty thousand pounds of sugar, one thousand dollars' worth of champagne, and a lot of lard; and they went there and took all the liquor and lard, and as much of the sugar as they wanted. We took one hundred and fifty pounds of the sugar for our mess. So we shall not be out of sugar for awhile."

The fact is, the boys had much rather have that old reb's sugar, even though it was no higher than sixteen grade, Dutch standard, than twice the amount of crushed government sugar.

The reader has not followed this history for fourteen months of time, and fifteen hundred miles of distance, without having learned or recalled the daily details and routine of

camp life; and to tell again of our life at Helena, which in no essential differs from that at Rolla, would be a needless reiteration of a twice-told tale; and only new incidents and experiences, which seem to call for special mention, will be allowed to clog the onward march of events.

It will be recalled that, a little while back, there are recorded some extracts from a report of the rebel general, Thomas C. Hindman, to his superior, in which he tells how he ordered his subordinate, General Albert Rust, *to poison the water which the Yankees would be obliged to drink.* The law of compensations may not fully even up things in some cases, but may come pretty near an average in the long run. General Hindman had a fine mansion in Helena, and it was soon occupied by General Steele, for his headquarters; and two, at least, of the Thirteenth boys, David Hitchcock and Asa B. Munn, were installed as clerks, and nights, took a grim satisfaction in unrolling their mattresses on the parlor floor, and metaphorically, fairly "reveling in the halls of the rebel Montezumas."

About the middle of August the regiment drew full new uniforms.

On *August 15th*, our State colors came to us from Illinois, and were displayed for the first time on August 18th, at brigade review, General Carr being the reviewing officer; General Curtis was also present.

August 28th.—Companies E and G went foraging up the St. Francis river, returning on the 30th, with plenty of cotton and corn.

September 1st.—Comrade Chapel records *drawing tea and sauerkraut* for the first time.

September 10th.—Companies A and F and two companies from the Fourth Iowa, with cavalry and artillery, started on an expedition up the St. Francis river, gone four days, but bringing back no results of importance.

On *August 22d* the "Tyler" came down bringing heavy guns for the fort now being built here by negro labor.

August 26th.—Some of our boats returned from a trip to the mouth of the Yazoo river, when they met, coming out, the rebel steamer, "Fair Play," which was bound for Little Rock, by way of the Arkansas river, with arms and ammunition for Hindman's army. There were on board five thousand new rifles and a battery of field artillery. It may put us out some, but we are going to try and use these things and so save General Hindman the trouble. The one hundred prisoners which we took at the same time concluded to go North to some of the watering-places for the season.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAMP LIFE AT HELENA.—EXPEDITIONS TO VARIOUS POINTS.—PREPARATIONS FOR VICKSBURG.—THE THRIRTEETH APPROACHING ITS FIRST BATTLE.

SOLDIERS in active service, as well as sailors, develop a remarkable fondness for pets among the brute creation, and they even introduce them to the battle-field.

I saw, on one occasion, near Vicksburg, a battery of guns hurrying into position for real work, the horses in a gallop, and the cannoneers being bounced about in their seats, holding hard to prevent being thrown off; and at the same time two squirrels and a coon fastened by small chains to the "limbers," who seemed not at all put out.

General Curtis' love for pets developed itself in getting up a headquarters train of white mules; sixteen teams, each of six white mules, carefully selected as to size and other good points, and the train presented a very beautiful appearance. His "ships of the desert," however, attracted fully as much attention as did his mule teams. In Oriental countries, camels have been termed "Ships of the desert."

Some years before the war, some parties imported several camels, for use on the "great American desert"; but the trouble with an American desert is, we soon develop it into the very richest of farming lands, then gridiron it with railroads, and the camel's occupation is gone.

Some of General Curtis' scouting parties accumulated several of these camels and brought them into Helena, and the incongruous sight was common, to see a Yankee soldier riding a camel through the streets of an American town.

One of the boys told me that after he had one day been riding one of those camels about the streets of Helena, his dreams were so strangely confused that he saw whole phalanxes of the most beautiful houries from Mohammed's seventh heaven, going through the motions of the manual of arms and the evolutions of battalion drill.

When General Curtis was relieved from the command of the Army of the Southwest, and sent again to Missouri, it was understood that he took along the camels with him, and left them on his place at Keokuk, Iowa, the general's home.

Among other accumulations from the rebels, for our own convenience, was the large "wharf-boat," which was so conspicuous (not exactly a landmark, but water-mark), which we had for so long a time at Helena. This wharf-boat had been lying at Eunice, Arkansas, and Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Raynor, of the Fifty-sixth Ohio, which had been attached to our brigade, had been sent down to capture and tow up the boat to Helena. The boat being very large and heavy, the task was slow and difficult but was accomplished in six days and reported to headquarters on September 3d and the boat turned over to Quartermaster Winslow.

General Orders No. 50. } HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST, October 7th, 1862.

I.—The undersigned assumes command of this army.

II.—The following is announced as the Staff of the Brigadier-General Commanding:

Major Louis D. Hubbard, Third Illinois Cavalry, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Surgeon S. C. Plummer, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, Medical Director.

Lieutenant G. P. Brown, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, Topographical Officer.

Lieutenant L. Shields, Fourth Iowa Infantry, A. D. C.

Lieutenant John E. Phelps, Third United States Cavalry, Acting A. D. C.

Captain Greene Durbin, United States Volunteer, Chief Quartermaster.

Captain G. I. Taggart, United States Volunteer, Chief Commissary.

Major John McConnell, Third Illinois Cavalry, is announced as Provost-marshal General.

E. A. CARR,
Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vol.

Five days after the issuance of the above "general order," assuming command of the Army of the Southwest, General Carr puts on record his friendship for, and trust in Colonel Wyman. In a communication to General Curtis, commanding the department, on October 12th, 1862, General Carr says:

"* * * * . I would be glad to have new troops. I think I can handle them. And I think that our organization had better be changed,—I, to retain command of my division for reasons which you will appreciate; but with a few more troops I could give Washburn, *Wyman*, and Vandever a division each, or at least give Washburn and *Wyman* a division each, and put Vandever under Washburn." * * * *

This confidence in and appreciation of Colonel Wyman's abilities, is of especial interest to us as coming from a graduate of West Point, and officer in the regular army of the United States; but perhaps a still greater interest attaches to it for us, from the fact that *this is the last recorded effort, from any source that Colonel Wyman's meritorious services should be acknowledged by promotion.*

On *November 7th*, the old blankets and gray overcoats, which were left at Springfield, Missouri, just about eight months before, again came safely to hand, but the old gray overcoats we were not allowed to wear any more, we were now to have new blue overcoats instead.

Those old blankets and coats reminded us strongly of many things that had happened since we parted company, before we started out on that dreadful Arkansas campaign.

GENTILE VERSUS JEW.

Ben Hadad Lazarus, a Dutch Jew, had a stock of sutler's goods in a tent on the levee, at Helena, Arkansas, at the time that the Thirteenth regiment was camped there, in the summer and fall of 1862.

Close by a large wharf-boat did duty as both wharf and warehouse, for the unloading and storage of the army supplies from the steamboats from St. Louis. From this wharf-boat, mule-teams would haul the stores to the different commands, as they were needed ; the details of men for loading and unloading were furnished by the different companies in turn.

A good deal of the custom that came to our Hebraic merchant's store, came from those details of men, working at the wharf-boat.

Ben Hadad Lazarus was endowed with his fair share of Jewish thriftiness, and lost no occasion of calling the attention of the soldiers, to his "schplendid schtock of cigars, tobacco, und clodings, vich he was giving avay at such ruinous price as never vas."

The boys had bought some, and confiscated some, but knew very well that what they had honestly paid for, had been at a profit which would fully make up for what they had confiscated.

This went on for some time, until, in comparing notes, they came to the conclusion that the Jew was ahead in the deal, and that they had been overreached, both in the quality and price of the goods. The boys of Company I held a secret sanhedrim, where it was unanimously declared that it would be demoralizing to allow such a condition of things to exist ; the more especially as the above-mentioned Ben Hadad Lazarus, it was found, was selling wine and champagne to the officers, while the men might not have it ; and it was the sense of the sanhedrim, that the enlisted men were measurably responsible for the morals of the commissioned officers, and it was urged that no permanent reformation among the officers, could be hoped for under the "Jewish dispensation."

It was voted that Daniel Shaw take the matter under advisement, and if possible, suggest a remedy. This secret sanhedrim kept no records, and its work could only be judged by the light of after events.

This sutler's tent was necessarily of large size, but of the usual pattern, of a horizontal or ridge-pole, and an upright pole at each end, to support the ridge-pole, and their lower ends set about four inches in the ground. It had the usual tent-pins at, and between, the corners.

The sutler himself always slept in his tent, having no other guard. The tent fronted the north, with its rear toward the wharf-boat. Just inside the front entrance, close by the west wall of the tent, on some shoe-boxes laid on their sides, the sutler spread a small mattress, which, with plenty of blankets, one of which folded for a pillow, made quite a comfortable bed; under this pillow lay a loaded revolver, while the Jew dreamed of his scattered race being restored to the land of their fathers.

On the eve of the day on which Company I was to furnish the wagon-detail, Orderly Sergeant Frank Thoma, notified the following as the regular wagon-detail, with special instructions: Tom Whitecraft, Dan Shaw, Bob Shuster, Orson Hamlin; and an extra detail as follows: Dan Shaw again; Theoderick Pool, George Sutherland, Ed Vining, Sidus Helmic. The latter probably the largest man in the regiment, except Captain Brinkerhoff, and of giant strength.

During the extreme hot weather, early details were common; and then the men lay by in the middle of the day.

On a certain morning, only two hours after midnight, an army wagon with mule team arrived near the wharf-boat, so quietly that even the guard at the boat did not notice it. Four men got out of it, upon which, the driver on the saddle-mule, turned his team about and stopped them, without speaking a word, or using the whip. He then dismounted and quietly patted and softly stroked the animals as though to prevent any vocal demonstrations, which otherwise they might indulge in.

Meanwhile, of the four men who got out of the wagon, Sidus Helmic quiety stationed himself at the sutler's front tent-pole, with both hands clasping it four feet from the ground. Edward R. Vining, stationed himself in the same way, at the rear pole. "Curly," or George W. Sutherland, took his position at the northeast corner, with an open jack-knife in his hand, where he could command two tent-ropes. Thomas Whitecraft controlled the southeast corner, in the same way.

NOT A WORD HAD BEEN SPOKEN.

No sooner had these several dispositions been made, and not a minute to spare, than from the man by the team, a low whistle was heard; when, as if automatically, the four east side tent-ropes were cut; Helmic and Vining raised the tent-poles and lowered them over to the west, carrying the tent with them, which completely covered up the sutler and his bed, and which woke him and drew from him the exclamations—"Great Israel! Vot der Teufel ish dot?" which, undoubtedly would have been quickly followed by cries of murder; but just then the giant Helmic threw himself on top of the Jew, who, though a large and powerful man, even if free to handle himself, would have been no match for Helmic's vast strength, who now tightened his embrace on the Jew, at the same time saying to him emphatically, but *sotto voce*,—"Avast there, you landlubberly son of a gun! put two or three reef points in that jaw hamper of yours, and belay!"

Before the war, comrade Helmic had been a sailor on the "high seas," and now, when he got excited or very earnest, his phraseology was apt to smack of the "briny deep."

While uttering the above caution, he had covered the Jew's mouth with his left hand, with the tent-cloth between, and had managed with his right to gather up enough of the front of the tent to allow of his reaching under and removing the revolver from under the pillow of the Jew, who would no doubt use it if he could, possibly with deadly effect.

In scarcely more time than this narration has taken, all of the goods the boys cared for had been loaded on the wagon, the exact locality of everything in the tent being previously known to the boys ; the driver (who may have been Daniel Shaw) seeming to know or care nothing but to keep his mules quiet.

The stores, consisting of all that the sutler had of wine, champagne, cigars, tobacco, canned vegetables, nuts, raisins, and canned fruits, were packed in shoe and dry-goods boxes, driven briskly to camp, and distributed among the proper parties, and the empty boxes taken and deposited close in the rear of the quarters of the Fourth Iowa regiment, *with which we were on terms of intimate friendship.*

Helmic continued to hug his Jewish bedfellow until the team must have reached camp, when he suddenly sprang from the prostrate Jew and vanished in the gray shadows of fast approaching morning ; but not so quickly but he could distinguish a gurgle-like confusion of English, Dutch, Sanscrit and Talmudic profanity, from beneath the folds of the prostrate tent.

As soon as possible the goods were unloaded, and the regular working detail, consisting of the same driver, Daniel Shaw, Robert Schuster, Theoderick Pool again, and Orson Hamlin, jumped into the wagon, and were driven at a lively pace down to the wharf-boat, where they arrived just as it was daylight. They were astonished to find everything in confusion on the levee, the sutler's tent lay prostrate on the ground, citizens and soldiers were vociferously telling and asking what had happened.

The Jew almost rent the air with lamentations about having been robbed, plundered and almost murdered.

It was with the greatest difficulty that our wagon-detail could calm the Jew sufficiently to learn from him what was the nature and extent of his loss, and regretted that they had not arrived earlier so as to have prevented such an outrage.

The warmly expressed sympathy of our men did not seem to have much effect on the Israelite, who flatly told our boys

that he believed some of the wagon-details had done the work, and swore that he would lay the matter before General Wyman, the brigade Commander, and see if he could not get justice done. The boys knew very well that an investigation would ensue, and had some little misgiving as to how the matter would end.

Theoderick Pool had a remarkable mustache ; black, long, and commanding, which he cherished as the apple of his eye, and he was satisfied that if a search should be made, the Jew would most undoubtedly recognize the mustache as belonging to one of the sympathizers on the wharf that morning. He was also well aware that if Colonel Wyman should notice him at all, *he would inevitably notice the absence of the mustache;* and which, of itself, would be evidence against him. He chose the last, as the least of the two evils ; rightly judging that the Jew would be inexorable, but Colonel Wyman might be lenient. He hurried to his tent and shaved off the dangerous hirsute ornament, secretly mourning its loss almost as much as did the Jew the loss of his goods. He took some flour and mixed it with grease, and thoroughly rubbed his face with it so that the marks of recent shaving should not tell against him.

Before noon the storm broke, and the strain on the boys was tremendous. Colonel Wyman, General Willis A. Gorman, commanding the Post, and two staff officers of the latter, the Jew, and the provost-marshal, appeared in the camp of the Thirteenth, all mounted, and looking black in the face. The boys, however, by this time had so effectually covered up their tracks that the most thorough search would hardly succeed in finding anything incriminating. Colonel Wyman ordered Colonel Gorgas to have the men "fall in," in their company streets, and remain there until an inspection of quarters had been gone through with ; Colonel Wyman, addressing the Jew, then said : " Mr. Lazarus, of what do you complain ? " Upon which the Jew went into a detailed account of how about twenty men had robbed him, *while two of them stood over him with cocked revolvers,* compelling

him to silence. During this soul-thrilling narration, his lamentations were as extravagantly loud and boisterous as ever were those of "Shilock," while bemoaning and bewailing the loss of his "ducats and his daughter."

Sergeant Thoma was ordered to produce his order-book, with the list of the wagon-detail. The Jew was asked if he recognized any man there, as he saw them on the levee for a load of forage? He acknowledged that he could not; *that one of the men who came after forage, had a very long mustache; but he did not now see him.* He was asked if he should know the mules of the forage team? His reply was, "Why, mine dear Scheneral; how should you expect me to know von mule ven all de mule look schust like doze oder von? und ven I see von mule, I could schvear dot I see all der mule in der vorld; und ven I see all of doze mule in der vorld, I could schvear dot I see no more as von mule; so helup me, Moses."

General Gorman now broke in by calling to Colonel Wyman, to whom he said: "Colonel Wyman, I regret to say that this army has acquired an unenviable reputation for plundering, robbing, and burning property. When I took command, it seemed to me the most undisciplined mob I ever came in contact with. The material is splendid, *but the political demagogues in it are enough to damn the best army on God's earth.* I charge you to sift this matter to the bottom." Upon which he drew himself and his bridle-lines up, and cantered away, followed by his staff.

Just where General Gorman could discover any politics cropping out in this matter, it is hard to see. The outrages may have developed a racial prejudice, but hardly one of politics.

Colonel Wyman personally conducted the search of the tents of the Thirteenth and while passing down the line of Company I, suddenly turned towards the men in line, and snapped out: "Pool, since when have you been without a mustache?" Pool felt a little shaky in the knees, but managed to assume coolness, and quickly replied, "*Why, Colonel, the boys have been laughing at me for three weeks, about my*

baby face." The Colonel passed on, swearing that *if he could find the culprits, he would hang them to-day, and shoot them to-morrow.*

A formal search was made through both our own and the Fourth Iowa regiments, but in vain. Too many of both men and officers were cognizant of it, and beneficiaries.

As to the boxes in which the plunder of the sutler's tent had been taken to camp, and then deposited where, if found, *the Fourth Iowa would have another opportunity of sharing in the losses, but not burdened with the profits of the Thirteenth Illinois*, an early riser in the Fourth had discovered the tell-tale boxes, and quickly divining their significance, had removed them to a little ravine close by, and had covered them with some loose brush, where they were successfully concealed until after the search, and were then broken up, one by one, for kindling-wood.

This particular act of confidence on the part of the Thirteenth towards the Fourth Iowa, *was typical of that beautiful spirit of fraternity which was always shown by the former ;* and their history shows that the Thirteenth cherished this spirit towards their old neighbors, *even to the grave.* (See Chaplain Needham.)

The guilty ones were never found.

SICK FURLOUGHS.

"Those thirty days' furloughs in the States of enlistment though politic are very unmilitary." (Sherman to McPherson.)

There is no class of people in whom the love of home is greater than soldiers. That great general of infantry, Field-Marshal McDonald, a Scotchman, would not permit the national and other Scottish tunes to be played by the bands in Napoleon's campaigns, as it so aroused the longings for home in the hearts of the Scottish soldiers, that they were liable to desert, not by squads alone, but by companies and regiments.

In the camps at Helena, Arkansas, I saw literally, thousands of men wasted away to death's door, by homesickness

alone ; and scores of them went to their graves with no other disease.

The commanders and surgeons were equal to the situation, and furloughs and leaves of absence were granted as fast as steamers could be procured to take the sick up the river.

These men nearly all returned in a few weeks' time, robust, cheerful, and courageous as at first, and never had a recurrence of the old malady.

DINING IN A HEN-ROOST.

On *December 9th*, General Willis A. Gorman arrived at Helena and assumed command and selected the large wharf-boat as his headquarters. In addition to the storage room on the lower deck, was a large saloon and various small offices and state-rooms on the upper deck. The saloon was used for the office, and contained the desks of the Assistant Adjutant-General, and of the clerks ; it was also used as a dining-room for the General and his staff.

In the middle of the roof was a hurricane (or supplemental) roof raised about three feet, under the eaves of which were side-lights which could be opened for ventilation ; and just inside these hurricane windows was a deep moulded cornice, and when the windows were open, some of the quartermaster's chickens, which were kept in coops on the roof, would walk in onto this inside cornice, and frequently make the entire circuit of the saloon, picking their rations of flies from the windows.

General Gorman always seemed to think it a waste of dignity to laugh, or even chat, while at table ; and no member of his staff was ever heard to laugh while at table by the clerks whose desks were in the same room, only a few feet away.

At dinner, one day, which was generally eaten with silences instead of sauces, the General looked up and saw one of the chickens making the "grand rounds" on the inside cornice, drawing its rations of flies as it went along. "Well!" the General exclaimed, "*I am damned if this*

is n't the first time I ever took dinner in a hen-roost." Not a man at the table cracked a smile or made any remark in reply.

Various expeditions, for various purposes, were sent out in various directions, and with more or less, or no, success that was visible to the rank and file,—but then, the rank and file were not always competent to judge correctly, as it was very seldom that the rank and file was called in to confer with the General commanding.

Comrade Josselyn says: "Scouting parties went off in various directions. September 10th Companies A and F went out to St. Francis river, and during October, the regiment furnished details for picket duty across the river, and for work on the fort. November 15th we started on the White river expedition, on board the Imperial. The Fourth Iowa was aboard this steamer with us. Also a battery and some cavalry. At the mouth of White river we were transferred to the Decatur, a lighter draft boat. After proceeding up the river four miles, we ran on a sand-bar and stuck fast. Disembarking, we marched back to the Mississippi, and again boarded the Imperial, and went up to Montgomery's Point, and then back to Helena, arriving November 22d.

"The object of this expedition was said to be the capture of Arkansas post, but the river was found too low for boats to ascend.

"*November 27th.*—We again started under orders, got aboard the Nebraska, went down the river ten miles and landed at Delta, on the Mississippi side, and commenced the Coldwater and Tallahatchee expedition. We arrived at the junction of the Coldwater and Tallahatchee rivers, November 29th, and on November 30th and December 1st made a double-quick march for eight miles toward Granada, when there was heavy firing heard. 'About-faced,' and returned to camp without firing a shot.

* * * * "We remained at camp on the bank of the Tallahatchee river until December 5th, when we returned to Delta, and to our camp at Helena, arriving December 7th,

having marched on this trip one hundred miles. General Charles E. Hovey was in command of the expedition."

As one after another of the autumn months dropped out of the calendar and went to the rear, the specific gravity of the military atmosphere grew denser and thicker with impending fate. We felt, rather than knew, that a crisis was at hand.

The flight of birds and drift of sea-weed, was a written page to Columbus, promising him that success was near. The signs of the times pointing us towards Vicksburg, were:

On *November 21st* the returning White river expedition was met by the Gladiator, with orders to return to Helena immediately.

December 9th.—Generals Gorman, Thayer and Hovey, came down.

December 15th.—A Vicksburg expedition with the Thirteenth left out, talked about.

About this time, General Frank P. Blair, stalked in to report to General Gorman.

Gorman expostulated with by our officers, and we go.

Staff officer Lieutenant Gorman reviewed the troops, December 18th.

December 19th.—Company F drew new cartridge-boxes, turning over old ones, and all extra guns.

We were watching and waiting for a forward movement. When it should come, we knew it would mean Vicksburg. We desired nothing more, and would be satisfied with nothing less. It almost seemed as if Vicksburg was approaching. Our psychological impressions were as strong evidence to us as was the massing of troops and unusual accumulation of the munitions of war.

The river Mississippi must be held sacred, and any attempt of the enemy to make a lodgment anywhere on its banks, must be prevented by any and all means. Also its peaceful navigation must be assured; any firing on boats or molestation of them, when engaged in a legitimate and licensed traffic, should be punished with terrible severity.

SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS, RIGHT WING, THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS.
HELENA, ARKANSAS, December 21st, 1862.

Captain JOHN A. RAWLINS.

CAPTAIN: I arrived here last evening and immediately saw Generals Gorman, Steele and Blair. Their share of transports had previously been sent and were here loaded, to receive their troops.

Already, 9 a. m., two of my Memphis Divisions (Morgan L. Smith and General Morgan) have passed down to the first rendezvous, Friar's Point, and I expect A. J. Smith every hour. Steele's Division will be afloat to-day and drop down to Friar's Point, so that by to-morrow morning, my whole command will be embarked and under way. I will reach Gaines' Landing to-morrow, the 22d, and Milliken's Bend 23d, and be at the mouth of the Yazoo Christmas. I sent a full and complete return of the first three Divisions from Memphis; and now send you an abstract of the Fourth (Steele's) of which I can not get a detailed report till we get away from Helena.

I am Captain, respectfully,
W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General Commanding,
Mississippi River Expedition.

General Gorman and Colonel Wyman did not agree very well; both were a little cranky, and their conferences were not always conducted in whispers; and there is but little doubt that our Colonel, when calling on General Gorman, was in the habit of calling things by their right names, and it is just possible that he may have volunteered some advice; at any rate, General Gorman was in the habit of calling Colonel Wyman, "Old Know-it-all."

December 20th, 1862.—Our marching orders came, and about noon on the 21st, we embarked on board the "John Warner."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EXPEDITION.—LANDING AT CHICASAW BLUFFS.—DEATH OF WYMAN.—DEADLY ORDEAL OF BATTLE ON NEXT DAY.—SLAUGHTER AND RETREAT.

TO PICTURE vividly the absorption of the Thirteenth regiment by Sherman's great naval army, we will quote Comrade Chapel, who says, on December 21st, 1862: "All last night, General Sherman's fleet was coming down from Memphis, and the continued ringing of bells and blowing of whistles kept us awake a good share of the night. As soon as daylight, I went down to the levee to see the fleet.

"The wharf was lined with boats and crowded with troops; mostly from Ohio, Indiana and Missouri.

"At 11 o'clock a. m. we received orders to start, and in a very short time broke camp, and the Twenty-eighth Iowa took possession of it.

"Embarked on the steamer John Warner, a medium-sized, and very good boat, and our regiment occupied it alone and we had to work by detail all night to coal her up for the trip.

"Night, starlight and warm, but too much noise for sleep."

Our brigade, up to this time, commanded by Colonel Wyman, but now transferred to General Thayer, was given the steamers Ella, the headquarters boat of General Thayer, Tecumseh, Satan, Decatur, and John Warner; the latter, as has already been stated, was assigned to our regiment.

We ran down to Friar's Point, Mississippi, twenty miles from Helena, and tied up for the night alongside of the Divisions of General Morgan L. Smith and General George W. Morgan, who had passed Helena, and, at what General Sherman calls "the first rendezvous," were waiting for Steele's (ours) Division, and that of General A. J. Smith, which was expected now, every hour.

SHERMAN'S GREAT RIVER EXPEDITION

to Vicksburg, was one of the grandest movements of the war.

In spectacular effect, it could scarcely have been approached by anything of its kind before; even "The Invincible Armada," with its one hundred and thirty-two vessels could not then have been maneuvered so as to have made so grand a spectacle as did Sherman's one hundred and twenty-seven, with steam to propel and control them. In pure romance, it may have been exceeded by the same great General's "march to the sea."

In originality of conception, and perfection of organization and execution, both were worthy of the mind of the most brilliant military leader that our war developed.

The organization was completed at Helena, with the rendezvous at Friar's Point, twenty miles below, when, on the morning of December 23d, 1862, the signal cannon boomed the advance, our one hundred and twenty-seven steamers, convoyed by the requisite number of gun-boats, swung out into the stream and leisurely headed downward—pointing towards Vicksburg.

So perfectly executed was the arrangement, that corps, division and brigade organizations, remained intact, and moved with as much precision as an army on land would do; and when the column of steamers entered the long, straight reaches of the river, the entire fleet could be seen at one time, and the sight was magnificent.

When it was time to tie up for the night, which was always done, a gun would be fired from the Flag-ship, when

the leading boat would swing in to the left bank, head up stream, and tie up; the second would round to at a proper distance below the first, and so on until the rear boat in the day's march came in below all the others.

A strong picket-line was immediately thrown out, covering the entire river front occupied by the fleet.

At the firing of the signal gun in the morning, the uppermost boat in the camp, would swing gracefully out into the stream, heading down, and followed by all the others until the lowermost boat fell in and brought up the rear.

This splendid organization was preserved throughout the entire expedition.

A FAMILY CARRIAGE

had been accumulated by some of our boys during one of the nights when our fleet had been tied up to the Mississippi river bank, and had been smuggled on to the lower deck of one of the steamers, and partly concealed. This could never have been done unless both the picket and camp-guard had connived at it; and had it never been called for, would have been put ashore at the next landing. This, of course, the boys cared nothing about, merely wishing to annoy the reb as much as possible.

The owner of this carriage, however, promptly put in an appearance the next morning to recover his coach. No sooner had he arrived in camp, than the boys took off one of the hind wheels and quietly dropped it overboard, on the river-side of the boat. The carriage was soon discovered, but not a man could be found who knew the least thing about it. The guards of both lines were examined, but all declared that nothing had passed through them during the night. The officers made a great bluster, of course, but were secretly glad of it. The missing wheel was not recovered, and a tedious time of it the owner had in rigging some kind of a purchase by which to get the vehicle home.

The boys told me afterwards, that they hauled that confounded carriage, with four dozen of chickens, who wanted to

enlist in our army, and five hams which happened to be traveling our way, three miles, "*and it wanted greasing too.*"

The day we left Friar's Point, the weather was cloudy, cold and uncomfortable. There is no scenery on the lower Mississippi.

On a cast of the eye over any five miles of its country, there can be nothing worse in the way of scenery, unless it is the next five miles,—that is faintly possible, but not strongly probable.

We reached Gaines' Landing on the 24th, and the mouth of the Yazoo on the 25th (Christmas).

On the day after Christmas, December 26th, 1862, having passed the night on board the steamer, she moved out into the stream and turned into the Yazoo, and up stream about twelve miles to the Johnson plantation on the bank towards Vicksburg, where afternoon we debarked, formed in line, and stacked arms.

Sherman's army here consisted of four splendid divisions, the first, commanded by Brigadier-General Andrew J. Smith; second division by Brigadier-General Morgan L. Smith; third division by Brigadier-General George W. Morgan; fourth division by Brigadier-General Frederick Steele. The first brigade of the latter was commanded by Brigadier-General Frank P. Blair, and its first regiment was the Thirteenth Illinois. Being the first, our regiment had the right, and took the lead.

Confederate General Pemberton describes the ground over which our army had to approach the Chickasaw Bluffs, which was our objective, as "swamps, lakes and bayous, running parallel with the river, intervene between the bank and the hill, and leave but four practicable approaches to the high ground from Snyder's Mills to the Mississippi river, but all outside the fortifications of Vicksburg."

Of these four "practicable approaches," the first division took the lower, or most southerly one, the second division, the one next north, while Blair's brigade, took the one, reaching inland from the Johnson plantation, and which leads

past the south side of Mrs. Lake's plantation, and thence by a corduroyed causeway and bridge, across the bayou, and up over the future battle-ground, to a junction with the country-road, which helped to form the third line of the enemy's defenses.

General Morgan, with his third division also reached Mrs. Lake's plantation by a road from the mouth of, and to the south of, Chickasaw Bayou, where he took command of our brigade, which General Sherman had ordered to report to him for duty; which it did, and for two days was fighting under his command.

To General Steele was assigned the duty of reaching the Bluffs by a road north of Chickasaw Bayou; but this project was abandoned and he was ordered to take position in rear of Morgan, as a support to the third division. General Steele reached the new position assigned him, over the same road used by Blair's brigade.

As we have said, the Thirteenth debarked from the John Warner, at Johnson's plantation, on Friday afternoon, December 26th, 1862, formed in line and stacked arms.

We were soon again on the move and, from our regiment, which was in the lead, advanced skirmishers were thrown out, and very soon drove in the enemy's pickets and captured two horses and the supper that the reb pickets had prepared for themselves. A little further on, captured one man who reported that we were within one mile and a half of the fortifications.

The orders to the General were, at the distance of about two miles, to go into camp, which was done.

On the morning of the 27th, march was early resumed, and soon the boys of the Thirteenth drove in the rebel pickets in considerable numbers, and soon after, running on to a squad of nearly fifty rebels, we formed and made a most difficult advance in line of battle, owing to the underbrush among the trees. This lasted but a little while, however, when we emerged to the skirts of an open field on Mrs. Lake's plantation, from the opposite side of which, near the "White

House," our skirmishers were fired on by a battery of two guns; but a section of Hoffman's battery was quickly in position and soon silenced them, and they lost no time in retiring inside their intrenchments, from which they never ventured again during the time they were confronted by our forces. They had discreetly chosen their position on the causeway which was bridged across the bayou, and the only road by which they could gain their intrenchments, or by which we could follow them.

The engagement between the two hostile batteries, with the attendant fire of skirmishers and sharp-shooters, may said to have opened the ball of the serious fighting which, much intensified, was continued through the two following days.

Our brigade bivouacked for the night of the 27th, on the ground occupied by Hoffman's battery during the artillery duel in the morning.

The most conspicuously and sadly fateful day, perhaps, that the Thirteenth regiment was to count in its history, was Sunday, the 28th of December, 1862. If the veil could partly have been lifted, how many of us would have mentally uttered most fervently Shakespeare's apostrophe:

"Oh you leaden messengers that ride upon the violent speed of fire, fly with false aim."

General Blair says of this day, "The orders of the day placed my brigade in reserve." But the severely wounding early in the day of General Morgan L. Smith, of the second division, seemed to make necessary a modification of the above arrangements so far as to call our regiment to the front, where we were placed directly to the left of the second division, at about 11 o'clock a. m., where our brigade was soon warmly engaged with the enemy, whose sharp-shooters were soon silenced. At not far from noon, Colonel Wyman received his death wound,—shot through the breast, from left to right, by a rifle-ball which was found lodged in the underclothing on the right side of his body. After being stricken down, but

while still living, he was placed on a stretcher and taken back to the operating table of Dr. Plummer, who saw that the Colonel had but a short time to live, and he directed a member of the ambulance corps to remain by the Colonel's side, and at once sent to the front for Corporal Osgood Wyman, the Colonel's son, who arrived in season to be recognized by his father and to exchange with him the last farewell in life.

In another place, fitting tributes to his memory have been written by those who knew his worth and many noble traits of character; and that it was not commissioned officers alone who loved and admired him, is strongly evidenced by the fact that the enlisted men of the Thirteenth regiment, politely, but firmly, declining the proffered aid of the officers, raised money sufficient, and erected over his remains, one of the grandest military monuments to be found in "Rose-Hill Cemetery," a few miles to the north of Chicago.

The warrior was sleeping while the carnage went on; and the roar of artillery and bursting of great shells among the giant trees that towered above his bier, were a fitting requiem.

Colonel Wyman must have been shot sometime between noon and 1 p. m. From its position as reserve, General Blair received orders at about 10 or 11 a. m. to take position with his brigade on the immediate left of the second division, which was then engaging the enemy, with the bayou between. It probably took our brigade about an hour to reach the position indicated, for General Blair says in his report:—

"I ordered Captain Hoffman, under instructions from General Sherman, to cross his battery over the pontoon-bridge then being put up by the advance of General Morgan." This pontoon-bridge did not lead to the triangular battle-ground of the next day, but was only a convenient cross-cut to reach the position to which we had been ordered on the left of the second division. General Blair continues: "I pushed on as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, to the left of General M. L. Smith, and engaged the enemy, with my entire brigade, in his rifle-pits and intrenchments in my front beyond

the bayou, and a sharp and brisk encounter silenced his sharp-shooters."

This "encounter" must have been going on between noon and 1 p. m., and Colonel Wyman fell early in the "encounter." This, together with the memory of survivors, enables us to closely approximate the hour when the Colonel fell.

Memory vividly calls up the scene in the deep forest that day, where Dr. Plummer's operating-table was surrounded by many wounded and dying soldiers, besides the dying Wyman. This was sad proof of the severity of the day's struggle, by which our regiment lost two killed, and eight wounded; the particulars of which will be found in the company histories.

During the afternoon, our brigade was withdrawn from the left of the second division, and was ordered by General Sherman, to report to General Morgan, who was hotly engaged with the enemy in front of the "White House," and the Thirteenth Illinois was led by General Blair to a position on the right of General Morgan's center, where it was soon found that we were exposed to the fire of our own batteries, besides those of the rebels. By order of General Morgan, we were now withdrawn from this position with orders to take position on the left, across the bayou below the junction of its two arms, which placed us to the north, and beyond the enemy's right.

Comrade Josselyn says of the crossing of this bayou, by our brigade:

"General Blair rode along as we were about crossing a muddy bayou, and said: 'I'll see if you can stand mud and water as well as you can stand fire.'"

Having crossed the bayou at the place indicated by the orders, we formed line of battle in the heavy timber in rear of where the assault was to be made, but if an assault had been contemplated for that day, as the formation of the line clearly indicated, near-approaching night countermanded the orders, and we moved to the rear and took position with the bayou on our right, and Thompson's lake to our left, where we lay on our arms through the night of the 28th.

To aggravate the memory of the condition of things on those two days of the 28th and 29th of December, 1862, in which we lost Colonel Wyman, and many another brave man, only to be repulsed at last, it is only necessary to be told, twenty-four years and eight months later, by Confederate General Stephen D. Lee, through General Morgan, that "on the 28th and 29th, the city was occupied and defended solely by the Twenty-seventh Louisiana regiment under Colonel Marks, and by the batteries commanding the Mississippi; and on the 29th, there was but a single regiment under General Vaughn, between the city and 'Mound,' 'Sand-Bar,' or 'Bluff,' as it was differently called, four miles in rear of Vicksburg," and that "had Sherman attacked at any point between the bayou and Vicksburg, he could have gone into the city."

Before moving to his position across the bayou on the afternoon of the 28th, among other things, General Blair was instructed to reconnoiter the position of the enemy on this side and prepare to assist in storming his works. It was, however, too near night when we had got into position, and General Blair could not make a thorough reconnoissance, and without any perfect knowledge of his position, the best he could do was to double his pickets, and allow no fires lighted, while the soldiers slept on their arms; but our veterans of thirty years do not propose to sleep at all without knowing what they have got to do to-morrow; and so, during the night, gathered enough to report being told by General Morgan that: "The ground on which the battle was fought was a triangle, the apex of which was at the point of divergence of the two branches of the bayou, the high and rugged bluff in front being the base. Standing at the apex and facing the base of the triangle, its left side was formed by the left branch of the bayou (over which our brigade passed in the assault) which flowed obliquely to (and I believe through) a break in the bluffs; while the right was formed by a broken line of rifle-pits that ran obliquely from the base toward the apex, and by the other branch of the bayou (crossed by DeCourcy and

Thayer) which first runs obliquely to the right, then parallel to the bluffs and forms McNutt's lake."

"Our troops had not only to advance from the narrow apex of a triangle, whose short base of about four hundred yards and sharp sides bristled with the enemy's artillery and small arms, but had to wade the bayou (only Blair's brigade did that) and tug through the mucky and tangled swamp, under a withering fire of grape, canister, shells, and minnie balls, before reaching dry ground."

Confederate General Stephen D. Lee, who commanded the enemy's defenses at that point, said that: "Had Sherman moved a little faster after landing, or made his attack at the 'Mound,' or 'Sand-Bar' (in front of General A. J. Smith's First Division), or at any point between the bayou and Vicksburg, he could have gone into the city; as it was, he virtually attacked at the apex of a triangle while I held the base and parts of the two sides."

From General Steele we learned that: "Between his (Blair's) line and this bayou was an entanglement formed by cutting down small cotton-trees, leaving the trees entwined among the stumps. The bed of the bayou was about a hundred yards wide, quicksand, and about fifteen feet wide, and water three feet deep.

"The bank on the opposite side was steep and obstructed by abatis, crowned by a line of rifle-pits. On the slope above this was still another line of rifle-pits, and above this, on the plateau was the "county road," the earth being thrown on the lower side, forming a parapet which covered batteries and sharp-shooters. Batteries were also placed on the heights to the right and left, which enfiladed the rifle-pits and the road."

Colonial Williamson was too modest to say much, but he did say that: "As the head of the column emerged from the crossing, it became exposed to a terrific fire of musketry from the intrenchments in front, and also to a fire from the enemy's batteries on the right and left flanks. These batteries were so situated as to perfectly command this point."

Very early on the morning of the 29th, General Blair

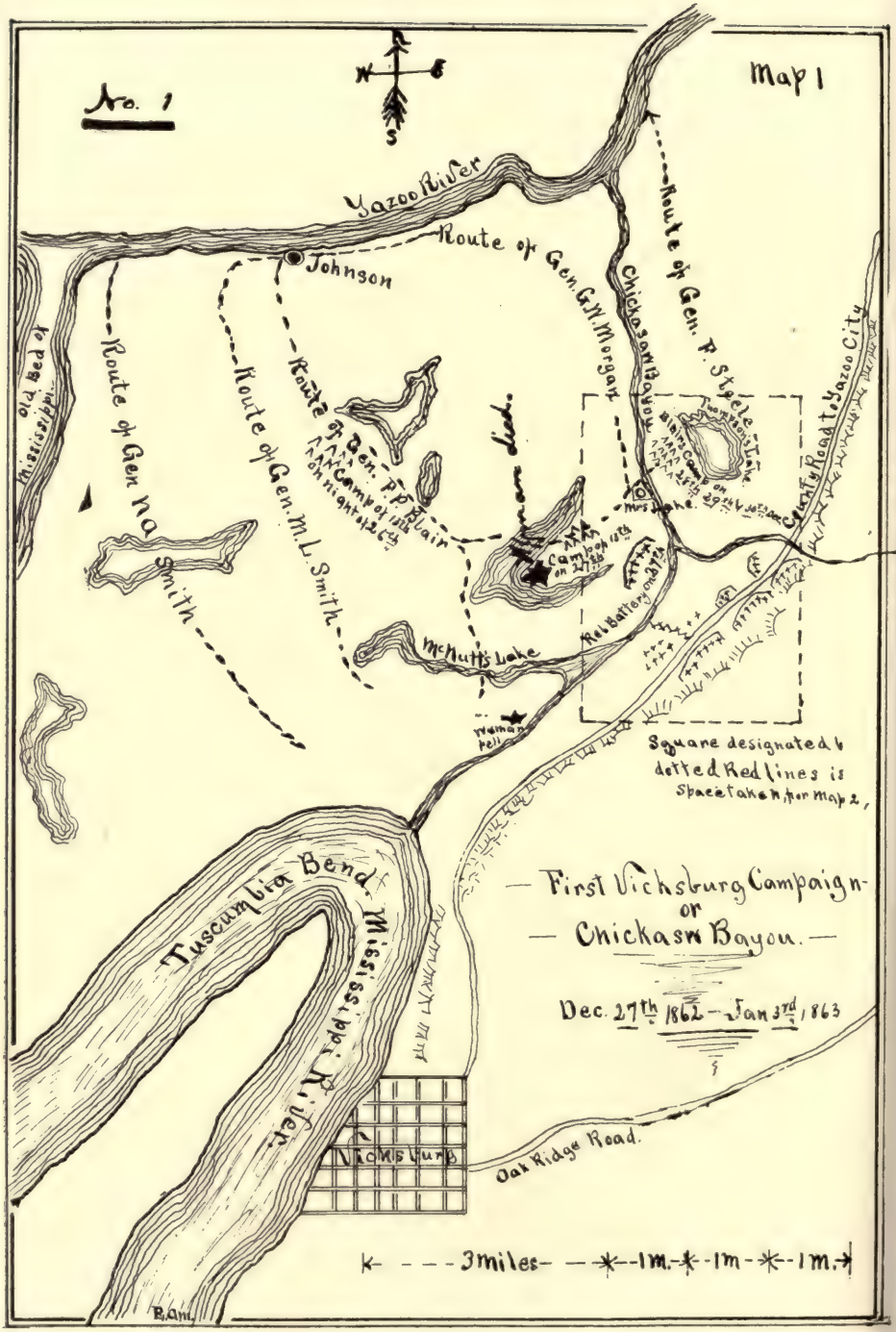
made as thorough an examination of the ground in our front as he could, and to supplement which, he sent forward a battalion of the Thirteenth Illinois as skirmishers to feel the enemy and examine the ground, which he describes by saying that: "The works of the enemy on their right were more formidable than from any other approach.

"Almost every gun and rifle-pit bore upon us and many enfiladed our line of battle. The natural obstructions were certainly as great as from any other direction, and we had not the advantage of as thorough a reconnoissance of the ground, nor had we facilities of a pontoon-bridge to cross the bayou in our front, which was deep, and the bottom of it nothing but a treacherous quicksand. The enemy had improved their naturally strong position with consummate skill. The bed of the bayou was, perhaps, one hundred yards in width, covered with water for a distance of fifteen feet. On the side of the bayou held by my troops (after emerging from the heavy timber and descending a bank eight or ten feet in height) there was a growth of young cotton woods, thickly set, which had been cut down by the enemy at the height of three or four feet and the tops of these saplings thrown down among these stumps so as to form a perfect net to entangle the feet of the assaulting party. Passing through this, and coming to that part of the bayou containing water, it was deep and miry, and when this was crossed we encountered a steep bank on the side of the enemy at least ten feet high, covered with a strong abatis and crowned with rifle-pits from end to end. Above them was still another range of rifle-pits, and still above, a circle of batteries of heavy guns which afforded a direct and enfilading fire upon every part of the plateau, which rose gently from the first range of rifle-pits, to the base of the embankment which formed the batteries.

"These formidable works, defended by a strong force of desperate men such as held them on the 29th, would seem to require almost superhuman effort to effect their capture."

This, then, was the ground over which our three brigades were expected to make their way to victory the next day,

No. 2
N
W
E
S
Map 2.
Chickasaw Bayou
Thompson's Lake
Blair's Camp on 28th – 29th & 30th Dec.
Heavy Timber
Route of Gen. F.P. Blair
Mc Lane
Chickasaw Bayou
Left Co of 58th O.
58th Ohio.
13th Illinois.
Right Co of 29th Mo.
29th Missouri
31st Missouri
Front of Sunset Battle.
Blair's
Brigade in Column.
Thompson's Lake
16th Ohio.
54th Indiana.
Line of Battle
Battle Ground Of The Bloody Triangle.
County Road
42nd Ohio.
23rd Kentucky
Front of DeCourcy's
Rail Fence
Range of Hills.
Mrs Hunt's House
Hyman Hill
— Map of Battle Ground of Chickasaw Bayou —
— Dec. 28th & 29th 1862 —
— Enlarged & Drawn by E. A. Munn from —
Gen. Morgan's Map —


No. 1
Map 1
N
S
Yazoo River
Route of Gen. W. Morgan
Route of Gen. P. Steele
Johnson
Chickasaw Bayou
Old Mississippi
Route of Gen. P. P. Blair
Route of Gen. M. L. Smith
Route of Gen. Smith
Camp of 13th Ark. Regt.
Camp of 18th Ill. Regt.
Camp of 11th Ill. Regt.
Mrs. Stone
Chickasaw Road to Yazoo City
Rebel Battery on Hill
McNutt's Lake
Walnut Hills
Square designated by dotted Red lines is Space taken for Map 2.
First Vicksburg Campaign
or
Chickasaw Bayou.
Dec. 27th 1862 — Jan 3rd 1863
Tuscumbia Bend. Mississippi River.
Vicksburg
Oak Ridge Road.
3 miles
1m.
1m.
1m.
R.A.M.

over fifteen thousand of the enemy's best troops, who were intrenched in some of the strongest works of both nature and art that military engineering could devise and construct. But this fearful impending crisis did not disturb the soldiers of that noble brigade, who slept that night on their arms, on the extreme left of our line, while on the other wing, the no less brave soldiers of General A. J. Smith's splendid division, slept equally well and undisturbed, with but one rebel regiment in their front, for the defense of Vicksburg. How different!

Early on the morning of the 29th, our brigade was formed in line of battle, with fixed bayonets, in the heavy timber out of sight of the enemy, waiting the signal to charge.

Consulting the map, it will be seen that the bayou-trunk was formed by an east branch, and a southwest branch, from the junction of which the trunk flowed sluggishly north and emptied into the "Yazoo," a little distance east, and above, the Johnson Plantation.

On this morning our brigade faced the east branch of the bayou, while DeCourcy faced the southwest branch, with the trunk of the bayou between the two forces. Blair's brigade charged in line of battle, while DeCourcy, followed by Thayer, charged in column across the corduroy bridge.

Blair's line of battle had been formed with the Thirteenth Illinois, Lieut.-Col. Adam B. Gorgas, in the right-front, with the Fifty-eight Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Peter Dister, in the rear. The Thirty-first Missouri, Col. Thomas C. Fletcher, in the left-front, with Twenty-ninth Missouri, Col. John S. Cavender, in the rear. The right company of the Twenty-ninth Missouri, and the left company of the Fifty-eighth Ohio, formed the rear-guard. The two lines fifty yards apart.

On our right at a distance of three hundred yards, and across the trunk of the bayou, was DeCourcy in line of battle, and massed across the causeway-road which led to the bridge, having the Twenty-second Kentucky, Lieut.-Col. George W. Monroe, in the right-front, with the Forty-second Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Don A. Pardee, in rear. The Fifty-fourth Indiana, Col.

Fielding Mansfield, in the left-front, with the Sixteenth Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Philip Kershner, in rear. Thayer's brigade was in rear of DeCourcy, as support, in column of fours with the Fourth Iowa, Col. James A. Williamson, on the right, and the Thirtieth Iowa, Col. Charles H. Abbott, second; third, the Ninth of Iowa, Lieut.-Col. William H. Coyle; fourth, Thirty-fourth Iowa, Col. George W. Clark, and fifth, Twenty-eighth Iowa, Col. William E. Miller.

Why DeCourcy with four regiments, needed the support of five regiments, and Blair none, does not appear.

Seven hundred yards on DeCourcy's right was the pontoon bridge, which seems not to have been used.

The distance separating the two brigade lines of battle was about fifty yards.

The designated guns boomed the signal for the assault just before noon, when our brigade emerged from the timber, the formation almost perfect, and is graphically described by Comrade Albert H. Sibley, Company historian of H Company, Thirteenth Illinois, who says: "The orders were 'Guide right, double-quick.' I looked at the line just before we came to the water, which many could not jump across, and I remarked that, though the wings traveled a little the fastest, and the line curved a little, both in the Thirteenth and the regiment that formed on our left (Thirty-first Missouri), the front was bold and magnificent, and the battle maintained with courage and splendor—if such things can be called splendor, that take men's lives."

Of the same thing General Blair says: "When the signal of attack was given the brigade rushed with impetuosity to the attack and pressed over every obstacle and through a storm of shell and rifle-bullets, and carried the first and second range of rifle-pits with an irresistible charge."

The individual deeds of daring and heroism performed on this field can not be rescued and have given to them their deservedly rich value, in emblazoning history; but it is certain that no troops deserve better, and all was accomplished that

human courage and endurance could achieve under the circumstances.

It was a source of great grief to our boys that Ensign Pierce was stricken down as insensible as though dead, by the concussion of a shot or shell, and that being close to the enemy's works and hard pressed, our National colors were captured by the enemy.

While still at Helena, Arkansas, Colonel Wyman had revived the rank of "Ensign," which officer was supposed to have the immediate command of the Color-Guard, which consisted of a Sergeant, drawn from each of the ten companies of the regiment. In the case of our regiment, Colonel Wyman had bestowed this honor on Sergeant Jesse D. Pierce, of H Company, a most excellent selection; and it is to be regretted that the names of all the Sergeants of the Color-Guard on that occasion belonging to the Thirteenth Regiment are not now known, so that they could be given their proper honorable mention, in this battle of "Chickasaw Bayou." Ensign Pierce, and Color-Sergeant Jesse A. Betts, of Company I, are the only names now at hand, for record in this work.

When the charge was ordered, the entire brigade sprang into the swamp and reached the bayou, which could be leaped across in some places, but was too wide in others, and our Color-Guard did not hesitate, but plunged into the water with the national colors in the hands of Color-Sergeant Betts; but Ensign Pierce, who first scrambled up the other bank, reached back and took the colors from the hands of Color-Sergeant Betts, who reached the flag to the Ensign, while he himself was still struggling in the water. Ensign Pierce immediately advanced the colors in unison with the line of battle, which was charging on.

After reaching the bayou, and plunging in, Ensign Pierce has no recollection of seeing any of the Color-Guard, excepting Sergeant Betts; and as the Thirteenth had to clamber over the Sixteenth Ohio, of DeCourcy's brigade, who had managed to dispossess the rebels of their first line of intrench-

ments, and seemed determined to "hold the fort," it seems probable that the other eight of our color-bearers had been forced from their positions in the line and had become mixed with other regiments of the brigade.

Soon after crossing the first line of the enemy's intrenchments, Ensign Pierce seems to have dropped insensible, from the concussion of some missile of large caliber that just missed his head; for he suddenly lost consciousness of everything, and remained in that condition until partly restored by the cold rain which fell heavily during the succeeding night; and he was then made a prisoner, and was informed by his captors that he was found lying on the flag, supposedly dead, and that he had to be rolled over to liberate the flag, which they valued much more than they did the sergeant.

The flag having been carried down with the fall of the Ensign there was left no visible rallying point of the regiment; hence the dispersion of the Color-Guard.

To show that greater valor could not have saved, and brought off our flag, or that greater valor could not be shown, than was shown, it is only necessary to quote General Blair, a little further, where he says: "At this point (second range of rifle-pits) I observed the rapidly thinning ranks of that portion of my brigade which made the assault under my command, and turned and saw the column from the center of General Morgan coming up over the first range of the rifle-pits." (This was really Thayer and his brigade, consisting of the Fourth Iowa, only, who, starting in as a support of the brigade of DeCourcy, traveled over that brigade, as it lay in the first line of rifle-pits, beyond which, General Thayer says, they did not advance that day.) General Blair continues: "Encouraged by this support, my gallant troops pushed still further and to within a short distance of the enemy's last intrenchments. Some reached the foot of the formidable works only to pour out their lives at their base."

The younger officers of our regiments were conspicuous for gallantry on this field; and no inviduous distinction is intended when mention is made of Lieut. Henry D. Dement

of Company A, who had a large and delicate responsibility as commander of his company ; and as such, had the right of his company, and the right of the regiment, and also the right of the brigade, and who reached one of the more advanced positions on the battle-field ; but for want of support, had to fall back. Of Lieutenants Josselyn and Sage, of Company C ; of Captain Beardsley, of Company D, one of the bravest of the brave,—these are all types of that conspicuous gallantry. Their average age scarcely exceeded twenty-one years.

The impregnability of the enemy's work, and the lack of prompt and sufficient support of Blair's brigade and the one regiment of General Thayer, the Fourth Iowa, who alone were on the field at the last, forced these brave troops to retire beyond the bayou to the position occupied before the assault ; here we are safe, for the enemy can no more disturb us here than we could go over and take their works from them ; and while our men are re-forming their lines preparatory to another charge, orders for which were expected, it may be a good time to call the general officers to account for our repulse.

CHAPTER XIX.

REPORTS OF GENERALS STEELE, BLAIR, THAYER, AND COLONEL WILLIAMSON, AND THEIR CRITICISMS ON GENERAL MORGAN AND DE COURCY.

THAT no injustice may be done these officers, and to afford all possible opportunity for studying this battle, it seems best to give the reports in full, alongside of any comments that may be made. This is the more necessary in order that exact and even justice may be done to all these general officers, as bad blood will be found tingeing the hitherto harmonious relations between them, before these events have passed into recorded history.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, FOURTH IOWA INFANTRY,
BATTLE-FIELD NEAR VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI,
December 30, 1862.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken in the battle before Vicksburg on the 28th and 29th instant by the Fourth Iowa Infantry.

Early on the morning of the 28th, I took the position assigned me on the right of the brigade. In obedience to the orders of the General commanding the brigade, I detailed thirty men from my regiment under command of First-Lieutenant, E. C. Miller, of Company G, to act as pioneers and skirmishers. Of these thirty men, one was killed, and five wounded during the day. * * * *

At daylight on the 29th, the regiment again debarked and took the advance of the brigade, marching about two miles to a point near where General Morgan's division was engaging the enemy. At this point the regiment was commanded to halt, where it remained until about 3:30 o'clock, when I received orders from the General commanding the brigade to charge the enemy's intrenchments, about one-half mile distant near the base of the hill. There is near the base of the hill, a slough, or, more properly, a swamp, which could only be crossed at one place (a narrow causeway which had been constructed) and at that time, only by the flank of the regiment. As the head of the column emerged from the crossing it became exposed to a terrific fire of musketry from the intrenchments in front, and also to a fire from the enemy's batteries on the right and left flanks. These batteries were so situated as to perfectly command this point. After effecting the crossing, the head of the column filed right, the left coming forward into line, the right resting on the inside of a strong abatis, which had been formed by the enemy for his own protection. Here I was informed by the General commanding the brigade, that contrary to his orders, my regiment was not supported by others, and that I should hold the position I then had, until he could ascertain if support was coming, provided I could do so, leaving me to judge of that matter for myself. I held the position for about thirty minutes under a fire which can not be described.

At the end of this time, seeing that I had no support and that my officers and men were suffering dreadfully from a fire which could not be returned effectively, I gave the order to fall back, which was accomplished in good order, but with great loss. * * * *

I am, General, with very great respect,

J. A. WILLIAMSON,
Commanding Fourth Iowa Infantry.

BLAIR'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
FOURTH DIVISION, THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
December 30th, 1862.

Brigadier-General GEORGE W. MORGAN.

GENERAL: On the evening of the 26th of December, the Thirteenth Army Corps, under Major-General Sherman, landed at the plantation of General A. S. Johnson (?) on the Yazoo river. My brigade consisted of the Thirteenth Illinois, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first and Thirty-second Missouri, and Fifty-eighth Ohio Infantry regiments, Captain Hoffman's Fourth Ohio Battery, and one company of the Fourth regiment Missouri Cavalry, was ordered to march out to reconnoiter and to bivouac two or three miles from the landing. After marching a short

distance our advance skirmishers from the Thirteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, drove in the enemy's pickets and captured two horses. We encamped for the night after pushing the reconnoissance somewhat farther, about the distance designated in our orders.

On the 27th we resumed our march and drove in the enemy's pickets in greater numbers than on the preceding day, and upon emerging from the timber at a place known as Mrs. Lake's plantation, where we were ordered to open communications with General Morgan's division, our skirmishers were fired upon by a battery of two guns, planted near the "White House" on Chickasaw Bayou. A section of Hoffman's battery was placed in position on our front and silenced the enemy's battery, which was quickly retired from the field.

Lieutenant Ballou, commanding Company C, Fourth Missouri Cavalry, was then ordered to make a reconnoissance to our right, to discover the force and position of the enemy.

About one hour after the battery was silenced by our fire, we found that General Morgan had reached the mouth of Chickasaw Bayou, and was disembarking his troops. Lieutenant Ballou returned soon after and reported the enemy beyond the bayou in force.

The division of General Morgan L. Smith, which had been ordered to advance on my right, came up about the time the enemy opened on us with his battery, and as all the cavalry under my command had been thrown out on my right to reconnoiter, when we subsequently observed the arrival and landing of the command of General Morgan at or near the mouth of the bayou; General M. L. Smith sent forward his cavalry escort to open communication with him. At the suggestion of General M. L. Smith and by his orders one regiment of my brigade, the Fifty-eighth Ohio Infantry, and one regiment of General Stewart's brigade of the Second division were sent on our right to skirmish and feel the enemy, reported to be in force beyond the bayou on our right.

The report of Lieutenant Colonel Dister, commanding the Fifty-eighth Ohio Infantry of my brigade, which I herewith transmit, gives an account of the operations of his regiment under this order.

The heavy skirmishing of these two regiments on our right and by the advance of General Morgan's command at the "White House" showed the enemy in force and strongly intrenched beyond the bayou. My brigade bivouacked for the night on the ground upon which Hoffman's battery was put in position and silenced the battery at the "White House" and forced it to retire.

The orders of the day placed my brigade in reserve, while General Morgan advanced from the "White House" and drove the enemy from this position beyond that point, and the division of General M. L. Smith engaged the enemy on the right.

At an early hour of the day General M. L. Smith was severely

wounded, and at 10 or 11 a. m., I was ordered with my brigade to advance with my right upon his left. Not being able to cross the bayou at that point with my artillery, I ordered Captain Hoffman, under instructions from General Sherman, to cross his battery over the pontoon-bridge, then being put up by the advance of General Morgan. I pushed on as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, to the left of General M. L. Smith and engaged the enemy with my entire brigade, in his rifle-pits and intrenchments in my front beyond the bayou, and a sharp and brisk encounter silenced his sharp-shooters.

In this action Colonel Wyman, of the Thirteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, a gallant and most meritorious officer, whose regiment was first engaged, lost his life; and several others were killed and wounded in this and other regiments of my command while thus engaged in aiding to silence the fire of the enemy's batteries and rifle-pits on the other side of the bayou.

I received an order from General Sherman to withdraw my brigade for the purpose of reinforcing General Morgan, who was hotly engaged with the enemy in front of the "White House." I immediately withdrew and was ordered to report to General Morgan by General Sherman, who ordered me to advance my brigade to a position on the right of the center. I proceeded to execute the order, and led up the Thirteenth Illinois in the direction indicated, but soon found that I was exposing my men to the fire of our own batteries as well as those of the enemy, and was ordered by General Morgan to retire the regiment and take position on the left, across the bayou, in the heavy timber facing the right of the enemy. My instructions were to reconnoiter the position of the enemy on this side and prepare to assist in storming his works.

The day was so far spent that I was unable to make any reconnoissance. My troops rested upon their arms without fires, and with a very imperfect knowledge of my position I felt it proper to double my pickets.

On the morning of the 29th, when about to make a thorough reconnoissance, I received orders from General Morgan to bring my entire force across the bayou, and in rear of his center to aid in resisting an attempt of the enemy to assault his right. This was, however, frustrated before the movement was completed, and I again resumed my position on the left, and in obedience to orders made a personal reconnoissance of the enemy's position in my front, and afterward threw out skirmishers (one battalion of the Thirteenth Illinois) to feel the enemy and observe the ground over which we were directed to charge. It was exceedingly difficult.

The works of the enemy on their right were more formidable than from any other approach. Almost every gun and rifle-pit bore upon us and many enfiladed our line of battle. The natural obstructions were

certainly as great as from any other direction, and we had not the advantage of as thorough a reconnoissance of the ground, nor had we the facilities of a pontoon-bridge to cross the bayou in our front, which was deep and the bottom of it nothing but a treacherous quicksand. The enemy had improved their naturally strong position with consummate skill. The bed of the bayon was perhaps one hundred yards in width, covered with water for a distance of fifteen feet. On the side of the bayou held by my troops (after emerging from the heavy timber and descending a bank eight or ten feet in height) there was a growth of young cotton-wood, thickly set, which had been cut down by the enemy at the height of three or four feet and the tops of these saplings thrown down among these stumps so as to form a perfect net to entangle the feet of the assaulting party. Passing through this and coming to that part of the bayou containing water, it was deep and miry, and when this was crossed we encountered a steep bank on the side of the enemy at least ten feet high, covered with a strong abatis and crowned with rifle-pits from end to end. Above them was still another range of rifle-pits, and still above, a circle of batteries of heavy guns which afforded a direct and enfilading fire upon every part of the plateau, which rose gently from the first range of rifle-pits, to the base of the embankment which formed the batteries. These formidable works, defended by a strong force of desperate men such as held them on the twenty-ninth, would seem to require almost superhuman efforts to effect their capture.

The force under my command in this assault consisted of four regiments of infantry—the Thirteenth Illinois, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Gorgas ; the Twenty-ninth Missouri, Col. John S. Cavender ; the Thirty-first Missouri, Col. Thos. C. Fletcher, and the Fifty-eighth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Dister. Two regiments which formed part of my brigade, to-wit, the Thirty-second Missouri, commanded by Col. F. H. Manter, and the Thirtieth Missouri, Lieut.-Col. Otto Schadt, has been detached from my command by the order of the day for the 29th, and placed under the immediate command of General Morgan, in the center.

The regiments under my command were drawn up in two lines of battle, about one hundred and fifty feet apart, the Thirteenth Illinois holding the right front, and the Fifty-eighth Ohio in the rear. The Thirty-first Missouri occupied the left front with the Twenty ninth in rear. The right company of the Twenty-ninth Missouri, and the left company of the Fifty-eighth Ohio formed the rear-guard.

When the signal of attack was given the brigade rushed with impetuosity to the attack and pressed over every obstacle and through a storm of shell and rifle-bullets, and carried the first and second ranges of rifle-pits with an irresistible charge.

At this point I observed the rapidly thinning ranks of that portion

of my brigade which made the assault under my command, and turned and saw the column from the center of General Morgan coming up over the first range of rifle-pits. Encouraged by this support my gallant troops pushed still further and to within a short distance of the enemy's last intrenchments. Some reached the foot of the formidable works only to pour out their lives at their base, and among them I must not omit to mention the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Dister, of the Fifty-eighth Ohio, who is said to have fallen dead upon their breastworks. This gallant officer was conspicuous for his efforts to urge forward and encourage his men through the entire charge. Colonel Fletcher, of the Thirty-first Missouri, it is ascertained, was so badly wounded that he fell into the hands of the enemy. It is useless to apply words to eulogize the heroism of those who thus shed their blood for their country.

Major Jaensch, of the Thirty-first, was also killed in the assault, and Lieutenant-Colonel Simpson, of the same regiment, whose report of the transaction is herewith transmitted, has omitted (from motives of modesty, which only adds to the lustre of his courage) to allude to a slight wound received in his head. Colonel Cavender, of the Twenty-ninth Missouri, proved himself worthy of the soldier's reputation gained by the scars of Wilson's Creek and Shiloh, and retired from the bloody field only when further efforts were unavailing.

Lieutenant Colonel Gorgas, of the Thirteenth Illinois, displayed admirable coolness and courage, and showed himself well worthy to lead the regiment of the lamented Wyman, who fell on the day previous. It is impossible for me to allude to other instances of individual courage.

The list of casualties in the regiments under my command, embracing nearly one-third of the entire number that went into the field, attests the courage and obstinacy with which they struggled for victory, and which natural obstacles alone placed beyond our grasp.

I only feel it necessary to state that in retiring from the field I passed out of the enemy's works at a point opposite to the left of General Morgan's center, and found the banks on which the enemy's rifle-pits were situated were approached by a broad and easy road, and that the bayou was bridged precisely at this point, and from thence out to the position of General Morgan was a broad and unobstructed road. It was unfortunate that our reconnoissance had not disclosed this fact before the assault, as it is possible that by taking advantage of it in time and pressing the assault at a point comparatively so accessible with greater numbers, a different result might have been attained.

I am, General, with very great respect,

FRANK P. BLAIR, Brig.-Gen.,

Com'd'g First Brigade Fourth Div.

HEADQUARTERS RIGHT WING, THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
IN THE FIELD, December 30, 1862.

Maj. J. H. HAMMOND, Chief of Staff.

MAJOR: The road referred to by General Blair was known to me and was the line of Morgan's attack. It was reconnoitered by me in person the day before and on the morning of the 29th, the day of the final assault.

The pontoon-bridge ordered to be constructed was placed about seven hundred yards to the right, or south of the road, and was designed as auxiliary to enable his division to pass over the bayou at two points at the same instant of time. Blair crossed, in making his attack, about three hundred yards to the left, or north, of the same road. The enemy, in leaving this road partially unobstructed, did so to enable his pickets and advance to fall back into his fortified position, trusting with full and well founded confidence in his batteries and rifle-pits to prevent our using it.

I am, Major, respectfully,
W. T. SHERMAN,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
January 4th, 1863.

Maj.-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN.

GENERAL: I have the honor to state that the "broad and easy road" spoken of by Brigadier-General Blair is the same road over which the brigade of DeCourcy advanced to the charge, and the same road over which he retired after the repulse of our troops. That road remained in our possession from the afternoon of the 28th ultimo until the night of the 1st instant, when our forces retired to the boats.

I am, General, very respectfully,
GEORGE W. MORGAN,
Brig.-Gen. Com'd'g.

THAYER'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, FOURTH DIVISION,
RIGHT WING, THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
IN THE FIELD, December 31st, 1862.

Brigadier-General GEORGE W. MORGAN.

GENERAL: Brief report of the action of my brigade, being the Third of Steele's division, in conjunction with General Morgan's division, on the 29th instant.

About 2 p. m. on the 29th, I received an order from General Steele to move my brigade, composed of five Iowa regiments and the First

Iowa Battery, forward to the support of General Morgan. On reaching General Morgan, he requested me to take my infantry and cross the bayou, enter the enemy's works and take the hill. By advice of General Morgan, I dismounted and directed all officers mounted to do the same, as we would be sure to draw the fire of the enemy's sharp-shooters if mounted. The Fourth Iowa, Colonel J. A. Williamson, was on the right. I took my place at the head of the column and moved forward by the right flank. We crossed the bayou and went over the enemy's outside works. I then directed Colonel Williamson to deploy his regiment to the right and extend them as skirmishers. We were still advancing in front of the enemy's rifle-pits and batteries, and crossed over a high rail fence. On seeing the ground, I at once formed my plan to move up the hill, when, looking back for my other regiments, to my amazement, none were to be seen and none coming, for I could then see back to the point from which I had started. I could not account for it. I had supposed that five regiments were following me. I found myself in the enemy's works with but one regiment. I then went back to the intrenchments, where I had seen, as we went over, a regiment of our troops lying in the ditch, entirely protected from the rebel fire. I ordered and begged them, but without effect, to come forward and support my regiment, which was now warmly engaged. I do not know what regiment it was. On returning to Colonel Williamson, I observed our forces which had entered the works away to my left retiring, which, of course, added to our extreme peril. The Fourth Iowa was then drawing the concentrated fire of all the enemy's batteries and rifle-pits. I directed Colonel Williamson to hold the position, if possible, till I could bring up reinforcements, but if he could not, to retire. Being on foot, and exhausted, and the distance back so great, before regiments could be moved forward, Colonel Williamson was compelled to bring off his regiment, which he did in good order. It was nothing but slaughter to remain. During the half hour it was there, seven men were killed and one hundred and four wounded.

On inquiring of Colonel Abbott, of the Thirtieth Iowa, which was next in line to the Fourth Iowa, why he did not follow the Fourth, I found that after I had started he had been ordered by General Steele in person, to turn off to the right to take another position. I had directed the commander of each regiment to follow the preceding one.

The second regiment of my column being turned aside, it broke my line, cutting off four regiments without my knowledge, leaving the Fourth Iowa going ahead alone. * * * *

I am, General, with very great respect,

JOHN M. THAYER,
Brig-Gen. Com'd'g.

STEELE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION,
RIGHT WING, THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
January 3d, 1863.

MAJOR: I have the honor to report the operations of my Division, from our base on the Yazoo:

My command debarked at Johnson's plantation on the afternoon of December 26th. Pursuant to instructions, Blair's brigade moved forward on the Johnson road, drove in the enemy's pickets, and bivouacked for the night about two miles from the landing.

On the morning of the 27th, Blair's brigade was detached, and I embarked with the other two brigades, with orders to land above the mouth of the Chickasaw Bayou and advance between the Chickasaw Bayou and Thompson's Lake. While we were cutting the road through the timber to the levee, Admiral Porter called for troops to cross the river and disperse about four hundred sharp-shooters that were concealed on the west side of the river, and impeding the progress of the gun-boats toward Haynes Bluff. I sent the Seventeenth Missouri Infantry.

After having accomplished the work they returned and I proceeded with the whole command, directed by the negro guide whom the General sent to conduct me to the bluffs. Our progress was considerably retarded by the timber felled across the levee, on either side of which, the ground was impracticable for artillery. We soon came to deep water on the right side of the levee, which turned out to be Thompson's Lake instead of Chickasaw Bayou. About sunset, General Hovey (Charles E.) whose brigade was in advance, came upon an outpost of the enemy. After a short engagement the enemy retired. It was now dark and we bivouacked for the night without camp-fires.

The march had scarcely been resumed early next morning when our skirmishers became engaged with the enemy's sharp-shooters, concealed in rifle-pits behind the levee. At this point the levee turned to the left and continued in a curve for about eight hundred yards, the Chickasaw Creek on our right and a timbered marsh on our left. The pioneers were sent forward to clear some obstructions on the levee, covered by Landgraeber's battery. They were immediately fired upon by a battery of the enemy established on the bluff about eight hundred yards distant, our skirmishers being at the same time hotly engaged with the enemy's sharp-shooters. Both the battery and the pioneers were subjected to a murderous fire, and some of the pioneers were killed and wounded, as also were some of the battery. The axle of one of the pieces was broken, still Captain Landgraeber, nothing daunted in his exposed position, continued to reply to the heavier guns of the enemy.

At the same time Colonel Hassendeuble, of the Seventeenth Missouri, was trying to drive the sharp-shooters from the rifle-pits to clear the way for our advance. * * * *

At 4 p. m. I received the General's orders to send him a regiment of infantry if I could not reach the bluffs, and follow with the rest with dispatch.

My command was occupied all night in re-embarking for Johnson's plantation and getting supplies.

Early on the morning of the 29th I moved forward with Thayer's brigade, leaving orders for Hovey to come up as soon as possible. At the "White House" I met General Morgan, who told me that he was building a bridge across the bayou, which would occupy two hours; that within thirty minutes thereafter he would have possession of the heights, to a moral certainty.

I received orders from the General commanding to halt the brigade and, subsequently, to render General Morgan any assistance that he might ask for. General Morgan finally told me that he was going to storm the heights without waiting for the bridge to be completed. He requested me to support the storming party with what force I had. On being informed that Thayer's brigade was at hand and that Hovey's would soon be up, he gave some orders to Thayer in regard to the route which his brigade should take and sent a guide to lead him. After Thayer had passed with the Fourth Iowa Infantry, Colonel Williamson, General Morgan asked me how many troops I had; I told him, Thayer's brigade—one of his regiments, however, the Twenty-sixth Iowa, was detached to cut a road; but that I did not know whether any of Hovey's had arrived or not. He then asked me to turn part of the troops a little farther to the right. I therefore directed Col. Charles H. Abbott, of the Thirtieth Iowa Infantry, a little to the right, supposing the object of this was to facilitate the crossing of the troops over the bayou by preventing them from all huddling into the same place.

At the time I did not know that there was any dry crossing, and I presume General Morgan was not aware of the fact. The troops that I directed to the right, it seems, did not get across the bayou, but General Thayer went gallantly on with the Fourth Iowa, and instead of being a support to the storming party, was soon in advance and entered the enemy's second line of rifle-pits nearly as soon as any. I gave no orders on the field that day, except at the suggestion of General Morgan, save that I followed up the movement, encouraging the men while they were advancing, and endeavoring to check them when they fell back.

General Hovey's brigade did not get up to the front in time to take part in the assault, but was up very soon after it was over, and took position to the left of the bayou, which had been occupied by Blair's brigade

previous to the assault, awaiting orders to storm the enemy's position, which his whole command, I am told, was anxious to do.

Although Blair was detached from my command, it would, perhaps, not be improper for me to report in regard to the part taken by his brigade in the assault. Two of his regiments, Manter's and Schodt's, Thirty-second and Thirtieth Missouri, were detached to support Morgan's battery. His line was formed in the woods between Thompson's Lake and Chickasaw Bayou, a short distance behind the bayou that connects these two. Between his line and this bayou was an entanglement formed by cutting down small cotton-trees, leaving the trees entwined among the stumps. The bed of the bayou was about one hundred yards wide, quicksand, and about fifteen feet wide, and water three feet deep. The bank on the opposite side was steep and obstructed by abatis, crowned by a line of rifle-pits. On the slope above this was still another line of rifle-pits, and above this on the plateau was the county road, the earth being thrown on the lower side, forming a parapet which covered batteries and sharp-shooters. Batteries were also placed on the heights to the right and left, which enfiladed the rifle-pits and the road.

General Blair led his brigade with intrepidity in the face of all these obstacles, leaving his horse floundering in the quicksands of the bayou, and passing over two lines of rifle-pits, he nearly reached the foot of the parapet. Here he turned and saw the storming party of General Morgan's division coming over the first line of rifle-pits. His troops fell fast around him, and among others was Lieutenant-Colonel P. Dister, of the Fifty-eighth Ohio, whose gallantry had been conspicuous. Colonel F. C. Fletcher, of the Thirty-first Missouri, was wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy. Major Jaensch, of the Thirty-first Missouri, was killed (mistake) Lieutenant-Colonel Simpson, of the same regiment, was wounded. Colonel Cavender, of the Twenty-ninth Missouri, and Lieutenant-Colonel Gorgas, of the Thirteenth Illinois, are also mentioned for conspicuous daring in the assault.

Colonel J. B. Wyman, of the Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, was killed the day before while bravely leading his men against the enemy.

Perhaps it would not be inappropriate for me to remark that I saw a part of the assaulting party turn their flank to the enemy in front of the second line of rifle-pits, and move off to the left behind the bank over which Blair's brigade had passed, and there remain until our troops commenced retreating. * * * *

I am, Major, with very great respect,

FREDERICK STEELE,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS GENERAL THAYER WRITES US A LETTER REITERATING HIS CHARGES THAT MORGAN'S INEFFICIENCY LOST THE BATTLE.

HAVING given these reports in full, the witnesses will now be recalled for cross-examination. On page 291, of "Sherman's Memoirs," Vol. 1, he says: "One brigade (DeCourcy's) of Morgan's troops crossed the bayou safely, *but took to the cover behind the bank, and could not be moved forward.*"

Four pages farther on in the same book Sherman adds: "I have ever felt *had General Morgan promptly and skillfully sustained the lead of Frank Blair's brigade on that day*, we should have broken the rebel line, and effected a lodgment on the hills behind Vicksburg."

Comrade Wilson E. Chapel, of Company F, Thirteenth Illinois, in his diary of that day's work, among many interesting items, says: "*Our line was broken up by the Fifteenth Ohio (Sixteenth Ohio) lying in the rifle pits*, out of which the enemy had retreated; and the only way we could do, was to press forward, every man for himself."

General Morgan in his article entitled "The Assault on Chickasaw Bluffs," to be found in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," says: "Blair did not refer to the matter (DeCourcy's delinquency) in his report," but eleven lines previously, General Morgan had said: "Shortly after

DeCourcy had returned to his command, Blair came. *He said that DeCourcy's brigade had behaved badly.*"

Then General Morgan quotes Thayer's report to him, as follows: "I found myself in the enemy's works with but one regiment. I then went back to the intrenchments, *where I had seen as we went over a regiment of our troops lying in the ditch, entirely protected from the rebel fire. I ordered and begged them, but without effect,* to come forward and support my regiment, which was now warmly engaged. I do not know what regiment it was."

This last paragraph quoted from General Thayer, General Morgan has put in Italics.

General Morgan, in the above-named article, adds with great circumstantiality, that: "On August 30th, 1887, *twenty-four years and eight months after the date of his report,* General Thayer in a letter to me, says: '*DeCourcy and his brigade on that day made no assault whatever, unless against the outside rifle-pits, and were not repulsed. They got into the enemy's rifle-pits and there remained.*'"

If General Morgan introduced this letter from General Thayer, for the opportunity which he seems to think he sees in it of proof to refute General Thayer's charges against DeCourcy, by parading the reported losses of DeCourcy as being greater, as he says, than those of Blair and Thayer together, then Thayer's letter proves too much.

It proves that whatever losses DeCourcy met with, must have been sustained before reaching the first line of rifle-pits, or, between the corduroy bridge and the first line of the enemy's works; for, beyond that, General Thayer declares that DeCourcy did not go; and in so much, General Morgan's statement that DeCourcy's loss was greater than that of Blair and Thayer together, while it may be technically true, is evasive and misleading. The enemy, no doubt, poured their concentrated, and most destructive fire on the advancing column of DeCourcy, whose men, as General Morgan says, "were jammed together," and afforded a better mark for his bat-

BRIDGE OVER PEARL RIVER.

teries, than would the comparatively scattered men of Blair, advancing in line of battle.

It proves that the regiment which General Thayer saw in the ditch as he went over, and found still there when he went back, was one of DeCourcy's regiments; for, all of Blair's regiments, and General Thayer's one regiment were at that very moment away up in front fighting desperately; while the four other regiments of Thayer never crossed the bayou at all.

It proves that if General Steele was not mistaken when he says, "I say a part of the assaulting party turn their flank to the enemy in front of the second line of rifle-pits, and move off to the left behind the bank over which Blair's brigade had passed, and there remain until our troops commenced retreating," that those troops must have been DeCourcy's.

It is worthy of notice, that General Morgan nowhere and never, explicitly declares that any of his troops, except those two brigades which he had borrowed from Steele for the occasion, were on the field that day except, as he tells General Sherman, in his report, "*The Sixteenth Ohio Infantry was peerless on the field*," which seem a somewhat invidious distinction as against Blair's four regiments, and General Thayer's one regiment, and if that distinction by General Morgan is merited, then the party that General Steele saw "turn the flank to the enemy in front of the second line of rifle-pits and move off to the left behind the bank over which Blair's brigade had passed, and there remain until our troops commenced retreating," could not have been the Sixteenth Ohio; but still, must have been one of DeCourcy's regiments.

It is difficult to see just how General Morgan could have known whether or not, "*the Sixteenth Ohio was peerless on the field*," *as General Morgan was at no time on the field himself*, and any such report from Colonel DeCourcy would hardly be accepted as quite accurate, considering that General Thayer declares that "*DeCourcy never got beyond the first line of rifle-pits.*" It seems, therefore, as if the regiment itself must have

made a report, virtually saying that, "*We were peerless on the field that day.*"

Having arrived at this stage of the work of this history, an interesting coincidence brings in the day's mail, a letter from Governor Thayer of Nebraska, in reply to one asking him for certain points in this Chickasaw Bayou affair. The Governor's great kindness has furnished an exceedingly interesting and valuable historical letter which will enrich our history, and will locate both praise and blame where they belong. The letter is as follows:

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA,
September 18th, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: I take the first opportunity of a little leisure to reply to your favor of the 31st of August, asking me for information in regard to the assault of Chickasaw Bluffs. I can not speak accurately in regard to Blair's brigade except to make this general statement:

On the morning of the day when the assaults were to be made, my brigade was formed in a column of four ready for marching, and were stretched back from right to left into slightly timbered land and awaiting orders. My position was to the right. My brigade was the assaulting column of the right. DeCourcy's was to be the central assaulting column, and Blair's position was over to the left, corresponding with mine on the right.

I received orders from General Morgan in person to move my column forward, he saying to me, "I want you to take those heights," pointing to the Vicksburg Bluffs. I moved my men forward in a column of four to cross the dry bed of Chickasaw Bayou.

Upon the inside of the bayou, the rebels had a line of rifle-pits. across which they had left a roadway. As I passed over this roadway, I saw soldiers in their uniform down in the rifle-pits. Why they were there I could not understand. I kept forward till I reached a fence which crossed a corn-field, if I recollect aright, forming a line parallel with the bluffs at which I was aiming. We passed over this fence, tearing it down, and when I reached a point where I thought it best to bring my column into line parallel with the rifle pits in our front along the bluffs, I stationed Colonel Williamson, of the Fourth Iowa at a certain point, saying: "Bring your regiment into line, and I will go back along the line and bring the whole of my force of five regiments into a parallel line with the view of making an assault to gain the heights." *When I turned back, to my dismay and horror, I found*

only the Fourth Iowa Infantry had followed me. No other regiment was to be seen. It was awful—a repetition of Balaklava, although mine was infantry and Earl Cardigan's force was cavalry.

My first thought was of those troops that I had seen in the rifle-pits, and I said to Colonel Williamson: "Hold your ground, if possible, while I go back and get those troops up to support you."

I returned to the place where I had seen them and found General Blair, in a very earnest and excited conversation with an officer who, I was informed, was DeCourcy. He was urging DeCourcy to get his men forward, having anticipated my intentions. I joined in the conversation, *but to no purpose.* I then started to return to where the Fourth Infantry was and met Colonel Williamson bringing his regiment. He had less than five hundred men in the morning; one hundred and fifty-two were killed and wounded in less than thirty minutes, and to have remained would have been a murderous sacrifice of his men; for two lines of rifle-pits along the height and several batteries were bearing upon his regiment, as they had been bearing upon us as we marched forward to the assault. In leading the assault I had marched side by side with Colonel Williamson at the head of his regiment. On getting back to the field where I had left them I saw General Steele, and in no very respectful language demanded to know why he had taken the four regiments away from me without my knowledge. My brigade consisted of five regiments of Iowa troops, the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth and Thirty-fourth Iowa and the First Iowa battery. When I received the order in the forenoon from General Morgan to assault the heights I went back along the line directing the colonel of each regiment to follow the preceding regiment and to keep well closed up, and to obey this order till they received further instructions. Steele replied that after I had moved forward across the bayou General Morgan came to him and directed him to turn Colonel Abbott, with the Thirtieth Iowa, which had followed the Fourth Iowa in accordance with my orders. Abbott, knowing Steele to be my superior officer, obeyed the order instead of carrying out my order, and before crossing the bayou, turned away to the right, the Ninth Iowa following, the Thirtieth following it, and thus they were taken from my command. The other regiments did the same. Each commander, except Colonel Abbott, complying with my order to follow the preceding regiment. The four regiments were thus parted from me, and I was left to proceed with the Fourth Iowa, which was only a half regiment.

My regret always has been that I did not prefer charges against Morgan and Steele, *for between them they were responsible for one of the most terrible blunders which has ever occurred in military affairs.* There was a conflict between them as to which ranked the other, and

General Sherman had placed Morgan in command of the assault to be made that day.

DeCourcy's men were staying in the rifle-pits when Blair's brigade and my Fourth Iowa were moving toward that most terrible assault. *They never went beyond the line of rifle-pits which hugged the bayou.*

I have written on your map the place where my command was lying in the morning and where I crossed the bayou. I have also marked the place where the fence was, and have marked the battle-ground.

At Balaklava the Earl of Cardigan was ordered to charge with his six hundred men the whole Russian army. I was ordered to take the Chickasaw Bluffs and to lead my command as the assaulting column when I had three thousand five hundred men ; but when I got into the field directly in front of the enemy's batteries and rifle-pits, I found myself with less than five hundred men. The other four regiments were nearly full, having been in the field but a short time. *It was worse than a blunder. It was a crime, a terrible crime, and the responsibility for that crime rests upon Morgan and Steele.*

General Morgan wrote to me a couple of years ago asking me for a statement of my parts in that terrible affair. I gave him a partial statement, *which he found anything but agreeable* and I have never heard anything further from him.

I am, with great respect, very truly yours,

JOHN M. THAYER.

Notwithstanding General Thayer's positive assertions that DeCourcy's men did not get on to the real battle-field at all, on the 29th, it is claimed, and generally admitted, that the enemy, after being driven from their first line of rifle-pits, never were again in possession of that part of the field until after the final retreat, and took no prisoners in that near vicinity ; and as DeCourcy lost in missing, three hundred and fifty-five, it follows that a considerable portion of DeCourcy's brigade must have reached a position on the battle-field well in advance of the first line of rifle-pits.

In the light of General Thayer's letter, as given above, the student of military history will not only turn again to General Morgan's statements of his action in the battle of the 29th of December, 1862, and carefully re-read the lines, but will read between the lines, for possible motives of action ; and in some minds will be left a painful doubt as to whether General Mor-

gan intended to effectively co-operate to carry out General Sherman's plans for assaulting the works of the enemy on that day.

In his article on "The Assault on Chickasaw Bluffs," in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," after quoting General Sherman, where he says, "Already gun-boats have secured the Yazoo for twenty miles, to a fort on the Yazoo, on Haynes Bluff," General Morgan comments on as follows: "These movements of the gun-boats not only rendered a surprise impossible, but gave notice to the enemy of the coming attack."

Sherman had declared a surprise intended.

As General Grant had originated or approved the mode of this intended "surprise," both Grant and Sherman are included in General Morgan's criticism.

A few lines farther on, after describing the formidable features both of nature and art, of the prospective battle-ground, General Morgan thus comments: "Such was the point chosen for the assault by General Sherman. *What more could be desired by an enemy about to be assailed in his trenches?*"

Drawing a sharp contrast with the above, as what an able general should have done, he quotes Confederate General Stephen D. Lee, who commanded the enemy's defenses, at that time, as follows: "Had Sherman moved a little faster after landing, or made his attack at the 'Mound,' * * * or at any point between the bayou and Vicksburg, he could have gone into the city."

To which statement General Morgan makes what some would call a sarcastical comment in the following language: "Sherman did make an attack at the 'Mound,' but only sent one regiment, the Sixth Missouri to the assault; and in making it that gallant regiment lost fifty-seven men."

That General Sherman intended the advance of that regiment, in this case, as anything more than the skirmish of a regiment to feel of the enemy to develop his position and strength, and not an attack or assault, will be doubted by many soldiers who are capable of judging.

On the next page General Morgan says: "Had a real attack been ordered by General Sherman, Vicksburg would have fallen."

These items already noticed seem very little more than harmless, of themselves, or perhaps savoring a trifle of the inordinate vanity exhibited by mediocre minds who not only overrate themselves, but underrate their superiors; and may, therefore, assume a possible significance alongside of others.

Again General Morgan, after minutely describing a requested interview with General Sherman at Morgan's front, on the morning of the 29th, says: "For a time General Sherman made no reply. At length, pointing toward the bluffs, he said: 'That is the route to take!' and without another word having been exchanged, *he rode away to his headquarters behind the forest.*"

This polished sneer ("behind the forest,") which covertly implies a want of personal bravery in General Sherman, will fall as harmless among the thousands of both enlisted men and commissioned officers who have lived and fought with General Sherman, as would the poisoned arrow of the savage without momentum enough to cleave the distance from the bow to its mark.

General Morgan, without fear of rivalry, may safely carry off the honors of being the first to accuse General Sherman of cowardice.

In a foot-note in this same article, General Morgan further says of this interview: "As to this interview, General Sherman and myself are at variance. He states that he gave me an order to lead the assault in person, and that I replied *I would be on top of those hills in ten minutes after the signal for the assault was given.* I am positive that no such order was given; nor was there such an understanding. A well-mounted horseman, unobstructed by an enemy, could not have reached the top of those hills in double that length of time. The circumstances of the occasion must decide between us."

As to the exact number of minutes in which General Mor-

gan is said by General Sherman to have promised to be on the top of those hills, the denial of General Morgan as to having promised any such thing, will hardly be accepted as sincere, after reading General Steele's report to General Sherman, which says:

"* * * * At the 'White House,' I met General Morgan, whe told me he was building a bridge across the bayou, which would occupy two hours; *that within thirty minutes thereafter he would have possession of the heights, to a moral certainty.*"

General Sherman's statement, corroborated with sufficient exactitude by General Steele, makes it certain that General Morgan could use very extravagant language, which seems to show that, in his hands, "the pen was mightier than the sword."

Leaving the occupation of the "Bluffs," which seems to have been, with General Morgan, merely a question of time ranging from ten to thirty minutes, we come from the implied personal cowardice of General Sherman, to his utter disregard of the sacrifice of the lives of his soldiers, which is to be inferred from the language which General Morgan puts into the mouth of General Sherman, and by him, ordered carried by his Assistant Adjutant-General, Major John H. Hammond, to General Morgan, as follows: "Tell Morgan to give the signal for the assault; that we will lose five thousand men before we take Vicksburg, and may as well lose them here as anywhere else."

This heartlessness in regard to the sacrifice of human life, which General Morgan impliedly imputes to General Sherman, would be received with more credulity in the shape of a written order over General Sherman's signature; but, unfortunately, it is given to us through the medium of a verbal order which, if accepted at all, will be with slow reluctance; and it comes with a bad grace from General Morgan, who quotes himself as saying to Major Hammond, to be reported to General Sherman, that: "We might lose five thousand men, but that his entire army could not carry the enemy's position in my front;

that the larger the force sent to the assault, the greater would be the number slaughtered."

Notwithstanding that defeat and great "slaughter had been predicted by General Morgan, yet, when we had experienced both the defeat and slaughter," General Morgan reported to General Sherman that "the troops were not discouraged at all," and he would renew the assault [and slaughter (?)] in half an hour." And that orders and instructions were given the Generals of brigades to prepare for another "slaughter," is evident from the fact that the troops who had made a scattered retreat, immediately re-formed in line of battle.

And now, strange to say, General Sherman interposes to prevent the renewal of the "slaughter" proposed by General Morgan.

The words of General Sherman were: "At first I intended to renew the assault, but soon became satisfied that the enemy's attention having been drawn to the only two practicable points, *it would prove too costly*, and accordingly resolved to look elsewhere below Haynes Bluff, or Blake's plantation."

When General Sherman says: "I have ever felt that had General Morgan promptly and skillfully sustained the lead of Frank Blair's brigade on that day, we should have broken the rebel line, and effected a lodgment on the hills behind Vicksburg," he will be borne out in his belief by many a brave man of Blair's and Thayer's brigades who, as it was, went to the foot of the enemy's last works, the success having been accomplished by only five of the thirteen regiments which had been ordered to the assault. It is believed by many who helped do what was done that day, that had the entire thirteen regiments designated, moved forward with the impulse which inspired those of Blair, and of the Fourth Iowa, that they would have been on top of Walnut Hills before dark. But if that had been doubtful, there were still remaining out of the fight, two more of Blair's regiments which had been detached, and six more regiments of Morgan's troops, and six more regiments of Steele's, which latter General Sher-

man had assigned to the support of Morgan, for that battle. Had the entire original assailants of thirteen regiments been as far to the front as were Blair and Thayer, and looked round and seen fourteen more regiments charging over the first line of rifle-pits, neither the bravery nor skill then possessed by the enemy before us could have saved them the victory; and further, there was General Morgan L. Smith's second division, on our right, with ten regiments which could have been moved to the left, and put behind the twenty-seven regiments preceding, and there was no danger whatever that the vacant position would weaken our line, for nature had so arranged the ground where these battles were being fought, that each position was nearly impregnable against the other side. Theirs to us by reason of the great difficulty of approach, and the formidable works of military engineering, and fully manned by determined men,—ours to them by reason of the same difficulty of approach, and their weakness when outside their fortifications and on ground where it would be impossible to maneuver armies.

Sherman says: "At the point where Morgan L. Smith's division reached the bayou, was a narrow sandspit, with abatis thrown down by the enemy on our side, with the same deep, boggy bayou with its levee parapet and system of cross batteries and rifle-pits on the other side. To pass it in front by the flank would have been utter destruction; for the head of the column would have been swept away as fast as it presented itself above the steep bank."

And yet, that was exactly what was done the next day by DeCourcy and Thayer, under the orders of General Morgan.

It will be seen that while Blair's brigade rushed to the assault in line of battle, plunging and struggling through mud, water, quicksand, and all kinds of difficult abatis, DeCourcy and Thayer went in, in column, and dry shod, but their formation subjected them to a more deadly fire between the corduroy bridge and the first line of the enemy's rifle-pits, than could possibly have been concentrated on the brigade of Blair. General Morgan had originally intended to order

Blair's brigade to assault in a column parallel to that of DeCourcy ; but fortunately, this plan was abandoned and probably many precious lives saved thereby. As it was, the crossing of that bridge in column gave the enemy the desired opportunity for unlimited slaughter of the assailants as they entered the death-trap at Chickasaw Bayou, which could be only faintly paralleled by the slaughter of Napoleon's troops while charging across "the bridge of Lodi."

If General Morgan had moved DeCourcy and Thayer to the left and formed them in line in rear of Blair, and let them follow that brigade until it had cleaned out the first line of rifle-pits, then let them move by the right flank until Blair was uncovered, then form line with a front of their own, far more efficiency and much less slaughter would have resulted. The four hundred yards only of gateway to the battle-ground made it impossible to simultaneously bring three brigades on to the ground without "jamming" the men together, breaking files to the rear, or by some way of telescoping the wings into the center, which could have been more safely done after, than before the first rifle-pits were carried.

A most astonishing thing that took place that day, was diverting of four of General Thayer's regiments from their position in the assaulting column which was following DeCourcy's column across the bridge, by turning them to the right, without any notice whatever to General Thayer, who was on foot leading what he supposed was his brigade, but really was the Fourth Iowa only.

After the repulse, General Thayer says : "On inquiring of Colonel Abbott of the Thirtieth Iowa, which was next in line to the Fourth Iowa, why he did not follow the Fourth, I found that after I had started he had been ordered by General Steele in person, to turn off to the right to take another position. I had directed the commander of each regiment to follow the preceding one. The second regiment of my column being turned aside, it broke my line, cutting off four regiments without my knowledge, leaving the Fourth Iowa, going ahead alone."

This passes the responsibility along to General Steele; and he says: "After Thayer had passed with the Fourth Iowa Infantry, Colonel Williamson, General Morgan asked me how many troops I had. I told him Thayer's brigade, one of his regiments, however, the Twenty-sixth Iowa, was detached to cut a road, but that I did not know whether any of Hovey's had arrived or not. He then asked me to turn a part of the troops a little further to the right. I therefore directed Colonel Charles H. Abbott, of the Thirtieth Iowa Infantry, a little to the right, supposing the object of this was to facilitate the crossing of the troops over the bayou by preventing them from all huddling into the same place. At the time I did not know that there was any dry crossing, and I presume General Morgan was not aware of the fact. [General Morgan knew all about it.] The troops that I directed to the right, it seems, did not get across the bayou; but General Thayer went gallantly on with the Fourth Iowa, and instead of being a support to the storming party, was soon in advance, and entered the enemy's second line of rifle-pits nearly as soon as any.

"I gave no orders on the field that day, except at the suggestion of General Morgan, save that I followed up the movement, encouraging the men while they were advancing, and endeavoring to check them when they fell back."

This leaves the burden of proof on General Morgan, who never explains, but drops it by merely saying, in one place: "Four regiments of Thayer's brigade of Steele's division were on my right." And again: "By some misunderstanding—a fortunate one, I think, as it turned out—four of Thayer's regiments diverged to the right, leaving only one regiment, the Fourth Iowa, with him in the assault."

This dodges the responsibility entirely; but whether by mistake, misunderstanding, or any other cause whatever, the presence of those four regiments on his right must have been known to General Morgan, and the misfortune should promptly have been rectified, involving as it may have done, the lives of many brave men at the front.

As to the time of day when this assault was begun, there

is great diversity of claims. Memories differ widely, not only from the recorded reports of commanders who were on that field but among themselves. General Thayer, in his report, says at about 2 p. m. Colonel Williamson, who took his orders from General Thayer, says his order to charge came at about 3:30 p. m. It seems as though both of the above must be mistaken. It will be remembered that it was at the time of the year when the days are the shortest, and if the assault was not commenced until 3:30 p. m. there would be no more than an hour and a half of daylight left; and it is a fact that the troops re-formed in line of battle after being driven from the field, fully expecting to renew the assault; but this was given up, and after that, a flag of truce party approached the enemy's lines, but by that time it had got so dark that the movement was misunderstood and the flag of truce party fired on, and had to retire.

Comrade Charles Carpenter, of K Company, Thirteenth Illinois, says that he was there made a prisoner, and was in Vicksburg before night.

Since writing the above, a letter from General Thayer, of a late date, and given in full above, says that he received his orders to assault in the *forenoon*, showing that the former figures undoubtedly were a clerical error.

Comrade Lieut. Simeon T. Josselyn, of Company C, Thirteenth Illinois, says that the assault was begun at noon.

Comrade Wilson E. Chapel, of F Company, Thirteenth Illinois, says that the assault began at 11:45 a. m. and that we got back to the woods at 1 p. m.

Confederate General Pemberton says the assault began between 11 a. m. and noon.

From the above, it is safe that our history should claim that the assault at Chickasaw Bayou was made at noon.

If any reader thinks that needless space has been taken up with this Chickasaw Bayou affair, it may be answered that on no other battle-field of the war was its geography so intricate and difficult to be understood as was the case here; and your historian has only partly become familiar with it after the

most careful and repeated study, aided by the memories of many who were there, and he still feels that in many important particulars he has made but a poor and unsatisfactory effort. It is hoped that very many will read this history; some of whom will be almost sure to study as well as read, especially veterans will, many of them, study battle-fields. When the positions and numbers of regiments on the field – or preparing to take the field—are known, the interest is much greater; as a friend may have been in such a regiment on a certain part of the field, a brother on the extreme right, and they themselves were somewhere in the fight; hence the interest attaching to as minute a description as possible, and which the historian should not neglect.

To several grave charges affecting the reputation for bravery of DeCourcy's brigade during the assault on the enemy's works at Chickasaw Bayou on December 29th, 1862, General Morgan makes no specific denial of all or either of these charges, but instead, offers the figures of the comparative losses as reported of the three brigades constituting the assaulting force, which he says shows that DeCourcy's losses were greater than those of Blair and Thayer together, and which, he says, "speak for themselves." Some comparisons of those losses itemized, and then grouped, seem to give a somewhat different answer to the charges from that which General Morgan seemed to desire, when he offers the aggregate loss of DeCourcy, which foots up three hundred and fifty-five against the aggregate of both Blair and Thayer's two hundred and eighty-five. It must be confessed that without analyzing, this would seem to show that DeCourcy experienced more fighting, and harder fighting, than did Blair and Thayer; but there are losses, and losses; and an analysis will show that General Morgan's dependence for DeCourcy's greater losses than both Blair and Thayer together, *is derived from DeCourcy's captured and missing.* It will be seen that while Blair's loss in missing was only, say: eighty-three and two one-thousandths per cent of DeCourcy's, on the other hand, DeCourcy's killed were only forty-eight and four one-thou-

sandths per cent of Blair's; and in wounded, only ninety-seven per cent of Blair's; and few soldiers will be found who take more pride in the capture and missing of their comrades, than in that desperate valor which claims either victory, or death, or wounds which totally disable from fighting or retreat. General Morgan however, *almost boastingly parades seventy men who are missing*, as make-weights to boast a preponderance of losses for DeCourcy as proof against the ugly charges preferred by four generals, one the Commander-in-chief, outranking General Morgan, and three others of at least equal rank with himself. If General Morgan takes more pride in captured or missing, than in the valor which is shown by the killed and wounded, then he must deeply commiserate General Thayer, who was so unfortunate as to lose none in captured or missing; and who probably would be generous enough to congratulate General Morgan that DeCourcy was, in that particular, "peerless on the field."

The losses in Blair's brigade in the three days at Chickasaw Bayou, were ninety-nine killed, three hundred and thirty-one wounded, and one hundred and seventy-three missing.

In DeCourcy's brigade, forty-eight killed, three hundred and twenty-one wounded, *and three hundred and fifty-five missing*.

In Thayer's brigade (only one regiment on the 29th), seven killed, and one hundred and five wounded, and none missing.

The army, two hundred and eight killed, one thousand and five wounded, and five hundred and sixty-three missing. Total, seventeen hundred and seventy-six.

The Thirteenth lost twenty-seven killed, one hundred and seven wounded, and thirty-nine missing. Total, one hundred and seventy-three.

Thus it will be seen that the Thirteenth, in killed, lost twenty-seven and a quarter per cent of Blair's brigade, thirty-two and three one-thousandths per cent of its wounded, while Blair had in killed, forty-seven and six one-thousandths per cent of the whole army; and in wounded, thirty-two and nine one-thousandths per cent of the whole army; or nearly one

half the army in killed, and very nearly one third the entire army, in wounded.

The Thirteenth had in killed, considerably more than one-half, and in wounded, exactly one-third, the entire brigade of DeCourcy.

The Thirteenth lost in killed, three officers, and twenty-four enlisted men—a total of twenty-seven killed; and in wounded, eight officers, and ninety-nine enlisted men—a total of one hundred and seven wounded; and of missing, two officers, and thirty-seven enlisted men—a total of thirty-nine missing. Total loss, one hundred and seventy-three.

The total of losses in the Thirteenth, exactly equaled the total of missing of the entire brigade.

The writer confesses to a feeling that the combinations and groupings of the foregoing analysis are somewhat incoherent, but believes that each separate statement and proposition is as accurate as the means at hand will allow of.

On the 31st a flag of truce was successful in getting permission to bring our dead and desperately wounded from the field of battle, which was still held by the enemy, under the usual restrictions, such as limiting the flag of truce party to exactly such a number of commissioned officers, exactly such a number of the ambulance corps to each stretcher, each with a white badge on the left arm above the elbow, and of such ample dimensions as to be easily seen for a considerable distance.

The writer, as musician, was a member of the ambulance corps, which is supposed to be constituted of musicians, with the exception of the above specified commissioned officers, and noted many things for future record; and memory calls up the scenes of that battle-field as though twenty-nine years were but as yesterday.

The stark forms of our dead comrades lay about us in every direction, and in every conceivable position. Some lay with the face down, and painfully expectant were we in turning the body, that some well known face would be exposed to view. Some lay with their faces fully exposed, and the

wide-open eyes staringly met ours, but it was the stare of death.

The writer, while too busy in garnering this fruitful harvest of death, to particularly notice the actions of his comrades in the work, nevertheless became aware, more by impression than by sight, that a strange ambulance man was making himself extremely useful among us ; and finally a tone of voice caused him to look closer to the face of the man who wore a private's clothes and the regulation white badge ; but he then saw that both tone of voice, and face belonged to Lieut. James Beardsley, of Company D, of our regiment, who, in the garb of an ambulance man, had (unbeknown to Dr. Plummer, of course) come onto the field as a spy, and while busily engaged in clearing the battle field of our lamented dead, was also busily engaged in turning a critically observant eye to every part of the enemy's fortifications, making mental notes for possible future use ; and as his modesty would never allow him to say anything which might be construed as self-praise, it is believed by the writer that this is not an improper time and place to say, that this action, just mentioned, is no otherwise than characteristic of the man, Lieutenant, Captain or Major, Jim Beardsley, who, during his entire military life with the Thirteenth, never let slip an opportunity of devising, leading into, or following into, some desperately dangerous scheme, which, if successful, would redound to the prestige and glory of the old Thirteenth regiment, while at the same time, no cooler, or braver man ever went on to a battle-field.

We found the bodies of several of our dead who had been stripped of their outer clothing, but evidently not for plunder, as the pockets had been turned and their contents emptied on to the ground, where we found them still lying. When seeing these things scattered over the ground no one could feel like attaching blame to those who took the clothes, evidently from necessity, as the contents of the pockets, including not a little money showed that robbery was not the motive.

The contents of the emptied pockets was a curious and

sadly interesting study that afforded abundant food for reflection.

There were watches, spectacles, knives, match-boxes, pipes, tobacco, handkerchiefs, packs of playing-cards, Bibles, combs, revolvers, and pictures; and this by no means exhausts the schedule of personal property lying about; and the fingers of some of our men fairly itched to gather up some of these things, but they must not be touched. Among other things a small meerschaum pipe lay tantalizingly handy, and wrung from the very soul of one of our men, the admiring exclamation, "By gosh! ain't it a beauty!" and "the pregnant hinges of his knees" began to crook, preparatory to a closer acquaintance with the "beauty," but suddenly he straightened and swept the field with a wicked flash of his eyes, and found the enemy's guard so vigilantly observant of our every movement, that the "beauty" remained untouched.

The pictures, I hardly need say, were, with scarcely an exception, faces of the loved ones at home. They were of all possible kinds. Daguerreotypes, tintypes, ambrotypes, and photographs. They were pictures of sisters, sweethearts, wives and mothers. The most sacred mementoes of home; and, upon reflection, they seemed to be in their proper places, when on the battle-field.

Who will undertake to measure, prescribe, or circumscribe the power and extent of the restraining influence from the temptations and vices of army life, and the strengthening influences towards all good promptings towards a better life which these mementoes possessed?—were they not the guardian-angels of life? The Marys, and those other Marys, who were always "last at the cross, and first at the grave?"—in short, "faithful until death," and then, the real "angels of the sepulchre," which contains the mortal remains of those dearly loved ones slain on the battle-field?

Oh, these old army memories! how they are constantly spiriting us back through the accumulating decades of years, but do not relieve us of our wrinkles, our gray hair, or our crutches.

Among the dead we found part of a human hand. It consisted of nearly the entire palm, with the four fingers but without the thumb, of the right hand. It was entirely bloodless, and was not ragged where severed; we did not then, nor afterwards, find the body, or the man to which it belonged. Very probably the soldier after receiving the wound, was captured, and by the time we found the hand, was on the way to some rebel prison. It was carefully buried and I shall never forget the mute, but pathetic eloquence of that hand.

The captured, lost, and recovered battle-flags of our regiment, on the Chickasaw Bayou battle-field, possess so much of strange fortune and vicissitude, as to invest them with a romantic interest, and they clamor for a place in our history; and as much justice as can, will be given them under the title of the "Confusion of the Battle-Flags."

C. S. A MILITARY PRISON, CAHABA, ALA.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONFUSION OF THE BATTLE-FLAGS.—THE RETREAT NOT FOLLOWED.—ARKANSAS POST EXPEDITION.—THIS TIME WE ARE THE VICTORS.

IN MRS. LIVERMORE'S "My Story of the War," the author gives a short history of about fifty battle-flags; and on page 329 are pictured six battle-flags, beautifully colored and artistically grouped. The regiments and batteries to which these precious relics belonged, were:

First Minnesota Artillery, Second Michigan Infantry, Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry, Eighth Missouri Infantry, *Thirteenth Illinois Infantry.*

The latter is the National colors, mistakenly supposed by many, to be the stand captured by the enemy at Chickasaw Bayou; but was really the successor of that flag. The flag represented by the picture, was borne on the field of Ringgold Gap, Georgia, by Color-Sergeant Patrick Riley, of Company K, who was there shot through the breast, and fell in such a manner as to be enveloped by the flag, *which thus became his winding-sheet*, and still has the stains of Sergeant Riley's life-blood, which are shown by the picture.

The presence of the blood-stained battle-flag of the Thirteenth Illinois, in the above-mentioned group, in Mrs. Livermore's picture, suggests the propriety of a detailed account of what may properly be termed, "The Confusion of the

Battle-flags," of the Thirty-first Missouri and the Thirteenth Illinois, at Chickasaw Bayou.

When Blair's brigade charged the enemy's works at Chickasaw Bayou, at noon on the 29th of December, 1862, the eight battle-flags of the four regiments in the brigade, in two lines of battle, were a most inspiring sight; and they were borne proudly on to the bloody field where some were lost, while others were trailed in the dust and trodden under foot by both friend and foe as the waves of battle ebbed and flowed in successes and reverses until our troops were driven from the field.

No flag was borne more proudly, defended more stoutly, *or beckoned its brave followers nearer the last works of the enemy, than ours.* The fortunes of war decreed its capture by the enemy.

The brigade line of battle had been formed by placing our regiment, Thirteenth Illinois, in the right front, and the Thirty-first Missouri in the left front; and it will be noticed that of those two regiments touching elbows in line of battle, the figures designating the number of one, *are exactly transposed in that of the other.* This will be shown to have been the cause of a most singular double mistake, after the repulse of our troops.

A strong personal friendship prompted Private Jack Kenyon, of Company K, Thirteenth Illinois, to crawl over on to the battle-field, after dark, to search for the wounded or dead lieutenants of his company, who were missing.

In his search he came across a flag whose figures he thought were a "one" and a "three." While not knowing that our flag was missing, this seemed proof that it was so; and he determined to rescue it from eventually falling into the enemy's hands. He tore the flag from the staff and wound it about his body, and continued what proved an unavailing search. Just before daylight he had recrossed the bayou and reached camp only to find that the flag was the State flag belonging to the Thirty-first Missouri.

When driven off the field that same day, Private George

W. Sutherland, of Company I, Thirteenth Illinois, was not so scared but that he noticed a flag partly rolled up, and nearly concealed under the body of a dead soldier and the other wreckage of a battle-field.

Enough of the flag was exposed to show a figure "three," and he had no doubt that it was our flag ; and making a mental memorandum of the locality, for that was all he could do then, as the bullets and shells of the rebs were "speeding the parting guest," and so Comrade Sutherland "stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once."

From the first, he had determined to return to the battle-field during the night and bring away the flag. When the darkness brought the opportunity, he could not find Colonel Gorgas or any staff officer authorized to give the required permission, except Surgeon Plummer, who reluctlantly gave him the permission by saying : "Well, George, go over and get the flag, *but be sure that the rebs don't get you.*"

After a tedious search, he found the flag, and dragged it, staff and all, to the first line of rifle-pits, then ran for the bayou, across which he found a log which he used as a bridge, and triumphantly bore his trophy to Surgeon Plummer, who was taken down considerably by the revelation that *it was the National colors of the Thirty-first Missouri*, both of whose flags had been lost on the field, *and both had been rescued and restored by soldiers of the Thirteenth Illinois, who both supposed that they were rescuing their own flag*. An officer of the regiment to which the flags belonged, stood near and claimed the flag that Private Sutherland had delivered to Dr. Plummer, who, too readily gave it up ; and for the rescue of neither of these flags did any thanks come back.

The National colors carried by the Thirteenth, on to the battle-field of Chickasaw Bayou, on December 29th, 1862, and captured by the enemy at that time, was afterwards transmitted to the State of Illinois, with the following letters :

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, May 10th, 1865.

To His Excellency, GOVERNOR OGLESBY, Springfield, Ill.

GOVERNOR: I inclose with this a copy of a letter I received yesterday from Rev. Dr. Lothrop, clergyman of the Brattle Street Church in this city, which tells its own story. Locke, who is a fine young fellow in appearance, brought it to me in person, and brought with it the silk flag, the first Union flag displayed in Richmond on the day of its capture. *Upon examination, this flag appears to belong to an Illinois regiment, numbered the Thirteenth;* but of what arm of the service, whether infantry or cavalry, does not appear. It was probably hanging in Turner's office as a rebel trophy. It belongs of right, therefore, to your State, and I hold it subject to your order, content in yielding it to you, to remember, as symbolical of the common patriotism of the whole country, that the first Union flag raised in Richmond was an Illinois flag by a Massachusetts soldier.

I am, Governor, faithfully,
Your friend and servant,
JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor of Massachusetts.

Then follows the exceedingly interesting, and historically valuable letter to Governor Andrew, from the Rev. S. K. Lothrop, to whom the flag was brought before he took it to the Governor, by Locke, who raised it over Richmond at its capture, and who then took it home to Massachusetts with him.

12 CHESTNUT STREET, May 9th, 1865.

To His Excellency, JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor of Massachusetts.

DEAR SIR: The bearer, John F. Locke, of Somerville, a private of Company E, Thirty-ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, Fifth Army Corps, was captured at the attack on Weldon railroad, on the 19th of August, 1864, and sent to Salisbury, N. C., where he was kept till the 20th of February, 1865, and on that day was sent to Richmond, arriving there on the 22d, to be paroled and exchanged.

The day after his arrival at Richmond, he met Captain Porter, Adjutant-General of his brigade, who had been left by General Hays in charge of the supplies sent to Richmond for our prisoners there, and Captain Porter wished him to remain and assist in the charge and distribution of these supplies. With this wish, or order, he complied, and

remained at Richmond so employed up to the time of the evacuation of that city by the rebels, civil and military.

Captain Porter, having in the meantime left, and Captain Stewart of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York Regiment taking his place. On the morning of the 3d of April, Captain Stewart, Locke, and one soldier, having passed the night in the building containing our stores, which was near Libby Prison, Captain Stewart left a little before 7 o'clock and walked up Main street to see what was going on—the explosions, the fires, and other indications all satisfying them that the city was being evacuated. Locke was left in charge of the building. About twenty minutes after this, Captain Stewart's servant came down to the building and said the Federal cavalry were coming in, that they were about a mile and a half off. Lock upon hearing this, went immediately over to Libby, entered Major Turner's office, found there two captured Union flags, one silk, the other bunting, returned to the building, and proceeding to the third story, *hung out the Union flag from a window or doorway before any of our troops were in sight*, and while there were yet straggling many rebel soldiers in the street. He claims thus to have raised the first Union flag in Richmond, and as he proposes waiting upon your Excellency with the Union flag which he took from Major Turner's office in the Libby, and wanted these facts to be known to you, I have taken the liberty to write them out in the form of this note to you. Locke has been nearly three years in the service, and is twenty-one years old.

Commending him to your Excellency, I have the honor to be, with great regard, your friend and obedient servant.

S. K. Lothrop.

Both of these priceless relics are now in the office of the Adjutant-General of Illinois, where they can be seen, the one with the blood-stains of Sergeant Riley, and the other, after war's many vicissitudes, bearing the proud record of its regiment, which says: "Thirteenth Illinois, First National Colors, First Regimental Colors. Actually first at Chickasaw Bayou, and assault of 29th; Jackson, May 14th, 1863; Vicksburg and assault, May 22d, 1863; Jackson, July 10th, 1863; Tuscumbia, October 26th and 27th, 1863; Lookout Mountain, November 24th, 1863; Mission Ridge November 25th, 1863; Ringgold, Georgia November 27th, 1863."

January 1st, 1863.—On board steamer Continental, lying in the Yazoo river.

We had broken our camp before the enemy last night. We had buried the dead year side by side with our dead heroes from the battle-field. Our wounded were in hospital. Great fires were kindled to deceive the enemy, and we marched away from one of those fields of glory where death and defeat are constituent parts.

During the last day of the old year, our brigade received orders to take two days' rations and be ready to march at 8 p. m. We marched sullenly, however, and as though following the orders of the Grecian general, Diomed, who, not daring to meet the approach of the great Hector, is made by Homer to say :

> "Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow,
> Retire, but with your faces to the foe."

Thus silently, we left that silent camp, with noiseless tread and guns at a trail-arms, and on reaching the Yazoo, had embarked on the steamer Continental, presumably for some secret night expedition. It might be for an attack on Haynes Bluff; but the night proved foggy and dark, which was probably the reason why we found ourselves in the same place this morning; and still did not move till dark, when we left the Continental and marched two miles down the river and embarked on our old floating home, the John Warner, where we found our hospitable knapsacks impatiently waiting for us with warm blankets and other all-wool comforts which we had been without for five days; and which, a part of the time, we needed very much.

Friday, January 2d.—At about 2 p. m. dropped down to the Mississippi, touched at Young's Point, and then at about dark, Comrade Chapel says: "We were ordered up to Milliken's Bend. The night was rainy, foggy, and dark; and it was very difficult and dangerous running. We put up some tents on the hurricane-deck; but were in danger of swamping our boat, from having too much sail on her, and had to take them down in double-quick time, and then lay exposed to a

terrible rain-storm all night, but had got to the 'Bend' at 10:30 p. m. and laid over until morning."

The whole fleet rendezvoused at Milliken's Bend, and on January 3d, General McClernand arrived, and the next day assumed command of the expedition, and reorganized the army, to which he gave the name of "The Army of the Mississippi," dividing it into two corps; the Thirteenth Corps, commanded by Brigadier-General George W. Morgan, and the Fifteenth Corps commanded by Major-General W. T. Sherman.

We were now the First Regiment of Blair's First Brigade of Steele's First Division of Sherman's Fifteenth Corps, of Grant's Army of the Tennessee. The regiments of Blair's brigade now consisted of the:

Thirteenth Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel, Adam B. Gorgas.

Twenty-ninth Missouri, Colonel, John S. Cavender.

Thirtieth Missouri, Lieutenant-Colonel, Otto Schadt.

Thirty-first Missouri, Lieutenant-Colonel, Samuel P. Simpson.

Thirty-second Missouri, Colonel, Francis H. Manter.

Fifty-eighth Ohio, Captain, Bastian Benkler.

Fourth Ohio Battery, Captain, Louis Hoffman.

Of the other brigades in Steele's Division, the Second Brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General Charles E. Hovey, and the Third was commanded by Brigadier-General, John M. Thayer.

The "Mississippi River Expedition," which we have been considering, in its incipiency and carrying out, was almost as intricate and difficult to be understood as was the geography of the Chickasaw Bayou battle-field, and the policy which is held responsible for the criminal manslaughter of its victims.

On the 21st day of October, 1862, Secretary Stanton secretly authorized Major-General John A. McClernand, who was in Washington, to proceed West and raise an army for a Mississippi river expedition, with Vicksburg as an objective.

Secretary Stanton authorized General McClernand to show his secret orders to the Governors of Indiana, Illinois, and

Iowa, but they were not communicated to General Grant, who was also planning the reduction of Vicksburg by a combination of his own army, and a river force, and General Halleck as commander of the department was in telegraphic communication with Grant who designated Sherman to command the river force, which had the sanction of General Halleck, and this secret movement was kept from the knowledge of General Grant for fifty-eight days, when on the 18th of December, Halleck telegraphed Grant to give the command of the "river expedition" to McClernand. Fearing this very thing, Grant had hurried Sherman off from Memphis before McClernand could get started down the river, so that when obliged to notify McClernand of his appointment, and Sherman to delay at Memphis for McClernand, the note sent to Cairo could not find McClernand, and that to Sherman at Memphis was too late, as Sherman had already sailed with his fleet.

On *December 20th*, two days before we left Helena, Van Dorn and Forest had so maneuvered as, the one to capture Grant's great depot of supplies at Holly Springs, and the other by a raid into west Tennessee, to break his communications so that his co-operating advance on Vicksburg, had to be abandoned. This left Sherman in the river before Vicksburg with either an unequal fight, or a back out. The latter, with McClernand expected any day, who would take from him the command, which was exceedingly repugnant to the Sherman nature, was not to be thought of, hence the fighting which we have been considering.

The expedition against Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, said to have been a conception of Sherman, and adopted by McClernand, had the great merit of promptness, and promptness is always a strong element of success. The same day that he assumed command, Sunday, January 4th, 1863, McClernand embarked the army of thirty-two thousand men, and with Porter's fleet of three ironclads and six gun boats set sail for the Arkansas river. The objective, about sixty miles

up from the Mississippi, was described by Professor James Russell Soley, U. S. N., as:

"A square bastioned work standing at a bend of the river sufficiently high to command the surrounding country. It was commanded by Lieutenant John W. Dunnington, who had done such good service at St. Charles, and defended by troops under Brigadier-General Thomas J. Churchill. On the side facing the river were three casemates, two of them at the angles containing each a nine-inch gun, and the intermediate one an eight-inch. On the opposite side the approaches were defended by a line of trenches a mile in length, beginning at the fort and terminating in an impassable swamp. In the main work and in these trenches were mounted fourteen lighter pieces, several of them rifled. Two or three outlying works were built on the levee below the fort, but these were exposed to an enfilading fire from the gun-boats, and at the first attack by the latter, were promptly abandoned."

Stopping to investigate a wood-pile here, then crossing the river to interview a very promising rail-fence, then puffing and wheezing up stream a few miles further, and hungrily approaching the Adriatic, for rations, then with frowning and grumbling politeness throwing a hawser aboard the grounded gun-boat, Louisville, to tow her off a sand-bar, and going over to Luzerne for five hundred bushels of coal, then back again to the Mississippi shore, and then re-crossing and spending the entire night taking on more coal, was the way we crawled up the "Father of Waters" and to glory, until we made the mouth of the White river on the 7th, four days from Milliken's Bend.

Ran into the White river on the 7th, passed through the "Cut-off" on the 9th, and disembarked below the fort on the 10th, and began throwing out the lines of investment.

Sunday, the 11th.—The investing movement was early completed; our Fifteenth Corps having the right and advance. Made a circuit and came out on to the river above the fort. Morgan's Thirteenth Corps was on our left. Blair's brigade having lately had so much work to do, was placed in reserve;

and our brigade loss was nine wounded, of which two were in the Thirteenth.

Sherman, on this same subject, says to McClernand : "The former [Blair] *having borne the brunt* of our unsuccessful assault at Vicksburg, was properly held in reserve on this occasion, and suffered but little loss."

The gun-boats engaged in the expedition of "Arkansas Post" were the :

De Kalb, Lieutenant-Commander, John G. Walker.
Louisville, Lieutenant-Commander, Elias K. Owen.
Cincinnati, Lieutenant, George M. Bache.
(Ram) *Monarch*, Colonel, C. R. Ellet.
Blackhawk, Lieutenant-Commander, K. R. Breese.
Tyler, Lieutenant-Commander, James W. Shirk.
Then the Tin clads :
Rattler, Lieutenant-Commander, Watson Smith,
(and) *Glide*, Lieutenant, S. E. Woodworth.

Four hundred yards below the fort, the three ironclads had ranged themselves in line across the river, the *De Kalb* on the right, the *Louisville* on the left, while the *Cincinnati* had the center. Eight hundred yards in their rear was another line with the gun-boat *Lexington* on the right, the gun-boat *Monarch* on the left, the tin-clad *Rattler*, the right-center, and the tin-clad *Glide* the left-center. Sixteen hundred yards still below the last line, were stationed near the left bank, the gun-boat *New Era* and near the opposite bank, the gun-boat *Blackhawk*.

The bombardments from the boats began on Saturday afternoon, the 10th, which was a sort of prelude ; but at night the boats dropped down stream and tied up to the bank, out of sight range of the heavy guns of the fort, moving up to their previous position again in the morning of Sunday, January 11th, and at 1 p. m., the army being ready, the fighting was commenced in earnest ; and while pouring in an incessant fire from both musketry and artillery, the investing lines advanced preparatory to a final assault. It had already become apparent that the enemy was over-weighted from both

afield and afloat. The belligerant voice from the fort grew weaker and its white flags hastened to articulate: "Hold! enough!"

We captured about five thousand prisoners, all their arms, ammunition, fort equipments and stores. Our loss was one thousand and sixty-one killed and wounded, while, besides the prisoners, the enemy's loss was sixty killed and eighty wounded.

The rebs had comfortable log quarters which they kindly turned to our boys, as they themselves expected to spend the summer in Chicago.

When the flood-tide of victorious Yanks poured over the works of that fort, many bloody scenes of slaughter met the eye. Dead, dying and wounded were lying about all through the works. To be sure, such scenes were not unfamiliar to our eyes, but each new horror has peculiar features of its own, and is nearer and newer than the previous one; and there is possible a climax of horrors beyond any that have preceded.

On looking into the casemate, the destruction of which had specially been assigned to the ironclad, *Cincinnati*, a death-chamber was revealed which seemed to have reserved to itself the supreme climax of horrors.

This casemate, built of the heaviest hewn timber, and covered and banked by a great depth of earth, contained a monster gun of nine-inch caliber, which, when it looked from its deep embrasure, commanded a down-river sweep which brought into the sweep of its vision a considerable land space occupied by the left-wing of our army, and any gun-boat which could be stationed in the river below, and bearing on the fort; and right there, only four hundred yards away, and looking right into this particular embrasure, were four of our best ironclads. A shell from one of these four (the *Cincinnati*) had entered the embrasure, exploding as it struck the heavy timber with such tremendous force as to cause the roof to fall in, had dismounted the great gun, *and killed every man of the six who had served the gun.*

Awful as this scene was to the looker-on, the awfulness

never reached the consciousness of the doomed men, so suddenly had death met them.

The postures in which death had left them would very strongly suggest the effects of Mesmerism, were it not that some of them were so horribly mutilated; but there was nothing in the expression of their faces to show that any of them had realized the close proximity of the grim destroyer.

Looking on the countenances of these corpses, who seemed to be only sleeping, they brought forcibly to mind the case of the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus"; and it seemed that, could it be possible for life to reanimate those stark forms, even though years elapsed to intervene, they would leap to their feet and, instantaneously, make a most desperate effort to remount that gun and train it on the Federal gun-boat that had caused the disaster, and which, presumably, would still be at anchor in the river below.

Of the few days immediately succeeding the capture of Arkansas Post, Comrade Chapel says: "Monday, January 12, I took a walk over the battle-field and gathered some relics. Moved into the rebel's barracks at 9 a. m., our regiment occupying five streets, and our Company F, five houses; which gave us plenty of room. Our mess occupies the rebel lieutenant's quarters. Spent the day in cleaning and putting new bunks in it. They tell us we are to remain here some time. *For the first time since I left Helena (twenty-two days) I undressed and slept well.*

"Wakened at daylight by reveille. Quite a new thing, as we had not heard reveille before for three weeks. Had a nice Johnny-cake made of secesher's cornmeal for breakfast.

CHAPTER XXII.

WE DESTROY ARKANSAS POST.—OCCUPY MILLIKEN'S BEND AND YOUNG'S POINT.—CAPTURE THE DE SOTO.—GO TO GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, AND RETURN.

SPENT half the forenoon on the battle-field, and just got back when Adjutant Jenks sent for me to do some writing for him. Spent three or four hours in writing general orders, when another general order came for us to embark immediately on the Warner. This is the way it always is; as soon as we begin to be comfortable, we have to get up and move. We were ordered to put everything combustible into the houses and fire them; which we did and at 2 p. m. we started for the boat, leaving nothing but smoking ruins. The rifle-pits are filled up and the fort is being demolished as fast as possible, and soon the fort at "Arkansas Post," will remain only in history.

"We were busy loading all night. I volunteered to stand guard for the sake of having a dry place to sleep (between reliefs).

Wednesday, January 14th.—From daylight to dark it continued to rain in perfect torrents; not even holding up long enough for us to cook anything. The new Monitor came up from the Mississippi river. She carries two 13-inch Dahlgren guns and is one of the best gun-boats ever built.

"Toward night it began to grow cold and we had to leave the decks and hunt places below. Hartman and I laid (not slept) down on some cord-wood near the boiler. About 12 midnight it began to snow and we lay shivering till morning, which brought us no abatement of the storm.

"Snowed all day. Two or three inches of snow. Severest storm known for a great while.

"Pulled out at 9 o'clock in the morning, January 15, and started down the river. The boat broke one of her runners and we had to go slowly to keep right side up.

Friday, January 16th.—At 7 a. m. we reached Napoleon, and tied up to the wharf. Colonel Gorgas told us to go on shore and make ourselves as comfortable as possible in the vacant houses around town; and we all found shelter. We (Company F) went into a boarding house and found some stoves and felt quite at home.

January 16th.—Busy all day cooking and fixing up our quarters. We found some molasses and made some excellent candy. We were sent out on picket-guard, and although I was one of the color-guard and excused from all duty, I went out and stood my regular guard with the rest. We did not come on duty until 5 o'clock in the morning.

Saturday, January 17th.—We remained on duty all day; and for some unexplainable reason, were not relieved and had to remain out.

Sunday, January 18th.—We were relieved at noon and ordered on board the Warner immediately. Packed up our traps and embarked. Had not been out long when some rascal set fire to the town, and the boats had to move up stream. It rained nearly all night."

According to the following correspondence between McClernand and Sherman, as to the burning of Napoleon, the fire must have been on Saturday, the 17th, instead of Sunday, the 18th, as recorded by Comrade Chapel. The correspondence was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
AFLOAT OFF NAPOLEON, ARKANSAS,
January 17th, 1863.

Major-General W. T. SHERMAN,

GENERAL: Take measures immediately to extinguish the flames which are consuming Napoleon, and find if possible the incendiaries and punish them.

Place guards to stop the scandals which are being perpetrated by worthless men. * * * *

I am, General, respectfully,

JOHN A. MCCLERNAND,
Commanding.

To which General Sherman characteristically replied :

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
NAPOLEON, ARKANSAS, January 17, 1863.

Major-General JOHN A. MCCLERNAND :

GENERAL : * * * * It is impossible to find out the incendiary ; not a clew can now be found. * * * * No man in the army has labored harder than I have to check this spirit in our soldiers ; and *I am free to admit we all deserve to be killed* [tough on McClernand], unless we can produce a state of discipline when such disgraceful acts can not be committed unpunished.

I am, General, with very great respect,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g Corps.

Under peremptory orders from General Grant to return immediately to Milliken's Bend, General McClernand moved the army down stream with some show of alacrity, to both the place designated, and Young's Point, arriving there on the 20th, where we were soon followed by General Grant, who arrived down on the 29th, and assumed command of the army in person.

On February 3d, 1863, Grant says to Halleck : "One of the rams ran the blockade this morning. This is of vast importance, cutting off the enemy's communications with the west bank of the river."

As above stated, we had arrived down from Arkansas Post, to Milliken's Bend on January 20th, 1863, and on the 22d lay alongside the supply steamer, Adriatic, nearly all day drawing rations. Here, and on this day, Color-Sergeant, Wilson E. Chapel, of Company F, took charge of a squad for the burial of Private Joseph M. Bashaw, of Company E, who had died the day before of wounds received at Chickasaw Bayou.

On the next day, January 23d, our boat dropped down to the landing at Young's Point where the regiment debarked and consumed almost the entire day in taking off our things from the boat; when, towards evening the entire brigade took up its march across Young's Point to go into camp along the levee below Vicksburg, but above Warrenton. The road was so badly blocked by other troops, on the road to their several posts, that at midnight we stopped until early morning of the 24th, when we went on to our designated position and went into camp.

The canal, which we were to guard and help finish, had been begun the previous year by General Thomas Williams, who, in command of a small force of troops from General Butler's army had come up with Farragut's fleet, which was intended to reduce Vicksburg; but the movement was not successful, and the canal was not finished; but General Grant now decided to renew the scheme, trusting to the high water in the river to do a large part of the excavating when once the head-gates of the canal should be opened and the flood let in. But this and other like schemes which were tried later on, to deprive Vicksburg of navigable communication, from either above or below, were destined to failure; *and the pick-axe and spade had to retire behind the gun and bayonet.*

Time and events were evidently to prove not so monotonous in this as in some former camps; for, while very busy putting our camp in order, even on that first day, events seemed to court our acquaintance, even to meeting us more than half way. Towards noon the rebel transport, Vicksburg, came up from below, and when opposite, our batteries opened on her by guess, as she could not be seen through a heavy blanket of fog which had been let down on the river and reached up above our heads. It is not likely that any of our shots struck her, as she was well over on the other shore, and soon ran under the guns of their forts.

During the same afternoon some asthmatic, wheezing puffs were heard apparently approaching, and Sergeant Amos H. Miller of Company B *climbed a tree* where he could look over

the fog, and reported the approach of a small steamer from below, and headed towards a seductive wood-pile right in front of our camp. It proved to be the De Soto, a small rebel foraging boat whose crew did not know of our occupying the levee at that place. Without any consultation, or plan of campaign, several of our boys ran to camp and got their guns and hid behind the levee, prepared for anything that might turn up.

The boat came up alongside the non-committal wood-pile, threw a line ashore, followed by a man who made it fast to a tree, when up jumped our boys who had the officers and crew captured in a trice, and the supplies of eggs, chickens, butter, and sweet potatoes, etc., confiscated. This was one of those wonderful inspirations that move forward unerringly to their consummation, *with no officers, no privates, no orders, and no obedience necessary.*

The De Soto, in our hands, was barricaded with bales of cotton, a twenty-pound Parrott gun was put on board of her, and, manned by a detail from our regiment, she was turned into a sort of floating battery, and served well to provoke and draw the enemy's fire.

On the morning of the 25th, not long after midnight, considerable firing below was heard, and although probably between belligerant boats, it was feared that the rebels might be trying to land and surprise our right flank. The Thirteenth was ordered into line and marched a considerable distance down the levee, but found nothing threatening or suspicious, and so went back to camp and went to bed, but got little sleep, as another disturbance before daylight brought out the entire brigade again, and again we were all marched down the levee, and in line of battle, in a drenching rain we stood there until after daylight. On the 26th, the brigade was again called out, but there being no enemy, quiet was soon restored.

On *January 31st, 1863.*—Five companies from our regiment were detailed to work on the canal. These details were frequent, and were sufficiently dangerous to relieve the tedium

of hard work of too much of the prosaic, by intermittent dashes of poetic spice in the shape of explosive shells from the enemy's heavy batteries across the river, whose gunners would now and then calculate the range so accurately as to lift down a monster shell right into the canal; and our boys were scarce ever so stubborn as to dispute the right of way with the self-invited stranger from the Confederate States, and would politely and good-naturedly retire until the envoy had delivered his message. While our boys would gladly have dispensed with these over the river favors, nevertheless the visitations of these masterful messengers were not without their practical and substantial benefits; for, not infrequently they would strike right at the base of a huge stump and raise it out by the roots and blow it bodily, or in fragments, completely out of the canal, which otherwise would have resisted for hours the combined efforts of a squad of our men.

On *February 2d, 1863.*—At daylight the Ram Queen of the West, ran the blockade and landed near our camp. Of this affair General Grant, to General Halleck, says: "One of the Rams ran the blockade this morning. *This is of vast importance*, cutting off the enemy's communication with the west bank of the river."

Writing of the condition of things at this time, Lieutenant Josselyn says: "Our camp opposite Vicksburg is the dreariest and most unhealthy one we have ever had. The ground is low and wet, made worse by frequent rains. Water is bad, and sickness and death are upon all sides." * * * *

Lieutenant Josselyn by no means exaggerates; and the actuality would admit of a much higher coloring. We were then receiving large accessions of new regiments which had been so lately organized and sent to the front that there had been no chance for their getting seasoned; and when sent immediately to Young's Point, some single regiments literally buried hundreds of men before the movement for the reduction of Vicksburg was put into action, until the amphitheatrical segment of the land side of the levee, for miles *was a vast cemetary of terraced soldiers' graves.* But in strong con-

trast to this terrible mortality in the new regiments, the writer well recollects being told by Dr. Plummer, at that time, that so far, after an arduous service of almost two years, our regiment had *lost but sixteen men from disease*. It is presumable that there is no survivor of our regiment who would deny that Dr. Plummer has the right of chief honor for this splendid sanitary record.

Continuing, Lieutenant Josselyn says: "* * * * "Large details of men work on the canal every day, varied often by standing picket, and unloading boats. Constant cannonading is heard between the enemy's Vicksburg and Warrenton batteries and our land batteries and gun-boats. Camps are changed frequently to avoid the rising waters, and sometimes we are camped on the levee."

About this time work on the canal had to be given up by reason of the flood in the Mississippi which burst in the head-gates of the canal which was soon full to overflowing, and the adjoining country was slowly inundated, which drove our camps to higher ground, Our brigade had already broken camp and moved back across the Point to the landing; and on March 8th, we moved camp one mile up the river and camped near McClernand's headquarters.

The levees of the lower Mississippi, when seen for the first time, seem so stupendous that *they force a comparison with the great Pyramids of Egypt;* but the purposes for which they were severally built are in most striking contrast. The levees of the lower Mississippi make certain the seed-time and harvest of millions of acres of the garden-land of America. The Pharaohs and Potiphars of Egypt, for thousands of years never caused a spadeful of earth to be moved to prevent the annual inundation of the Nile from sweeping to their deaths the toiling millions whose entire lives were devoted to the erection of those Pyramid-Mausoleums, the wonder of the world, on the outside, but containing nothing but a crypt, large enough to hold a sarcophagus which in its turn contains a swathed, shrunken mummy, who might very naturally

exclaim, as he looks out of his glass case in Barnum's Museum : " To what base uses are we come ! "

The tops of these levees are so broad as to allow teams and wagons to pass, and are used as highways, and it was now no unusual thing to meet General Grant, General Logan, General McPherson, and other mounted officers on the levee-road.

On March 14, 1863, Lieutenant George P. Brown (now Captain) of Company B, returned from staff-duty, as topographical engineer, with General E. A. Carr.

Any unusual firing was watched, and speculated upon with the greatest freedom, as well as the greatest interest, and every private in the army felt that he had as good a right to know all that was going on, as had the commander-in-chief himself, and it was astonishing how after knowledge verified the analysis of most important events, by the rank and file which could only be certainly known to commanders, at the time.

The following is well worth recording :

HEADQUARTERS, THIRTY-SEVENTH OHIO
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,
YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA,
February 25th, 1863, 6 a. m.

P. B. STANBERRY, Lieutenant and A. A. A. General,
Third Brigade, Second Division, Fifteenth Army Corps.

SIR : I have the honor to report that the firing from the rebel batteries near the city at 12 p. m., was occasioned by a boat which is now lying below the mouth of the canal, and proves to be a flat-boat rigged up to represent a gun-boat. She has a square turret forward, with *a mock cannon projecting toward the bow from within. Smoke-stack made of flour-barrels*, wheel house, etc., covered all over with a thick coat of tar. Has a hole just above the water line at the bow, from a shot. Nothing else of interest.

Very respectfully yours,
E. HASLER, Second Lieutenant,
Thirty-seventh Ohio Vol. Inf'ty.

In an article entitled " Naval Operations in the Vicksburg Campaign," among the articles published by the " Century Company," entitled " Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,"

"Prof. James Russell Soley, U. S. N., of the above affair, says:

"A day or two later, Porter, whose buoyancy of spirits never deserted him, set adrift from his anchorage a dummy-monitor, constructed out of a coal barge surmounted by barrels. *The incident was in the nature of a stupendous joke*, but it had very practical results. The dummy passed the Vicksburg batteries under a terrific fire. When the Queen of the West, acting as a picket to the Indianola, saw this new antagonist coming, *she only stopped to give the alarm, and fled down the river*. The supposed monitor stuck fast a mile or two above the Indianola, but the Confederate officer in charge of the work on board the latter, did not wait for an attack, but set fire to the recent prize, which was in great part destroyed."

On *March 11th*.—We were reviewed by General Sherman.

Our old Brigadier-General Frank P. Blair, had lately been promoted to Major-General of Volunteers. The writer had means of knowing, and will here relate the fact that both General Steele, and General Blair, had notice that their commissions were on the road, and might be expected any day. General Steele outranked General Blair and up to this time, General Blair was General Steele's subordinate in the same Division.

For some reason General Steele's commission was delayed while General Blair had received his, but made it a point of honor not to wear two stars until General Steele could do the same. However, General Steele's commission came by the next dispatch-boat, *and the two new Major-Generals each toted an additional star*.

General Blair was now made commander of the Second Division of our Corps, and Colonel Francis H. Manter, late Colonel of the Thirty-second Missouri, was put in command of our brigade, and our status was now, Gorgas' First regiment of Manter's First brigade, of Steele's First Division, of Sherman's Fifteenth Corps, of the right wing of Grant's Army of the Tennessee.

On *March 31st 1863.*—General Sherman ordered General Steele on the Deer Creek expedition to last two weeks.

On *April 2d.*—Having already received orders, the entire Division, our regiment on the Metropolitan, climbed the Mississippi river to Greenville, Mississippi, and raided the country inland for the twofold purpose of driving off a small force of rebels who seemed to be used to scare off any small force of ours that might come there for forage ; and also to destroy the great granary from which the rebels at Vicksburg drew the bulk of their supplies. Hence the importance of the expedition.

We arrived at Greenville on the 4th of April, and immediately organized an advance with companies A and B of ours, and a section of Hoffman's Battery in the lead, and proceeded to try and hunt up the rebel force which we came for. They were there, but fell back as fast as we advanced, and destroyed the bridges and cotton as they retreated, and we burned the mills, gin-houses, and storehouses as we advanced, took all the forage we could find transportation for, and when ready to leave, *we burned the small remnant of 1,600,000 bushels of corn.*

It was said at the time, that the rebels caught a negro in the act of trying to escape to us, and hung him on the spot.

A negro generally keeps dark, but in this case he shed much light as to where we were to look to find wagons ready loaded with supplies, and hid in the woods to be hauled away in emergency, and many other things too good to be left ; and as a consequence, our boys fed high on honey, eggs, chickens, and sweet potatoes.

On the 7th of April we came up with the rebels at about 2 p. m. and had an artillery duel until night, the darkness of which helped them to leave us far behind. It was on this occasion that Captain Silverspeare with his battery executed one of those dashing movements which so electrifies soldiers on either side, and compels admiration from both friend and foe alike, and which seemed characteristic of both Silverspeare and Landgraeber. We were confronting the enemy who were found to be in force in the edge of a piece of woods,

on the far side of a cleared field. The enemy had the advantage of the curtain of woods which concealed both their movements and numbers; while we had the advantage in position of much higher ground. It was necessary to silence their batteries and dislodge them from their cover of woods before we could advance. General Steele chose a point of elevation but a few steps away from where he was standing, where he ordered Captain Silverspeare to plant his battery and drive the enemy from the wood. This order seemed to instantly transform Captain Silverspeare into the fiery representative of Mars himself. He snatched his sabre from its noisy scabbard, whirled it about his head in blazing circles, gave some ringing commands, and then wheeled his horse as if he were hung on a pivot, and spurred forward in the lead, right into the very teeth of the enemy's line, the entire battery close at his heels, followed by the deafening shouts of the boys in blue, who soon learned that, while the movements of the fiery Swede looked almost like desertion to the enemy, really meant destruction to the foe. General Steele, who had seen something of war in Mexico, among the Indians on the frontier, and now for two years in this war of the Rebellion, now stood astonished at the strange movements of this cyclonic Swede, and remarked, in his usual squeaking voice, "Well, Captain Silverspeare may know where he is going, but I do not."

So audacious was this onset that the rebel batteries temporarily ceased their loud-throated clamor, and the minie-bullet paused in the rifle-barrel before speeding on its death-errand, while this battle-born cyclone swept round its eccentric orbit, almost brushing the muzzles of the astonished rebel guns, and still swept on, completing the perfect circle, so as not to mar its moral or poetical symmetry by any cross-lots work, and came thundering up to the spot originally indicated, unlimbered, and came into battery, and before the rebel guns had resumed work, was dealing such efficient death and destruction into those woods, that the rebels were soon glad to get away.

At this distance of time it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to remember the exact causes which led up to a very

ridiculous affair which happened on this Greenville expedition, in which Colonel Manter, who was in command of our brigade at the time, through some provocation, real or imaginary, from some of the boys of the Thirteenth, *placed the entire regiment under arrest.* The result being (according to the best recollection) that on that very evening, fearing an attack, and not enough other troops available for a safe resistance, he was obliged to eat crow, and unconditionally release the regiment from arrest.

Out of respect, we visited the homes of General French and Dr. Thompson, who, under pressure, subscribed liberally from their corn-cribs and smoke-houses, to the Union cause.

Failing to induce the rebels to stand and give battle that would be decisive of anything, and having largely diminished the sources of abundant supply for feeding General Pemberton's army in Vicksburg, General Steele concluded that he had accomplished all that could be done under the circumstances, returned to Greenville, and on the 24th of April, the fleet, including the John H. Groesbeck,on which our regiment was embarked, returned to Young's Point.

During our three weeks' absence up the river, events were shaping and hastening to their fulfillment, which were to give to history the siege and surrender of Vicksburg.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GREAT MOVEMENT FOR TURNING THE ENEMY'S LEFT FLANK.—THE MARCH SOUTH DOWN THE RIGHT BANK.—FERRYING GRANT'S ARMY.—SIEGE.

IT WAS necessary to General Grant's plan of campaign, that a large number of the transports then above Vicksburg, and the necessary gun-boat convoys should be massed below the city, to be used both as supply boats and ferry-boats. To accomplish this they must run the blockade past the Vicksburg batteries.

The experiments that had so far been tried by sending single vessels by these formidable batteries, not excepting *the modest and imperturbable old dummy*, with its Quaker bow-gun, and its flour-barrel smoke-stack, which had so badly scared the rebels out of their boots, had demonstrated to General Grant's satisfaction, that instead of the apparent certainty of sailing into the very jaws of death, it was in reality one of the most economically safe methods of warfare.

The method, having passed its experimental stage, was now to be applied in earnest, and meant business; and which General Grant, on April 17th, 1863, reports to General Halleck, as follows:

"Seven gun-boats, Benton, Mound City Carondelet, Louisville, Pittsburg, De Kalb, and Tuscumbia, and three transports, Silver Wave, Forest Queen, and Henry Clay—with the Ram, General Price, ran the Vicksburg batteries last night. The crew of the steamer Henry Clay, excepting the pilot, deserted soon after getting under fire. The boat

took fire and burned up. One other transport slightly damaged. One man killed and three wounded on the Benton."

Six days afterward, on the 23d of April, 1863, the General reports to General Halleck, the second attempt of the kind, as follows:

"Six boats, the Tigress, Anglo-Saxon, Cheeseman, Empire City, Moderator, and one other (name not given) ran the Vicksburg batteries last night. All the boats got by more or less damaged.

"The Tigress sunk at 3 a. m. and is a total loss. Crew all safe. The Moderator was much damaged. I think all the barges went through safely." * * * *

"Two men mortally wounded, and several wounded more or less severely. About five hundred shots were fired. I look upon this as a great success." * * * *

Prefacing the accounts of these two hazards of running the blockade in force, it was stated that the initial experiments of sending by a few vessels, or a single one, demonstrated to General Grant that, instead of sailing into the jaws of death, it would prove to be one of the most economically safe methods of warfare. These last two movements verified the above estimate. In the last of these movements, only two men were killed by five hundred heavy artillery shots from the enemy. Five hundred shots to kill one man. In the one preceding, two men were killed. Allowing the same number of shots, then it took two hundred and fifty shots to kill one man; or, in the two affairs, three men were killed by one thousand shots, or, *three hundred and thirty-three and one-third shots to a man.*

At any rate, we now had plenty of hard-tack and ferry-boats waiting us on the river below.

On the day after our return from Greenville, General Sherman issued the following order:

General Orders No. 26. HEADQUARTERS, FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, Camp near Vicksburg, April 25th, 1863.

I.—Pursuant to special order No. 110, from the headquarters Department of the Tennessee, the Fifteenth Army Corps will march to Car-

thage via Milliken's Bend and Richmond, by the left flank, viz., in the order of the Third, Second, and First Divisions. * * * *

II.—The First Division, General Steele commanding, will on its arrival from Greenville, land at the old camps, gather up their old camp equipage, and proceed by boat to a point near General Grant's headquarters at Milliken's Bend, and thence march to Richmond, and keep closed up on Second Division. * * * *

The above orders, so far as they affected both Steele's and Blair's Divisions, were countermanded and Yazoo demonstrations substituted :

Steele's Division, instead of marching to Carthage, pursuant to the above order, went on the Yazoo expedition under Sherman, the object of which was to draw as much as possible of the enemy's attention in that direction, while Grant could successfully cross his main army below, and gain a foothold from which to act against Vicksburg from the south. During this movement up the Yazoo, our regiment was left at Milliken's Bend.

In the meantime, General Blair, with his Second Division, was left at Milliken's Bend to hold the place, and guard the roads below, and was relieved by troops ordered by Grant from Hurlburt at Memphis, when both the First and Second Divisions followed Grant and caught him up in season to take a part in the stirring movements preliminary to the siege.

We had left Young's Point on April 26, on the D. J. Taylor, and arrived at Milliken's Bend, on the same day, signed the pay rolls on the 28th, and on the 29th received four months' pay.

On May 2nd received orders to move that same afternoon at 4 with three days' cooked rations in haversack.

Comrade Josselyn has the following : * * * * "Moved southward through Richmond, and passed many fine plantations, making about sixteen miles a day. On the 5th, we made four miles of very hard marching after dark through a dense forest. One day (the 4th) as we were taking our noonday hard-tack, a body of rebel prisoners passed going North, four hundred and thirty-eight in number, taken at

Port Gibson. They remarked as they went by us that "*all fashionable Southern gentlemen took a trip North during the hot months.*"

On the 4th we passed McArthur's Division in Camp, in which is the Ninety-fifth Illinois whose boys brought us *canteens of cool water* which greatly refreshed us. On May 5th made Perkins' Landing through New Carthage; and in the evening marched six miles further and camped in the grounds of the plantation of Dr. Bowie, who was one of the exceptions among Southern slaveholders who generally spent little or no money at home, on residences, ornamental grounds, roads, bridges, schoolhouses, churches, or other public buildings; but, leaving the plantation in the hands of an overseer, the vast income, not uncommon, was spent at Saratoga, or other places of summer resort in the North, or in Europe.

Dr. Bowie, on the contrary, had a magnificent mansion with beautiful grounds surrounding it, the spaciousness and costly fittings of which may be imagined by the mention of only a few details.

On the threatened approach of our army, the Doctor had hastily gathered together the easily movable valuables and decamped. Many good things were left.

General Sherman, General Steele, and recollection says, General Chas. E. Hovey, with the staff officers of all, with not a few headquarters followers, slept in that house that night, all on fine curled hair mattresses, elegant bed clothes (bed linen alone wanting) on elegant bedsteads, standing on heavy, rich Brussels carpets, and each had plenty of room, and must have "dreamed that they dwelt in marble halls." At any rate, the writer of this reclined on a richly upholstered sofa-lounge, on the front gallery of the house, and absorbed more luxury in that one night, for thirteen dollars a month, than he ever knew before or since. On our arrival, at the right hand back-corner of the house, outside, was an elegant piano, which had been chopped to pieces with an axe. A grand piano, in one of the front parlors, manipulated by one of Blair's skilled musicians, gave forth more patriotic strains

than had been evolved therefrom for some years ; and dance music rippled from under the ivory keys for those who desired to trip "the light fantastic toe."

As the hours wore on towards the interior of the night, some of the men got boisterous, and before they could be restrained charged bayonets on their own images in the magnificent pier-glasses, which reached from floor to ceiling, and shattered them into a thousand fragments. Soon after the army was on the road in the morning following, some vandal had applied the torch to that house, and pianos, pier-glasses, rich furniture, and all else, comprising such an accumulation of wealth and luxury, were, in a few short moments reduced to ashes.

From the fact that before the day's march was over, we marched past another mansion in flames, *whose owner himself had applied the torch before he ran away, in sullen spite against the Yankees*, we are relieved from the obligation of sympathy in such cases, and there is left a regret only, that such acts on our part are subversive of military discipline.

On May 6th, 1863.—Marched nine miles and camped two miles from Hard Times Landing. On the 7th, we marched early, to the Landing, and crossed the river on the gun-boat Carondelet ; and Comrade Josselyn records the fact that

GENERAL SHERMAN CROSSED ON THE BOAT WITH US.

And now, and here, came to an end *the almost two years' continuous service of the Thirteenth Regiment west of the Mississippi river*, and it only lacked seventeen days of two years since the regiment was mustered into the United States Service, at Dixon, Illinois.

We remained about Grand Gulf, Mississippi, the entire day of our landing on Mississippi soil, mostly employed in drawing rations.

The enemy's works at this place were very formidable, and a front attack would, most probably, have resulted in great loss of life and failure at last. The flank movement by way

of Port Gibson drove the rebels to evacuate Grand Gulf, and was the key to the investment of Vicksburg, aided by the insubordination, and bad generalship of General Pemberton, who disobeyed the positive orders of his superior, General Joseph E. Johnston, in scattering his covering forces so that General Grant had the opportunity which he sought, a chance to fight and conquer each rebel force in detail, and then driving the fragments behind the fortifications of Vicksburg where they could not be reinforced, could not cut their way out, could shoot away the remainder of their ammunition, exhaust their few remaining rations, kill and

EAT THEIR MULES, EAT THE FEW RATS

that had not already died of starvation, and then haul down their flag.

May 13, 1863.—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston wrote to Confederate Secretary of War, Seddon, as follows: "I arrived at Jackson this evening, finding the enemy's force between this place and General Pemberton, cutting off the communication." "*I am too late.*"

This almost wailing knell of the Confederacy, is answered by Jefferson Davis personally, to General Johnston, as follows: * * * *

"Do not perceive why a junction was not attempted, which would have made our force nearly equal in numbers to the estimated strength of the enemy, and might have resulted in his total defeat under circumstances which rendered retreat or reinforcement to him scarcely practicable."

To this, General Johnson replied that: "On the 19th of May, he sent orders by telegraphic dispatches and by couriers, to Major-General Gardner to evacuate Port Hudson. And also explicit orders to General Pemberton to save his army by leaving Vicksburg; none of which orders were obeyed."

We quote the Confederate General, C. H. Lockett, Chief Engineer of the Defenses of Vicksburg, to substantiate the charges of bad generalship and insubordination against Gen-

eral Pemberton at this time. General Lockett says: * * * * "At last General Pemberton became convinced that General Grant's intention was to march up the east bank of Big Black river to strike the railroad at or near Edward's Depot, and thus cut off his communications with Jackson. * * * * During this time General Pemberton received numerous dispatches from President Davis, and from Gen. J. E. Johnston, who had recently arrived at Jackson. I saw or heard read, most of these dispatches. They were very conflicting in their tenor; and neither those of Mr. Davis nor those of General Johnston exactly comported with General Pemberton's views. He then made the capital mistake of trying to harmonize instructions from his superiors diametrically opposed to each other, and at the same time to bring them into accord with his own judgment, which was adverse to the plans of both. Mr. Davis' idea was to hold Vicksburg at all hazards and not to endanger it by getting too far from it. Johnston's plan was to cut loose from Vicksburg altogether, maneuver so as to avoid a general engagement with Grant until Confederate forces could be concentrated, and then beat him. Pemberton wished to take a strong position on the line of the Big Black and wait for an attack, believing that it would be successfully resisted, and that then the tables could be turned upon General Grant in a very bad position, without any base of supplies, and without a well protected line of retreat. As I have said, none of these plans were carried out, but a sort of compromise or compound of all these attempts, resulting in the unfortunate battle of Baker's Creek, or Champion's Hill, and the disgraceful stampede of Big Black Bridge." * * * *

A few added words, to the above, by General Johnston, say:

* * * * "He (Mr. Davis) accuses me of producing confusion and consequent disasters by giving a written order to Lieutenant-General Pemberton, which he terms opening correspondence. But as that order, dated May 13th, was disobeyed, it certainly produced neither confusion nor disaster. But "consequent disaster" was undoubtedly due to the diso-

bedience of that order, which caused the battle of Champion's Hill. When that order was written, obedience to it, which would have united all our forces, might have enabled us to contend with General Grant on equal terms, and perhaps, to win the campaign. * * * *

Soldiers, as well as many citizens, have expressed doubts about the garrison, and people of Vicksburg being driven to the extremity of eating mule-meat before surrender.

We shall let the Confederate General Lockett (quoted just above) reply that :

* * * * "We were short of provisions, so that our men had been on quarter rations for days before the close of the siege, *had eaten mule-meat and rats* and young shoots of cane, with the relish of epicures dining on the finest delicacies of the table." * * * *

On *May 8th.*—Our regiment in the lead, left camp at 2 a. m. and marched eighteen miles, passing Quimby's Division, and camped near Black river.

On *May 9th.*—Moved camp only one mile, and for the rest of the day had a good rest in a pleasant camp, surrounded by hills, valleys, brooks of water and fine shade trees.

May 10th.—Had inspection at 10 a. m. and after 2 p. m. marched eight miles, a hot and dry day, but troops feeling well.

May 11th.—Were somewhat slow in using the twelve miles immediately in our front. On this day—says Lieutenant Josselyn—"We passed General Grant's Headquarters, and Generals Carr's and Osterhaus's Divisions. *In passing General Carr's Headquarters, three cheers were given him by the regiment.*"

Passed through the town of Cayuga, where a part of McClernand's Corps is camped. We went into camp at sundown.

May 12th.—We marched until 10 a. m. when our advance brigade (Second Brigade, First Division, Gen. Charles R. Wood) came up with the enemy's pickets, and a brisk skirmish ensued, which resulted in driving the enemy off, but

with a loss to us of seven killed and eight wounded; after which we built a new bridge.

The Thirteenth, having had a skirmish at Fourteen-mile Creek, moved forward two or three miles and camped. It was here that, before having broken ranks, the Thirteenth had been halted in the road, near which was an inhabited house; in which happened to be just then, General Sherman, who, with his staff, had halted for a rest. Captain Cole, of Company G, Thirteenth, happened to have halted his company in the road almost immediately in front of this house. An order had been issued that while on duty, no man must be found without his gun or sword. One of Captain Cole's men *determined to put down the rebellion by capturing rebel chickens;* and had been so successful as to be returning from the outhouses with four chickens in each hand, *but without any gun.* As he was passing the house, the lynx-eyes of General Sherman saw him, and *out the General ran, bare-headed,* and ordered the man to give him the chickens, which the man did, well knowing who General Sherman was. The General took the chickens just as the soldier had done, four in each hand, and tugged them out to the road and gave them all to Captain Cole's men who were still standing in line, at the same time sharply rebuking the man for abandoning his gun for foraging. Captain Cole resented General Sherman's interferference with his man, and, it is said, has never forgiven him.

An order from General Grant reached General Steele at this camp to send an armed force across to the left with orders to General McClernand; and General Steele ordered the detail to be made from the Thirteenth; and a quota from each company was detailed and headed by Colonel Gorgas.

This service was not only difficult, but hazardous; how much so, will be better realized by a description of the physical features of the country from General Grant's own description, as follows:

* * * * "*The country in this part of Mississippi stands on edge*, as it were, the roads running along the ridges except where they occasionally pass from one ridge to another.

Where there are no clearings, the sides of the hills are covered with a very heavy growth of timber, and with undergrowth, and the ravines are filled with vines and canebrakes, almost impenetrable. This makes it easy for an inferior force to delay, if not defeat a far superior force.

"Near the point selected by Bowen to defend, the road to Port Gibson divides, taking two ridges, which do not diverge more than a mile or two at the widest point. These roads unite just outside the town. This made it necessary for McClernand to divide his force. It was not only divided, but it was separated by a deep ravine of the character above described. One flank could not reinforce the other except by marching back to the junction of the roads."

The above graphic description of the country by General Grant will give something of an idea of the night expedition of six miles crosswise of such a country. The start was made at dark, and after wandering all night in the woods and gorges, daylight *developed our position to be between the picket-lines of the enemy and of our own.* Not being empowered to arbitrate, and not desirous of being made into sieves and colanders, Colonel Gorgas with his Thirteenth backed gracefully out of an awkward position, crawled up and slid down one or two more hog-backs, found McClernand's Headquarters, delivered his dispatches, and counter-marched by daylight to the camp we had left and found it empty, our forces having gone on to Raymond. Resting an hour, we started after them with many of the men bearing aloft on their bayonets hams and bacon which Mrs. Bush, *a kind rebel lady*, had generously donated by compulsion to the Union cause.

We encamped two miles west of Raymond, having come up with our brigade.

On *May 13th.*—We passed through Raymond, the scene of yesterday's battle by Generals Logan and Crocker of our side.

On *May 14th.*—Through a tremendous down-pour of rain, we passed on toward Jackson where we could distinctly make out artillery conversation between the Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston, and our Brigadier-General James M.

Tuttle, commanding the Third Division of Sherman's Fifteenth Corps, who had the advance that day; but on our coming up and deploying into line of battle, General Johnston concluded not to dispute any longer, *faced to the rear, and politely retired*, and we walked into the city.

Our flag looked beautiful and inspiring, floating over the city, and as though it belonged there.

This city had extensive manufactories of Confederate military supplies, all of which we destroyed, as well as all railroads and bridges, and all supplies that we could not use, *including four hundred hogsheads of sugar.*

On *May 16th*, via Clinton, we marched towards Vicksburg, forty-seven to fifty miles distant, making nineteen miles to Bolton Station, where we learned of the battle that day, of Champion's Hill.

On *May 17th.*—We had the advance of the Fifteenth Corps, ours being the right or northernmost of the three Corps of Sherman, McPherson and McClernand, which were now fast closing in on the devoted city.

At Bridgeport we found supplies, helped to complete one of the three several bridges being there constructed, as the bridge over the Big Black had been destroyed that morning by the vanquished enemy. We crossed the river at dark and camped one mile further on, in the woods.

We have the narration of the following incident from the Confederate General, S. H. Lockett, "Chief Engineer of the defenses of Vicksburg," on the occasion of the rebel retreat to the fortifications of Vicksburg, after their defeat at the battle of Big Black Bridge.

General Lockett says: "After the stampede at the bridge, orders were issued for the army to fall back to Vicksburg, Major-General Stevenson being placed in command of the retreating forces.

"General Pemberton rode on himself to Bovina, a small railroad station about two and a half miles from the river. I was the only staff officer with him. He was very much depressed by the events of the last two days, and for some

time after mounting his horse rode in silence. He finally said: "*Just thirty years ago, I began my military career, by receiving my appointment to a cadetship at the United States Military Academy; and to-day—the same date—that career is ended in disaster and disgrace.*"

And again, at a council of war on the night of July 2d, 1863, in Vicksburg, General Pemberton said: "Well, gentlemen, I have heard your votes and I agree with your almost unanimous decision, though my own preference would be to put myself at the head of my troops and make a desperate effort to cut our way through the enemy. *That is my only hope of saving myself from shame and disgrace.* Far better would it be for me to die at the head of my army, even in a vain effort to force the enemy's lines, than to surrender it and live and meet the obloquy which I know will be heaped upon me. But my duty is to sacrifice myself to save the army which has so nobly done its duty to defend Vicksburg. I therefore concur with you *and shall offer to surrender this army on the 4th of July.*"

On *May 18th.*—Bright and early we were on the road, which the rebels had kindly left unobstructed until we had measured off about fifteen miles, when our advance encountered the enemy's pickets with whom our boys insisted on an exchange of skill at shooting at a mark. Our regiment followed our skirmishers so closely, and boldly, that either one side or the other, had to give way; *and it was not us;* and we slept there that night close up to the enemy's outer works, which were empty the next morning, May 19th, and this gave us the right of way to the Yazoo river, which added greatly to our convenience and comfort, as it re-established our connections with our old base of supplies, and uninterrupted communications with the outside world. From these hills, Vicksburg was in sight, and our old battle-ground of Chickasaw Bayou, lay at our very feet.

The Fourth Ohio Battery was now soon brought into position and opened fire, supported by our regiment, which was the first regiment in position in the investing lines.

On *May 27th.*—Our brigade with four others under Blair, was sent up the Yazoo, for some work, which being accomplished, we took our old position in the line of investment. During a seige like that of Vicksburg, there is little to be said of any one regiment in particular and this siege of forty-seven days gave no opportunity for particular mention. Lieutenant Josselyn says: "On May 22d another grand assault was made, our regiment taking part to the left of our position. From this time to the last of May, our duties were to support the battery, sharp shooting, and digging trenches. * * * *

"Colonel Gorgas detailed Lieutenants Dement, Russell and Josselyn, with two men from each company, to go over to Young's Point and bring over our camp equipage. All sick men left there when we started for Grand Gulf, now joined their companies.

"From this time until the surrender of Vicksburg, our work and duties were constant. Strong picket lines out every night, digging trenches, roadways, sapping and mining, making earth-works supporting the Marine and Hoffman's batteries and sharp-shooting were the order of each day. The fire was continuous from artillery, musketry and the Mortars. Towards the last of June the enemy seemed more quiet; and it was not often that we could get a good shot at them with a musket. We could see buildings burning occasionally over in town, set on fire by the bursting mortar-shells. General bombardments took place June 20th and 25th."

As far back as March 1st, General Halleck had written General Grant as follows: General: "There is a vacant major-generalcy in the regular army; and I am authorized to say that it will be given to the general in the field who first wins an important and decisive victory."

This had reached General Grant while at Young's Point; and six days later, had been replied to as follows: "General: I will have Vicksburg this month or fail in the attempt."

This seems a vain boast so entirely foreign to the nature of General Grant, that its appearance among the War Docu-

ments, published by order of Congress, alone saves it from a doubt of its authenticity.

However, the surrender came in season to save General Grant's chance in competition with General Mead, at Gettysburg, by nearly twenty-four hours.

On the 21st of May, when the investment was completed, we were eight-hundred yards distant from the enemy's main works. On June 4th, or fourteen days afterward, we had so well employed our time and opportunities as to have advanced our lines to within one hundred and fifty yards of the same objective; and when the surrender came, the thickness of the enemy's parapet alone divided the hostile forces.

The surrender, which had fully been decided on by General Pemberton as early as the night of the 2d of July, was consummated as agreed upon with General Grant, on the 4th of July.

If ever soldiers had earned a rest, and time in which to participate in the celebration of the glorious victory, it certainly was Sherman's soldiers, after so arduous a campaign; but that was not to be; and already the tremendous energies of these great generals had planned for further vigorous movements almost before the surrender could be completed, as will be seen by fragments of two communications to Grant from Sherman, of date of July 3d, as follows: * * * * "If you are in Vicksburg, glory, hallelujah! The best 4th of July since 1776." * * * *

And again: * * * * "Already are my orders out to give one big huzza! and sling the knapsack for new fields." * * * *

Comrades, when you "slung knapsacks for new fields," twenty-nine years ago, the writer had just severed his connection with the old Thirteenth Regiment; he was still to wear the blue, in the same service but in other fields. And now again, I must leave you. Other hands, able and patriotic, will guide your historian's pen to completion, and again I must say, comrades, God speed you, and good-bye.

ASA B. MUNN.

SERGT. AMOS H. MILLER.

Historian, Company B.

ASA B. MUNN, 1891

Historian, Company I.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHERMAN TO GRANT.—"IF YOU ARE IN VICKSBURG, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!"—KNAPSACKS SLUNG FOR NEW FIELDS.—THE BEST 4TH OF JULY SINCE 1776.

N JULY 4th, 10 a. m. the white flag went up on the fortifications of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

General Order No. 52, emanating from General W. T. Sherman, awaited this event and spoke then as follows:

The moment Vicksburg falls and the investing army is relieved from the trenches, by General Grant's orders a movement will be made inland, preliminary to which the following orders are made:

1. Thirteenth Army corps will move direct to the Big Black river, in the direction of Edward's Depot.

2. The Fifteenth Army corps, General Sherman's will move by the Bridgeport road to Tiffin, and take the road by Fox's to Messenger's ford, an advance guard to occupy the hills, the main body along the Big Black and Fox's Creek.

3. The Ninth Army corps, General Parke's, move to the vicinity of Bird's-song Ferry with his advance guard across his main force on Bear Creek.

4. The Cavalry force, Colonel Bussey, will cross Black River near the mouth of Bear Creek.

5. All commanders will see that their troops are well provided with five days' rations in their haversacks and regimental wagons; cartridges at the rate of one hundred and fifty per man. Great attention must be paid to providing water.

All baggage, tents and incumbrances of any kind must not be taken along.

By order of

MAJ.-GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

A number of things are suggested by this order.

First. It was confidently expected that we had about reached a triumphant conclusion of General Grant's effort to secure Vicksburg and open the Mississippi river. And so we had.

Second. We still had business on hand and our officers were disposed to attend to it without delay and spend no time in fire-cracker demonstrations over our victory. To some persons it will hardly seem credible, that when the white flag went up over the fortifications, that gave us thirty thousand prisoners and hundreds of cannon and an open river, that there were no noisy demonstrations of joy. The fact was, that this feature of it had been about all worked off earlier, and that we regarded it as a foregone conclusion for weeks, that Vicksburg was ours, and we had death enough to sober us, and there was no disposition to unduly exult over a fallen enemy, that had fought bravely; so the event passed off quietly for so great an event in the war. The noisy part we left to our friends in the North, who did not have the satisfaction of seeing it. It is true that when the navy came down the river in array, guns were fired. This feature of it, on the part of the navy, was most imposing and delightful in appearance. The long line of boats headed by Admiral D. D. Porter's flagship, gorgeously set off by the Stars and Stripes, and firing as they came in line down the river and swinging around to the landing at the wharf of the captured city, was one not easily forgotten, and much enjoyed by all but the fallen enemy.

Another thing suggested by the order and not fully appreciated by those not familiar with army life, is that baggage must be kept at a minimum in a sharp campaign, and further, that the details for the necessities of the army must be looked after with great care. On the march that was to follow, a lack of sufficient and good water was the greatest cause of suffering.

General Grant said to General Sherman as soon as they had surrendered, "General Sherman: Ord will get off a division of his troops to-night and the balance to-morrow. Steele

will get off before daylight to-morrow. I have just returned from a visit to the Admiral at the landing. The number of prisoners as given by the rebels, is twenty-seven thousand. There is much more artillery than we thought. The field pieces are given at one hundred and twenty-eight and about one hundred siege guns." The Thirteenth Regiment was in Steele's division and so we were to be off before daylight.

Major-General McPherson was put in charge of paroling the prisoners.

Major-General Logan was given command of the city and the necessary garrison duty. By special request of General McPherson, because of special hard service and exposure during the siege, the Forty-fifth Illinois Infantry (known as the Lead-mine regiment), was permitted to take the advance in going into the city and to take possession of the Court House.

While certain troops were designated to take charge of the works and the prisoners, many others took the liberty during the day to leave their camps and go into the rebel fortifications and camps, to see what and whom they had been fighting. The care and anxiety that they had been compelled to keep up so many weeks had passed away, and the men felt when standing on the works, as a man would toward a dead lion.

COCKED THE CANNON.

In the midst of this scene one of our camps was quite astonished to find several shells come booming from the rebel guns. They began to shelter themselves, not knowing but that the old sore had for some reason broken out again. The explanation was that some of our bad boys on going to the rebel works, had found the guns of a battery loaded and "just for fun" had cocked them, put on a cap and snapped it and then of course ran away. But had they killed some of our brave soldiers, it would have been too serious even for the Fourth of July at Vicksburg.

A MEAN MAN.

While going through one of the camps I saw a group of soldiers of each kind together. An argument of some kind was going on. A talkative soldier of a rebel regiment, but of Northern birth, was making some strong declarations about the Northern army. A Southern man with a drawling tone said to our soldiers, "Don't pay any attention to what he says, for he is the meanest fellow you ever surrounded."

Even if we were modest in the amount of noise made on this great occasion we would of course expect some exuberance of feeling and something of the manner of the Fourth of July in addresses. Let me present to you something from some of our Generals.

General McPherson himself wrote to his men as follows :

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, July 4, '63.

Soldiers of the SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

Again I rejoice with you over your brilliant achievements, and your unparalleled success. Hardly had your flag floated to the breeze on the Capitol of Mississippi, when springing to the call of our noble commander you rushed upon the defiant columns of the enemy at Champion Hills and drove him in confusion and dismay across the Big Black river to his defenses within the stronghold of Vicksburg. Your assaulting columns that moved upon his works on the 22d of May, and stood for hours under a withering fire, you were unsuccessful only because no men could take the position by storm. With tireless energy and sleepless vigilance by night and by day, with battery and rifle-pit, with trench and mine you made your sure approaches, until overcome by fatigue and driven by despair to oppose your progress, the whole garrison of thirty thousand men with all their munitions of war, have, on the anniversary of our National Independence surrendered to the invincible troops of the Army of the Tennessee. The achievements of this hour will give a new meaning to this memorable day, and Vicksburg will brighten the glow in the patriot's heart which kindles at the mention of Bunker Hill and Yorktown. This is indeed an auspicious day for you. The God of battles is with you. The dawn of a corresponding peace is breaking upon you ; the plaudits of an admiring world will hail you wherever you go, and it will be an ennobling heritage surpassing all riches, to have been of the Seventeenth Army Corps on the Fourth of July, 1863.

General Sherman was in command of the army that faced toward General Johnson so that he was not permitted to look upon the goings on at Vicksburg on the Fourth, but he knows of the event, and writes from his headquarters on the Big Black both to General Grant and Admiral Porter. To General Grant he says :

Major-General GRANT.

MY DEAR GENERAL : The telegraph has just announced to me that Vickburg is ours. I can hardly contain myself. Surely I will not punish my soldiers for being "unco' happy" this most glorious anniversary of the birth of a nation whose sire was Washington. Did I not know the honesty and purity of your nature, I would be tempted to follow the example of my standard enemy of the press in indulging in wanton flattery, but as a man and soldier and ardent friend of yours, I warn you against the incense of flattery that will fill our land from one extreme to another. Be natural, be yourself and this glittering flattery will be as the passing breeze of the sea on a summer day.

To me the delicacy with which you have treated a brave and deluded enemy is more eloquent than the most gorgeous victory.

This is a day of jubilee, a day of rejoicing to the faithful and I would like to hear the shout of my old and patient troops ; but I must be a "Grad-Grind." I must face facts and knocks and must go on. Already are my orders out to give one big huzza ! and sling the knapsack for new fields.

I did want rest, but I ask nothing until the Mississippi is ours ; and Sunday and the Fourth of July are nothing to Americans, until the river of our greatness is as free as God made it. Though in the background, as I ever wish to be in civil war, I feel I have labored some to secure this glorious result. Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

This letter, written so spontaneously, brings out in beautiful manner the brotherly feeling between Grant and Sherman, and also the warmth with which Sherman's heart entered into the cause and country he served.

To Admiral Porter, Sherman says :

DEAR ADMIRAL : No event in my life would have given me more personal pride or pleasure than to have met you to-day on the wharf at Vicksburg—a Fourth of July so eloquent in events as to need no words or stimulants to elevate its importance.

I can appreciate the intense satisfaction you must feel in lying before the very monster which has defied us. In so magnificent a result I stop not to ask who did it. It is done and the day of our Nation's birth is consecrated anew in a victory won by the united navy and army of the country.

Thus I muse as I sit in my solitary camp out in the woods, far from the point for which we have jointly striven so long and so well; and though personal curiosity would tempt me to go and see the frowning batteries and sunken pits, that have defied us so long and sent to their silent grave so many of our early comrades in the enterprise, I feel that other tasks lie before me and time must not be lost.

Without casting anchor, and despite the heat and dust and drought, I must again strike into the bowels of the land to make the conquest of Vicksburg fulfill all the conditions it should in the progress of the war. Whether success attends my efforts or not, I know Admiral Porter will ever accord to me the exhibition of a pure and unselfish zeal in the service of our country.

Congratulating you and the officers and men of your command, I remain as ever,

Your friend and servant,

W. T. SHERMAN.

As we consult the records we find many orders and letters attributed to General Grant on the Fourth of July, but no congratulations. He had no time for that just then, but it seemed that by his quiet touch that his whole vast army moved in some direction for some purpose. Some to meet Johnson's army; some to see after the spoils and some to fly to the relief of General Banks at Port Hudson.

A BATTLE AT HELENA, ARKANSAS.

Before starting on our march after Gen. Joseph Johnson and the repossession of the State Capital, it will be of interest to refer to what was going on at this same date at Helena, Arkansas, so long our camp-ground just previous to entering upon the Vicksburg campaign.

General B. M. Prentiss was in command of the place, with about four thousand men, fortified, and a gun-boat in the river as a support.

Many plans had been projected for the relief of Vicksburg on the part of the rebel forces west of the river. It finally culminated in an attack upon Helena on the morning of the Fourth of July.

Lieutenant-General Holmes was in command, and on July 3d issued the following order which will somewhat explain the situation, and the purpose of the rebels.

July 3rd, 1863.

1.—The attack on Helena will be made to-morrow at daylight.

2. Major-General Price will assault and take the graveyard hill at daylight.

3.—Brigadier-General Walker with his cavalry brigade will proceed to the Sterling road and when the hill is captured will enter the town and act against the enemy.

4.—Brigadier-General Fahan will assault and take the batteries on Hindman's Hill at daylight.

5.—Brigadier-General Marmaduke will assault and take Reiter's Hill at daylight.

This plan was attempted, but not entirely carried out. General Price did succeed in getting possession of the fort and hill where the Thirteenth had been encamped the previous summer and fall, but was not able to hold it in the face of the fire of the gun-boat. The other two attacks failed and so the whole battle failed with severe loss in killed, wounded and prisoners to the rebels, and with but slight loss to the Union forces.

The battle was ill-advised. General Price was strongly against it but General Holmes proposed to fight, ready to take the glory or blame as the outcome might be.

General Hurlbut reports concerning it as follows :

Major-General HALLECK.

GENERAL: General Prentiss was attacked by a force of rebels under Holmes and Price at Helena on yesterday. He estimated the force at fifteen thousand. I think nine thousand will cover their strength. Prentiss sustained their attack from daylight to 3 p. m., when the rebels were repulsed at all points, leaving twelve hundred

prisoners. Their loss from killed and wounded is from five to six hundred. Prentiss lost about sixty. He has already sent me eight hundred and sixty prisoners, whom I have sent to Alton to-day.

This was quite a change from the quiet days spent on this same ground by our regiment, with nothing more than a raid on some sutler's goods or rough joke on some of the officers, or a mournful march along the ridge to bury some fallen comrade. We hardly thought then that this same ground would be strewn thick with dead and wounded from battle.

A VICKSBURG NEWSPAPER.

But to return to our preparation for our march from Vicksburg after Gen. Joseph Johnson's army. And yet before doing so it may be interesting to look over the *Daily Citizen*, J. M. Swords, proprietor, printed in Vicksburg.

The type was set up for July 2d, 1863, but was not struck off until the 4th after we had possession. Then some of our boys ran off the edition on wall-paper, as that was the only material the proprietor had in stock.

It is interesting to see ourselves as others see us, and hear them talk about us. In this copy we have some of this, and some of the news inside of the besieged city.

We glean as follows:

KILLED ON MONDAY.

Mrs. Cisco was instantly killed on Monday on the Jackson Road. Mrs. Cisco's husband is now in Virginia a member of Moody's artillery, and the death of such a loving and affectionate wife, will be a loss to him irreparable.

The deaths among women and children were frequent during the siege and seemed to add new horrors to war, that people in Northern homes knew nothing about.

We were indebted to Major Gillespie for a steak of Confederate beef, *alias* meat. We have tried it and can assure our friends that if it is rendered necessary, they need have no scruples about eating the meat.

It is sweet, savory and tender, and so long as we have a mule left we are satisfied. Our soldiers will be content to subsist on it.

Grant's forces did a little firing on Tuesday afternoon, but the balance of that day was comparatively quiet. Yesterday morning they were very still and continued so until early in the afternoon when they sprung a mine on the left of our center and opened fire along the line for some distance. We have not been able to ascertain anything definitely as to the extent of our loss, but as our officers were on the lookout for the move of the enemy, the expectations of the Yankees were not realized by a great deal.

Among the many deeds spoken of with pride by our citizens, we can not refrain from mentioning the case of Mr. F. Kiser. The gentleman, having more corn than he thought was necessary during the siege of this place, portioned off what would do him for the brief interval that must ensue, before the arrival of the succor for the garrison, and since that time has relieved the wants of many families, free of charge. May he live and prosper and his name be handed down to posterity, when the siege of Vicksburgh is written, as one in whose breast the milk of human kindness had not dried up.

Commodore Porter's mortars have not been used for nearly forty-eight hours. Poor fool, he might as well give up the vain aspirations he entertains of capturing our city or exterminating our people, and return to his master to receive the reward such a gasconading dolt will meet at the hands of the unappreciating government at Washington.

After two days the said city was captured and Porter's fleet was at the wharf; some gasconading on the part of the editor, Mr. Sword, it seems.

Death of Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin. General Smith's impetuous division seems singularly unfortunate. He has lost many gallant men during the siege whose deaths are a great public calamity. Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin, commanding the Thirty-first Louisiana Regiment was killed on Saturday. He was a popular and efficient officer. May the soft south winds murmur sweet requiems over his name, and the twilight dews fall gently like an angel's tear-drop and moisten his turfy bed.

EXTORTIONERS.

If aught would appeal to the heart of stone of the extortioners with success, the present necessities of our citizens would do so. It is needless to attempt to disguise from the enemy or our own people that our wants are great, but still we can conscientiously assert our belief, that there is plenty within our lines, by an exercise of prudence, to last till long after succor reaches us. We are satisfied that there are numerous persons within our city who have breadstuffs secreted and are doling it out at the most exorbitant figures to those who had not the foresight or means at their command to provide for the exigency now upon us. A rumor has reached us that parties in our city have been and are now selling flour at five dollars a pound, molasses at ten dollars per gallon, and corn at ten dollars per bushel. We have not as yet proved the fact upon the parties accused, but if proven, let a brand not only be placed upon their brow, but let it be seared into their very brains that humanity may scorn and shun them as the very portals of hell itself.

We have heretofore refrained from alluding to a matter that has been a source of extreme annoyance and loss to our citizens. We refer to the lax discipline of some of the company officers in allowing their men to prowl about day and night and purloin fruit, vegetables, chickens, etc., from our citizens, and in the majority of cases from those whose chief subsistence is derived therefrom. This charge is not confined wholly to those at the works, but is equally, if not mainly attributable to the wagoners and those in charge of animals. Several cases here come to our knowledge, where the offenders have in open daylight entered the premises, seized the cattle and other things and defied the owners to the teeth. We are pained to learn that an esteemed citizen of our Vicksburg, Wm. Patterfield, was under the necessity in protecting his property, to wound one or two soldiers and take the life of another.

We fully appreciate the fatigue, hardships and privations to which our men are subjected. But on inquiry it may be found that our city is second to none in contributing to those gallant spirits who risked life and limb to make us the most honored people on the earth ; but such conduct is base ingratitude. A soldier has his honor as much at stake as when he is a civilian. Then let him preserve his good name and reputation with the same jealous care as before he entered the ranks. But so long as this end is lost sight of, we may expect to chronicle bloodshed among our own people.

GOOD NEWS.

In devoting a large portion of our space this morning to Federal intelligence, copied from the Memphis *Bulletin* of the 25th, it should be

remembered that the news is the original truth, whitewashed by the Federal Provost-marshal, who desired to hoodwink the poor Northern white slaves.

The former editors being rather proslavery were arrested for speaking the truth when the truth was unwelcome to Yankeedom, and placed in the chain gang, working at Warrenton where they now are. This paper at present is in duress and edited by a pink-nosed, slab-sided, toad-eating Yankee, who is a lineal descendant of Judas Iscariot and a brother germain to the greatest Puritanical sycophant, howling scoundrel unhung—Parson Brownlow, yet with such a character this paper can not cloak the fact that Gen. Robert E. Lee has given Hooker, Milroy & Co., one of the soundest whippings on record, and that the "glorious Union is now exceedingly weak in the knees."

In the following paragraph we have a measure of exalting that was rather premature.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

Again we have reliable information from the gallant corps of General Lee in Virginia. Elated with success and encouraged by a series of brilliant victories, they have marched through Shenandoah Valley, Maryland, into Pennsylvania and are threatening Washington and are within a few miles of Baltimore. To-day the mongrel administration of Lincoln, like Japhet, are in search of a father, for their old Abe has departed for parts unknown. Terror reigns in their halls. Lee is to the left of them, the right of them and all around them, and daily we expect to hear of his being down on them. To-day Maryland is ours, to-morrow Pennsylvania will be, and the next day Ohio will fall. Success and glory to our arms! God and right are with us.

That day in which Ohio was to fall General Lee and army were in full retreat and Vicksburg with its whole garrison, the editor who wrote these lines, included, had surrendered and were once more under the stars and stripes.

ON DIT.

That the great Ulysses, the Yankee Generalissimo, surnamed Grant—has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Saturday next, and celebrating the 4th of July, with a grand dinner, and so forth. When asked if he would invite General Joseph Johnston to join him, he said: "No, for fear there might be a row at the table." Ulysses must get in the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is "first catch the rabbit."

The rabbit was caught and cooked and the dinner had at the time suggested, viz.: in the stronghold of Vicksburg.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

Mid the din and clash of arms, the screech of shells and the whistle of bullets, which are a continual feature in the status of our beleagured city, incidents of happiness often arise to vary in a cheery way, the phases of so stern a scene. On the evening of the 28th ult., with gaiety, mirth and good feeling, at a prominent hospital in the city, through the ministerial offices of a chaplain of a gallant regiment, Charles Royall, Prince Imperial of Ethiopia of the Barbirago family, espoused the lovely and accomplished Rosa Glass, Archduchess of Senegambia, one of the most celebrated Princesses of the Laundressind régime. The affair was conducted with great magnificence though, as is usual in troublesome times, the sable element was predominant :

The foe may hurl their deadly bolts,
And think we are affrighted ;
Well may we scorn them, silly dolts,
Our blacks are now united.

VICTIMIZED.

We learn of an instance wherein a "Knight of the Quill" and a "disciple of the black art" with malice in their hearts and vengeance in their eyes, ruthlessly put a period to the existence of a venerable feline, that has for time not within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," faithfully discharged the duties to be expected of him to the terror of sundry vermin in his neighborhood. Poor defunct Thomas was then prepared, not for the grave, but the pot, and several friends invited to partake of a nice rabbit. As a matter of course no one wound the feelings of another by refusing a cordial invitation to dinner, and the guests assisted in consuming the poor criminal with a relish that did honor to their tastes. The "sold" assured us that the meat was delicious and that pussy must look out for her safety.

When Vicksburg fell the rebel commissary department reported as having on hand: bacon, 38,000 pounds; rice, 51,000 pounds; sugar, 92,000 pounds; salt, 428,000 pounds; peas, 5,000 bushels.

These had been held in reserve, as they had hoped to break out of their imprisoned condition.

General Johnson had written to General Pemberton on July 3d, "I hope to attack the enemy in your front about the 5th and your co-operation will be necessary. The manner, and point, for you to bring the garrison out, you must determine. Our firing will show you where 'we are.' If Vicksburg can not be saved, the garrison must be."

CHAPTER XXV.

SHERMAN'S CHASE AFTER JOHNSTON, WHOSE SPEED SEEMED TO SHOW NOT ONLY RIGHT AND LEFT WINGS, BUT ALSO WINGS IN HIS REAR.

WE will now use some extracts from several diaries.

Sunday, July 5th, 1863.—Our division took the road at 2 a. m. to reinforce General Sherman who is after Johnston. The day was excessively hot. Passed through the fortifications that had been erected as our rear line. We came fifteen miles and camped just at dark.

July 6th.—Spent most of the day in a very pleasant camp. We found blackberries in great profusion and they were sought after and enjoyed. This kind of fruit was without doubt a great preserver of health during the siege. Much foraging was done during the day. Came two miles to the Big Black river.

July 7th.—Started early, crossed the river on pontoons, came twelve miles and camped near Bolton. The heat and dust was very severe on the army. Many men were sunstruck and some died from the heat. We passed General Tuttle's division. A kind providence gave us a shower of rain this evening.

July 8th.—Skirmish with the enemy on the part of the cavalry was carried on. Our division started in the afternoon and marched some ten miles to the vicinity of Clinton. We are laying in line of battle. Losses for the day small. The

Fourth Iowa skirmished into town taking a number of prisoners and killing and wounding some.

July 9th.—General Johnston who was opposing our advance wrote:

> FELLOW SOLDIERS: An insolent foe flushed with hope by his recent successes at Vicksburg confronts you. Their guns may even now be heard at intervals as they advance. It is at once the mission and duty of you brave men to chastise and expel this enemy from the soil of Mississippi. The country expects in this, the great crisis of its destiny, that every man will do his duty.

General Johnson knew they could not do this, but it seemed necessary to whistle to keep up any kind of courage.

INVESTING THE JACKSON.

On *July 10th* we closed up to Jackson, the State Capital, and found it well fortified. As fast as the troops and guns could be gotten up, the investment went forward extending the lines from the river above the city to the river below. During this time there was constant picket firing and the use of artillery. Sometimes it was furious and there were sallies on the part of the enemy, and charges on the part of our troops with considerable loss. On the thirteenth General Lauman's division made a charge and was repulsed with severe loss.

By this time General Sherman had brought up sufficient forces to make a demonstration on the opposite side of the river and the enemy's rear. General Johnson was too shrewd to have the same trick played on him that had cooped General Pemberton in Vicksburg.

On the 16th a part of our regiment was sent to the front to dig some rifle-pits. A fight had been going on to the left of us and this drew the fire on us and we had some close calls from bursting shells.

WATER SCARCE.

The drinking water was bad and scarce, the only good water being found in cisterns; these were soon used dry, some of the men going as far as three miles to get it, and

some of the boys paying as high as fifty cents for a canteenful. There were some houses with cisterns at our advance lines, and between the two lines. These were sought after for the water. I myself took a load of canteens before daylight on the morning of the 17th and went to one of these houses to fill them; and some of our outposts were there. I remember to have heard one of the boys say, "I believe the rebs have left the works and the city, but I don't feel quite safe to run over to the lines to make sure of it." An hour later the venture was made and the works were found to be empty.

A DOCTOR'S HOUSE.

This house that I visited for water was a fine brick one near the main Jackson and Vicksburg road. Of course it was abandoned by the rebel doctor. He had a fine library in it that had been thrown about in bad shape. As it was one of our picked posts, it was badly riddled by the rebel shells. I heard afterwards that the owner, a doctor, sought to have the United States pay him for the damage done to his property. Uncle Sam has paid many a bill with no more show of justice in it than this.

THE ORDER FOR THE EVACUATION.

As I said, General J. E. Johnston was too shrewd to be caught in a net. The following is a circular letter issued by him dated July 16th and tells how they went out into the open country to the East.

"The time having arrived when in the opinion of the commanding General, the safety of this army renders necessary a retrograde movement, the following order will be observed.

"The right wing of the army consisting of the division of Major-Generals Loring and Walker, with batteries attached to them, will retire by the upper Brandon road, crossing the Pearl river on the upper bridge at Carson's Ferry.

"The left wing composed of the divisions of Major-Generals Breckenridge and French, will retire by the old

Brandon road, crossing the Pearl river on the bridges near the lower end of the town.

"The artillery in or near the trenches will be moved by hand for at least a half a mile to the rear, where they will be limbered up and moved without delay by the routes designated.

"The artillery will be moved at 9 p. m., and every arrangement must be made previously to insure punctuality.

"At 10 a. m. the whole of the Infantry force, with the exception of the skirmishes and pickets in advance, will march out from the trenches rapidly and noislessly by brigades.

"At 1 p. m. the whole line of skirmishes and pickets will be drawn in and follow as quickly as possible."

This program was carried out and daylight found us confronted by empty works, a few stragglers and wooden cannons; these and the town were our only trophies. If we wanted General Johnston and his army we would have to go further on our march, as they had left the "old stand." The evacuating forces set fire to the business part of the town, much of which was consumed. Many men surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, doubtless not caring to keep up the strife or wishing like the men taken at Vicksburg to have a chance to get home.

July 18th.—Received orders to have three days' rations in haversacks and to march after the retreating army. Our regiment with others moved into town and laid in the street all night, delayed by a difficulty at the bridge. The next day we started to Brandon, a town twelve miles out. Having gone about nine miles our forces were resisted and quite a fight ensued in which several were killed and wounded.

Our regiment formed line and were ordered through a vast corn-field on the right of the main road, where the fighting was being carried on. In this field the heat was intolerable and it did seem that we would have died of suffocation, if a kind providence had not just then sent a brisk rain that wonderfully relieved matters.

The advance was pushed and by dark we were in possession of the town, the enemy having gone on to the east.

What the purpose of General Johnston was may be learned from the following dispatch to General Chalmers, dated at Brandon, July 17th. He says: "General, I was compelled to abandon Jackson last night. I shall halt within fifteen or twenty miles of this place unless driven farther."

He was not driven farther, so we may infer he halted.

On the 20th many prisoners were picked up, and many of the paroled prisoners from Port Hudson, that had surrendered on the 9th, came into town. Part of the town was burned and our troops began to tear up and burn the railroad. Our regiment was a part of the detail, and the work was thoroughly done. A whole regiment would form in line on one side of the track and just lift the thing up bodily. Then it would be knocked to pieces, the ties piled up and the rails put across them. As the ties burned the rails would become sufficiently heated to bend and so become useless.

FEEDING ON GREEN CORN.

One feature of this campaign was, that the army lived largely on green corn, just then in season. When the army stopped for dinner it would just strip acres of it for a single meal.

It would be cooked after this fashion. A fire would be kindled between two rails, and the corn with husks on would be laid upon the fire. By the time the husks were burned off the corn would be cooked by the steam and be in a delicious state to be eaten.

TROUBLE WITH VICKSBURG PRISONERS.

The rebel authorities seemed to have had great trouble in handling the prisoners taken at Vicksburg. They wanted to put them into the field again at once, but the men were set on seeing their homes. After much discussion between Gen-

eral Pemberton and Jefferson Davis, Mr. Davis consented to give furloughs. It was the only thing they could do, as the men were all scattering. General Pemberton issued an order allowing the furlough, but calling for a prompt return of every man.

We faced these same men on November 24th, 1863, on the side of Lookout Mountain. Whether they had been properly exchanged or not I can not say. The rebels themselves questioned it, and on that account were less valiant in the defense of their strong position.

On *July 21st.*—We were again camped in Jackson. On the 22d a body of Union citizens appealed to General Sherman to garrison the town and hold it, but the destruction of public property began which showed that this was not the plan.

On the *23d.*—Our division left the place and headed toward Vicksburg.

On *July 27th.*—We were located in a fine camp near Black river bridge and our camp equipage was sent for that we might settle down for a rest.

Vicksburg and Mississippi river were now in our possession, fairly won, and yet not without a great price. The graves of thousands of brave men were scattered all the way from Cairo to the Gulf; about Vicksburg they were to be seen at every turn. But this could not be dwelt upon, for the work was not yet finished.

While our regiment did not lose many men in the campaign that closed with the siege of Vicksburg and Jackson, yet this is noticeable that in the weeks that immediately followed, the death rate of the regiment was very large. This shows that the services performed were most severe and were paid for with the lives of brave men.

July 30th.—It was announced that five per cent of the well men were to be given furloughs, while many more of the sick were sent up the river, and where they were able many of them were sent home. Drills and other camp duties were taken up and gone through with.

August 1st.—Colonel Partridge returned from his home.

August 3rd.—Lieutenant Dement resigned and is going home. He has been regarded as one of the best officers in the regiment. Major Bushnell and Lieutenant Patterson started for home to-day.

Quiet reigned. It was a time of rest. All men went home who could secure furloughs, and they had good times. The sick languished and many died.

On September 19th and 20th was fought the very severe and memorable battle between General Braxton Bragg and General Rosecranz near Chattanooga and known as the battle of Chickamauga. Our forces were defeated and driven into and shut up in Chattanooga.

From this event or rather the strained condition just before the battle, sprung the call that took us from our rest and ordered us to new fields of marching and strife. On September 22d the order came for the Fifteenth Army Corps, of which our regiment formed a part, to move at once. All things were soon astir. The camp that had become quite home-like was broken up, and by 5 p. m. we were on the march toward Vicksburg. When at Vicksburg we found that we were to go up the river again.

At noon on the 24th we pushed off from the city, and, most of us, looked back on the city we had won, for the last time.

The city has become prosperous and is now by far the most populous in the State. The campaign for the capture of this place was a most brilliant one and will doubtless be regarded in our history, as it now is in Europe, as one that exhibited the highest order of military genius.

Before leaving the field finally (the most memorable to our regiment of any in which we served), I will take the liberty to introduce an article that was taken from the *National Tribune*, and by instituting a comparison between Vicksburg and Crimea, show somewhat the magnitude of the campaign that resulted in the capture of this stronghold.

VICKSBURG VS. THE CRIMEA.

In reply to invidious comparisons made by soldier-haters of the size of our pension roll with that of Great Britain, we have repeatedly made the assertion that during the war of the rebellion we lost more men killed upon the field of battle than England has in all her wars since the days of William the Conqueror. We have also said that the Crimean war—the only time in the last three-quarters of a century when England has "fought anybody with breeches on"—was not so much of a war, all things considered, as a single one of our campaigns—that against Vicksburg, for example. England's share in it fell far below in magnitude of the operations, the numbers engaged, and the loss of life, to either the campaign against Richmond or that against Atlanta. We will now present some figures to demonstrate this.

The Allied Armies landed in the Crimea on the 14th of September, 1854, and on the 21st of that month the battle of the Alma was fought. Kinglake gives the losses as follows (and there seems to be a singular unanimity in all reports on this subject):

BRITISH LOSS.	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.	TOTAL.
Officers	25	81	19	
Sergeants	19	102		
Rank and file	318	1,438		
	362	1,621		2,002

French official accounts give their loss as 1,339.

At the battle of Balaklava the loss of the Allies is given as:

English	426
French	52
Turks	260
	738
Russian loss	627

At the battle of Tchernaya the losses were:

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.	TOTAL.
French—				
Officers	19	61	146	
Men	172	1,163		
	191	1,224		1,561
Sardinians—				
Officers } Men	65	135		200
				1,761
Russians—				
Officers	27	85		
Men	3,329	4,700		
	3,356	4,785		8,141

At the battle of Inkerman, Kinglake gives the loss of the British as:

Killed and wounded 2,357

39 officers being killed and 91 wounded.

The French loss:

13 officers and 130 men killed.
36 officers and 750 men wounded.

The Russian loss:

10,729 killed, wounded and prisoners.
Giving their killed as 2,988.

On the 18th of June, 1855, the English and French made their first assault upon the "Malakoff" and "Redan." It was unsuccessful.

On September 8, 1855, the second assault was made; the French captured the Malakoff, the English failed at the Redan. The French left attack also failed. Sebastopol fell next day. The losses on the two days were:

June 18, 1855.

OFFICERS.

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.
English	22	78	
French	37	96	17
Russians	16	153	
Total	75	327	17

MEN.

	KILLED.	WOUNDED	MISSING.
English	244	1,209	
French	1,274	1,644	270
Russians	781	4,826	
Total	2,299	7,679	270

Grand total, officers and men, 10,717.

September 8, 1755.

OFFICERS.

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.
Russians	59	279	24
French	145	254	10
English	29	129	1
Total	233	662	35

MEN.

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.
Russians	2,635	6,964	1,739
French	1,489	4,259	1,400
English	361	1,914	176
Total	4,475	13,137	3,315

Grand total, officers and men, 21,857.

The figures given during the period of the bombardment show that the weekly loss of the English army alone would range from 150 to 270 per week, this proportion being largely increased on the occasions when the Russian troops made sorties. The casualties for the 7th and 8th of June, 1855, are given at—killed and wounded, 3,282.

Summary:

The French government gives us the losses in their army during the two years of the war—62,492 men.

The English loss was:

	KILLED IN ACTION.	DIED OF WOUNDS.	DIED OF DISEASE.
Officers	158	51	55
Men	1,775	1,870	15,669
	1,933	1,921	15,724
Grand total			19,578
Discharged for wounds or disease and not dying in service			2,873
			22,451

Now, contrast these figures of the losses incurred by the English in reducing Sebastopol with those we incurred in capturing Vicksburg.

Excluding the bloody battles of Corinth and Iuka, which were really part of the general operations against Vicksburg, we may say that the campaign against that stronghold began in October, 1862, when Grant was put in command of the troops officially designated as the "Thirteenth Army Corps." This included all in the districts of Memphis, Jackson, Corinth, and Columbus, and numbered about forty-eight thousand five hundred men. Subsequently this force was largely swelled by regiments coming out under the second call.

The first serious engagement was Sherman's luckless assault at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862, where, out of the small force engaged he lost one hundred and ninety-one killed, nine hundred and eighty-two wounded, and seven hundred and fifty-six missing—one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine in all.

The next was the capture of Arkansas Post January 11, 1863, where the rebels lost two hundred, killed and wounded and four thousand seven hundred and ninety-one prisoners, while the Union loss was one hundred and twenty-nine killed, eight hundred and thirty-one wounded and seventeen missing—total, nine hundred and seventy-seven.

Then came the long months of waiting around Milliken's Bend, where disease wrought its ravages unchecked.

The last movement against the city opened with the attack on Grand Gulf, where our loss was one hundred killed and wounded.

At Port Gibson the rebels lost sixty killed, three hundred and forty wounded and three hundred and eighty-seven missing, while the Union troops had one hundred and twenty-nine killed, seven hundred and ten wounded and ten missing.

These operations brought Grant and Pemberton face to face, each with about fifty thousand men.

At Raymond, Logan's Division engaged and drove Gregg's command from the field, losing sixty-five killed, three hundred and thirty-five wounded and thirty-two missing—total four hundred and thirty-two; while the rebels reported having lost seventy-three killed, two hundred and twenty-nine wounded and two hundred and four missing—total, five hundred and five.

At Jackson we lost two hundred and ninety-five men, and the rebels eight hundred and forty-five.

At Champion Hills the Union loss was three hundred and ninety-seven killed, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven wounded and one hundred and seventy-four missing—total, two thousand four hundred and eight. The rebel loss was three hundred and eighty killed, one thousand and eighteen wounded and two thousand two hundred and forty-one missing—total, three thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

At Edward's Station the Union loss was two hundred and seventy-three killed and wounded, and the rebel loss, including missing, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one.

On the 19th of May, and again on the 22d, Grant's army assaulted the works, suffering a loss of six hundred and three killed, three thousand two hundred and thirty-three wounded, and one hundred and seventy-nine missing. The rebel loss was small.

From that time until the surrender, July 4, the fighting was continuous, frequently severe, and every day showed losses. By the time that Pemberton capitulated Grant had lost, killed and wounded, ten thousand of the men whom he led across the river, and the rebels, including prisoners, over forty-six thousand.

While this was going on a force of fifty-six regiments, under General N. P. Banks, was besieging Port Hudson, which surrendered, with fifty-four hundred men July 8. The besiegers lost in their several assaults and other operations five hundred killed and twenty-five hundred wounded.

In the attack on Milliken's Bend the Union loss was one hundred and fifty-four killed, two hundred and twenty-three wounded, and one hundred and fifteen missing.

In the rebel assault on Helena they lost 400 killed, one hundred and eight wounded, and nine hundred and ninety-three prisoners; while our loss was fifty-seven killed, one hundred and twenty-seven wounded and thirty-six missing.

RECAPITULATION.

UNION LOST.	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.
Chickasaw Bayou	191	982	756
Arkansas Post	121	831	17
Port Gibson	130	718	5
Champion Hills	426	1,842	182
Vicksburg	545	3,688	303
Port Hudson	500	2,500	. . .
Milliken's Bend	154	223	115
Jackson	100	800	100
Helena	457	127	36
	2,244	10,711	1,514

Thus we see that the actually killed in the fighting for Vicksburg exceeded the entire number of English killed in the two years of fighting for Sebastopol. If we had the numbers of the wounded who died, of the "missing" who were really killed, and of the men who were killed by the foul water and malaria of those deadly swamps, the disparity would appear much greater.

Yet the Crimean war was a great struggle among three of the then strongest nations in the world, with two other nations taking part, while the opening of the Mississippi was merely one of our campaigns.

GENERAL PEMBERTON.

The officers and soldiers who captured Vicksburg and its garrison, could think severely of General Pemberton, because he had been an officer of the United States Army and so a traitor to his country, yet as a man whom they had succeeded in defeating, they could afford to think leniently about him, if not generously. But many in the South were evidently ungenerous in their thoughts and severe in their estimate of him.

The following, taken from what is called a Standard History of the Southern side will show this:

"The appointment of General Pemberton to the defense of Vicksburg was an unfortunate one. It was probably the most unpopular single act of President Davis, who was constantly startling the public by the most unexpected and grotesque selections for the most important posts of public service. General Pemberton had not fought a battle in the war. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth. He had been a Major in the old United States service, and from this incon-

siderable rank, without a single record of meritorious service in the Confederacy, he had been raised by a stroke of President Davis' pen to the position of Lieutenant-General, and put in command of a post, second only in importance to the Confederate Capital.

"He had previously had some uneventful commands at Norfolk and at Charleston. He was removed thence on account of frequent protests, but in each instance with promotions, as if the President was determined in each instance to mark his contempt for public opinion, which did not appreciate his favorite, or hoped to inspire a dull brain by adding another star to his collar. He was sent to Vicksburg with a larger command and a more extensive field, to show eventually the accuracy of the public judgment as to his capacity for even subordinate positions. With armies so intelligent as those of the Confederacy, no man unfit for command could long maintain their confidence and respect. He might intrench himself in all the forms and parade of the schools, but intelligent soldiers easily penetrated the thin guise and distinguished between the pretender and the man of ability.

"So it was at Vicksburg. Pemberton had already there given early evidence of his unfitness for command. While Grant was assiduously engaged under his eyes for months in preparing the powerful armament which was to spend its force on the devoted fortress, his adversary took no notice of the warning.

"The water batteries which might have been strengthened were afterwards found so imperfect as to inflict but slight damage on the gun-boats, and permit the run of all the trans ports of a large army with equal impunity. The fortifications of Grand Gulf where Grant was making his next demonstration, had been neglected until the tardy attempt rendered the accumulations of guns and stores there an easy prey to the enemy. Vicksburg with an abundant country about it, had only two months' instead of twelve months' provisions.

"How was Pemberton engaged? Immersed in official trifles, laboriously engaged in doing nothing, while the mur-

murs around him, and the friction of events had developed personal characteristics which, with want of confidence of officers and men, rendered him highly unpopular.

"Of a captious and irritable nature, a narrow mind, and a slave of the forms and fuss of the schools, General Pemberton was one of those men whose idea of war began with a bureau of clothing and equipment, and ended with a field day of dress parade. Warning after warning was sounded, but President Davis turned a deaf ear to them ; not perhaps that he cared especially for Pemberton, but because his own vanity was so exacting, that even to question his own infallibility of selection was an offense not to be condoned. General Pemberton, who appeared to have been at last aroused to a sense of the danger of his position, telegraphed the news of Grant's movement to General Johnston. He received orders to attack at once, but the bewildered commander, without the resolution to risk a decisive battle, committed the unpardonable error of allowing his army to be cut up in details by an enemy with massed forces."

Pemberton determined to surrender Vicksburg on the anniversary of the Fourth of July for the very singular reason that it would gratify the vanity of the enemy to enter the stronghold of the great river on that particular day, and that such a concession might procure better terms than any other time.

The preliminary note for terms was dispatched on the 3d of July. Correspondence on the subject was continued through the day and until 9 o'clock the next morning. General Pemberton came out and had a personal interview with Grant in front of the Federal lines, the two sitting for an hour and a half in close communion. A spectator says, "Grant was silent and smoking, while Pemberton, equally cool and careless in manner, was plucking straws and biting them as if in merest chit-chat." It was a terrible day's work for such *sang froid.* It was the decisive event of the Mississippi Valley.

AT MEMPHIS.

After a tedious passage up the river on September 29th we found ourselves at Memphis, Tennessee. While many of the men had been in the city before, this was the first time we were here as a regiment. The summer before Companies A and B had been here as an escort to General Carr. Memphis is the one great city between St. Louis and New Orleans. It is high and dry on the east bank of the river and near the south line of Tennessee. It is finely situated and a great commercial center. I think it had as high as thirty thousand of a population before the war, and it now has about sixty thousand. One drawback to it is that it is sometimes scourged by the Yellow Fever, which drives the people away and unsettles the growth of population. Memphis was a thoroughly secession town.

The Confederates of course had hoped to hold the river from Cairo to the Gulf. When General Grant took Fort Henry, Columbus, Kentucky became untenable. Then Island Number Ten became their "Little Gibraltar." This was sought after by our forces and early in April 1862, it fell into our hands with many stores.

About this time was fought the battle of Shiloh. The rebels then occupied Corinth, Mississippi, with their great army while Fort Pillow and Fort Randolph guarded the Mississippi river, so that Memphis was supposed to be safe. But when General Beauregard evacuated Corinth, Fort Pillow was abandoned and then the only thing that stood in the way of our possessing Memphis was the fleet of rebel gun-boats. They were anchored before the city, June 6th, 1862, when our superior fleet of gun-boats and rams made their appearance.

The fleet consisted of the General Van Dorn (flagship), General Price, General Bragg, General Lovell, General Beauregard, Jeff Thompson, Sumpter and Little Rebel. All under the command of Commodore Montgomery. The fight opened at once, but only lasted a few hours. The Jeff Thompson, Beauregard, Sumpter and Bragg were disabled, run ashore or

set on fire while the crews fled on the opposite side of the river. There were but one or two of the boats that were not used up. The city, of course, was at once taken possession of. It remained in our hands as one of the great distribution and hospital centers during the remainder of the war.

In one of the public squares was a statue of President Andrew Jackson, and on the monument was the sentence, "The Union must and shall be preserved." The word Union had been chiseled out. This would be but a pointer to the disloyal sentiment of the place. Quite a number of the Thirteenth regiment are numbered with the great army of loyal soldiers who are buried there.

A CAISSON EXPLODES.

The dangers of life and limb to soldiers are many besides those on the battle-field. We had an illustration of this on the levee at Memphis while one of our batteries was being removed from the boat. The incline from the landing to the city level is steep and paved with heavy cobble-stones. One of the guns had been unloaded and was being pulled up the hill. The men mounted the caisson in which the ammunition is packed. The box was full of percussion shells and must not have been properly packed, for as a wheel struck a stone one of the shells exploded and that set off the rest and four brave soldiers were killed or wounded. A few months later the same thing occurred as a battery was crossing the railroad track at Huntsville, Alabama, with the same sad results.

OFF TO CORINTH.

On *October 1st*, 9 a. m., we took the cars and moved eastward and at 7 p. m. we found ourselves landed at Corinth, Mississippi, ninety-three miles east and a little south of our starting point. We noted that the railroad was strongly guarded and at many places fortified. This railroad was a bone of contention through most of the war after it fell into our hands, as raiding parties from Mississippi could so easily

cross it and cut it. General Hurlbut said later, it took more men to defend it than it would to clear the whole State of Mississippi of rebels.

GENERAL SHERMAN ALMOST CAPTURED.

It was at a station on this road that General Sherman barely escaped capture. Memphis was always full of spies. As his train was to leave, the news was borne to a body of rebel cavalry, and when his train drew up at one of the stations, a dash was made to capture him. The fight was made about the train and one of the General's horses was taken from the car and carried off. It was only with extreme gallantry on the part of his body-guard that the General was saved from capture. Had they succeeded, it would have been a sweet plum to that crowd.

Corinth is a town at time of this writing of two or three thousand persons. Its importance in war times grew out of the fact that it was a junction of railroads that needed to be defended in the interest of speedy transportation for the rebel forces. After the battle of Shiloh General Beauregard fell back and fortified the place, but after a few weeks, on May 30th, 1862, felt compelled to fall back still farther and so left it in our hands. We garrisoned and fortified it.

BATTLE OF CORINTH.

On October 3, 1862, just a year before we were landed in it, Corinth was the scene of a most determined battle. It was led by General Rosecrans on our part, and Van Dorn and Sterling Price on the other side. The fight was fierce, and the rebel forces made their way into the streets of the town, and even to the yard where General Rosecrans' headquarters were; but, reinforcements coming, they were driven back and compelled to retreat.

On *October 3d*, we marched three or four miles to the southeast of the town and went into camp. The ground was

favorable for a camp, but water was not readily procured, nor was what we did secure, good water. We spent our time here until the 9th, in drill, parade, and duties incident to camp-life. The writer remembers the camp, as having had while there, the most lonesome sense that he knew in all the three years of service. The winds moaned through the pines and the leaves rustled in a way that the occasion was a most dismal time.

October 9th.—Started on the road to Iuka Springs and came some twelve miles. The arrangement seems to be to extend the railroad to the east as parties are employed on repairing it. On the 10th continued our march some eleven miles and camped at Iuka. This is quite a fine little town. It has five mineral springs, and is fixed up as a pleasure resort.

A sharp little battle was fought here just before the battle of Corinth in which General Price's army was the party who got worsted.

We stayed at this place a full week. One of the things that characterized our stay here, and it was not an unknown thing in army life, was a series of preaching and prayer meetings that developed something of a revival. War is serious business and men who engage in it ought to be serious and thoughtful men. While the opposite spirit seemed to have a large place, it was not universal, perhaps not so generally as it seemed. As thoughtfulness that is touched with pride, sometimes tries to hide itself by noisy demonstration, so as to put the world off the track of our thoughts.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHERMAN JUST ESCAPES CAPTURE.—MULTITUDE OF LITTLE FIGHTS.—A COUNTRY "WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES, AND ONLY MAN IS VILE."—GEN. SHERMAN IN DANGER.

IN REFERRING to our passage from Memphis to Corinth, allusion was made to the fact that on this passage General Sherman came very near being captured by General Chalmer's cavalry. This occurred at Colliersville, a station on the railroad between the two places just referred to.

It was on Sunday, October 11, 1863, that General Chalmers with some twenty-five hundred cavalry made a descent upon this place which was held by the Sixty-sixth Indiana Infantry, about two hundred and forty men present. It was a fortified place and contained quite an amount of stores.

The colonel of this regiment reported at about 10 o'clock a. m.: "General Chalmers, with a large force of cavalry and several pieces of artillery, attacked our camp. As soon as the enemy's lines were fairly formed they sent in a flag of truce, demanding the immediate surrender of the place. This was refused. They then opened with artillery. Just at this moment a train from Memphis arrived, having upon it General Sherman with his staff, and the Thirteenth United States Regulars as an escort, numbering two hundred and forty officers and men. Some forty citizens were on the train, and they too were armed and bore their part. The fight was kept up until 3:30 p. m., when the enemy withdrew.

"The loss was, in the Sixty-sixth Indiana, killed four; wounded thirteen; missing forty-one; in the Thirteenth Regulars, killed nine; wounded twenty-seven; missing twenty-five. Twenty-five of the rebels were left dead on the field."

General Sherman says among other things:

At noon we reached Colliersville and observing signs of danger, the train was stopped. The enemy at once opened with artillery. They threw some shells at us, but principally aimed at our train, disabling the locomotive and damaging some of the cars; they also killing and wounding eight of our horses. They got possession of one end of the train and set it on fire, but they were driven off from this and the fire put out. There is no doubt of our opportune arrival; and that the efforts of the regulars saved the place, and what is more important, the railroad at that point. I avail myself of the opportunity to record my high appreciation of the services of this small but devoted battalion. They have served near my person for a year, and have been subjected to every test, and have been proven equal to them all. They have suffered terribly; having lost in battle fully one-half of their original number. All the officers deserve a brevet.

The moment the enemy retired I gave orders for the repair of the road and wires. The next day, the 12th, I came on to Corinth to push on the organization and supplies necessary for the movement on which I am engaged.

W. T. SHERMAN.

This was one of the multitude of little fights that were hardly noticed and in which so many brave men were killed or maimed.

The special interest in this one is the fact that General Sherman, our corps commander, and a man so important and necessary to our service, was so imminently exposed to death or imprisonment.

Had he either been killed or taken prisoner, it might have given quite a different aspect to the campaign on which we were entering. We rejoiced over his safety.

At this time the thought is to repair the railroad to the Tennessee river at Tuscumbia, Alabama. The men are at work on the bridges and pushing things as fast as possible.

October 19th.—Our regiment was detailed for picket duty and sent some four miles east. This took us into Alabama

and across Bear Creek. This Bear Creek Valley at this time of year was one of the most beautiful I ever looked upon. The look down the stream gave the appearances of a series of terraces on either hand ; the foliage, dark green pines, the brilliant oak leaves turned red by the cold weather and the chestnut leaves a beautiful yellow, gave a variety that was most pleasing to the eye. We might say of this country, "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

Our Division and General Blair's moved up the creek.

October 20th.—Moved up about thirteen miles to Cherokee station.

At this place we were opposed by a force of the rebel cavalry commanded by Stephen D. Lee, numbering some five thousand, strengthened with artillery. The days spent here were full of anxiety and excitement as the rebels hung around us and made dashes both day and night ; for more than a week it was a constant strain.

October 21st.—The Second Brigade of our Division had quite a fight and loss to-day. Our cavalry were on the picket line and Colonel Torrence of the Thirtieth Iowa told them not to fire, for those were our men in front. The rebels had put on blue clothes to deceive us. The Thirtieth Iowa was then flanked, and fired into. Colonel Torrence was killed and many wounded and missing. The Fourth Iowa, our near and good friends, had one orderly sergeant killed and six men wounded. Some of our pickets were taken last night. The rebels made dashes on our pickets and then fled. This was kept up at short intervals.

October 25th.—At 1 o'clock a. m. Companies A and B of our regiment were sent out and stayed on the skirmish line till morning.

General inspection was ordered to see that everything was in the best of shape ; and an order left to move in the morning at 2 a. m., with three days' rations. Almost anything would be a relief from the present irritating surroundings.

October 26th.—We were up at 12 o'clock. Tents, baggage and sick were sent back to Dickson Station. We were on the

move at 3 a. m. A mile out we struck the rebel pickets; pushed them back with steady skirmishing for about six miles. At daylight we found their main body supported by artillery. A fire was kept up while a flank movement was made upon them. Two of our men were wounded. At 9 a. m. our flanking forces compelled them to abandon their position. At 11 a. m. they again made a stand at a small creek, but this was not intended as a real position.

At 3 p. m. we came upon them in a strong position, two miles west of Tuscumbia. They had been reinforced and had a couple of long-range guns that reached us as soon as we came out of the woods across the valley opposite to them. I suppose our commander thought they would soon abandon their position, as they had before, so that we were not thrown into line, but merely sheltered ourselves somewhat by moving out of the road among the scattered trees. Another regiment of the brigade came up beside us. The shells came unpleasantly near our heads. Finally one struck the regiment that had just come up and the men and rails flew in every direction as it burst. Several men were badly wounded. One man set up an unearthly yell that was very trying to our nerves. It was found out that the man who made the noise was not hurt at all, only covered with blood from the man next to him who had a leg torn off. Our regiment was then thrown into line of battle on the south side of the railroad and held this position till morning. In this position a shell struck the regiment just to the rear of us, killing one man and badly wounding two others.

After it was over some one asked Norman Sterling, of Company A, if he got down when those shells were tearing through amongst us. "Get down?" said he, "why I spread all over like a pancake, and wished I could get thinner."

October 27th.—We laid in line of battle all last night. This morning one brigade of the second division moved to the right to flank the enemy's position. A full battery of twenty-pound Parrott guns were brought up and opened on the rebel battery. Their firing was so rapid and close, that without

firing another shot they limbered up and fled at full gallop. We started to follow them by brigades in column. They offered no opposition, and before 1 o'clock we were in possession of Tuscumbia. This proved to be a fine village with a beautiful country surrounding it. At the time of writing this, it is a town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants.

We found some one hundred of the rebels wounded in the town and vicinity, among them Colonel Forrest, mortally wounded. He was a brother of the famous General Forrest. They had some thirty killed. The enemy had spent all the night previous in destroying the railroad.

The plan of advance was evidently changed, for the next day found us on the back track, destroying what we had repaired on the railroad.

On the *29th.*—The rebels followed us closely, evidently determined to find out what our movement meant; the skirmish was kept up all day. We had one man killed and twelve wounded; the enemy had five killed and nineteen wounded and three taken prisoners.

On the night of the 31st three companies of our regiment were on guard. They were fired upon, and one man of Company C and one negro were wounded.

By *November 1st.*—It was apparent that we were to cross the Tennessee river and move east on the north side.

On the *3d of November.*—Our regiment crossed the river at 3:30 a. m., moved out to the town of Waterloo, breakfasted, and then moved on some ten miles further and camped at Gravel Springs. Being now north of the river we seem to have no forces opposing us but some small bodies of cavalry. At this date General Blair's escort was pounced upon by one of these bands. They took two wagons and killed one man and eight horses. We are in a most delightful valley and plenty of good water.

As we left the river for our long march, all men who were not able to march, were ordered to the hospitals or invalid camp in the rear. It was a grand country to pass through

and many men who were ailing when they started, were stronger and fatter when the march was over.

GOING TO THE FRONT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Let me here introduce an item of individual history given by Comrade D. B. Brink now of Melvern, Kansas, that will illustrate a trait of character found among men. Some men were disposed to drift to the rear while others could hardly be kept from the front. In time of fighting, when the pickets or artillery begin firing some men suddenly become lame or sick while others as soon forget all lameness or sickness. This account of Comrade Brink's tells of men beating their way to the front under disadvantages :

"I will now give you some of the trials and privations that a private soldier will sometimes undergo, to beat his way back to his command after being sent to the hospital. About the 5th of November, in the year 1863, the Thirteenth Regiment with the balance of their command, left the Tuscumbia Mountains to march overland to Chattanooga, Tennessee. I was at that time sick with bilious fever. I, together with George Drake of Company G, was ordered to the hospital at Memphis, Tennessee. We started about 10 o'clock in the morning in an army ambulance, rode ten miles and there had to wait for a freight train to take us on to Memphis. While there, I was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs and bled very freely. Comrade Drake thought I was going to die and so did I. As we had no medicine of any kind, Drake thought he would look around and see if he could find any one that could give him anything that would stop the bleeding, as he was very badly used up himself from a wound of some kind. He had great difficulty in getting very far from me. He finally found some sappers and miners working on the railroad and from them procured some coffee, from which he made me a very strong cup, and gave it to me almost boiling. I thought sure it would burn my insides out, but the hot coffee had the desired effect ;—it stopped the bleeding and I felt some

better. About 4 o'clock p. m. the freight train came along and with the assistance of some of the train men, I was placed on the top of a box car and started for Memphis. After that I lost track of friend Drake. Having arrived at the hospital I found my old comrade, and a part of the time, bunk-mate, Chas. M. Mack of Company B. I will say right here, he was as good a boy and soldier as there was in the army.

"After being in the hospital for a few days I felt very much better, and about the 15th of November, 1863, I learned that our forces were about going to make an attack on Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga, and as I had never missed a battle that my regiment had been in, I was anxious to be with them in this one. So I told Comrade Mack that I was going to my command. He said that if I went he would go too; but I finally prevailed upon him to stay at the hospital, as he was still quite lame from a wound he received at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29th, 1862. I went to the surgeon in command of the hospital and asked him for a pass to go to my command. He said that I would not be able to go for two weeks yet, and would not give me a pass. So I packed my knapsack and went up the river about half a mile where the boats all stopped to wood up. I did not wait more than an hour before a boat came, and while they were taking on wood, I boarded her and went to Cairo, Illinois. I was taken in charge by the guards and taken to the Soldiers' Home and stayed there all night. I crossed the river early in the morning, went to Louisville, Kentucky, was taken by the guards and put in the barracks. I here found another one of our boys, Frank Willard, who had been home on a furlough, and had been held there some time awaiting transportation to his regiment. There were twenty-two other men belonging to different regiments who had been waiting for transportation to their regiments. We were all guarded by some new recruits; this we did not like very much. After remaining in the barracks a few days we boarded a freight train and started for Bridgeport, Alabama. Just before reaching Stevenson, a small town on the railroad, the engine and two forward cars jumped

the track. The coupling between the second and third car (the one we were on) broke and down the embankment they went, leaving the balance of the train on the track. I was asleep on top of the car with the rest of our men when the first crash came. Willard jerked my knapsack from under my head, and with his own started to jump from the top of the car, giving me a kick in the ribs to waken me up. I says, 'Frank, what are you going to do?' 'Jump,' he says. 'Don't you see we are going off the track.' I took in the situation at a glance, caught Frank by the leg and told him he should not jump, as our car was standing still; and he would be more apt to get hurt if he jumped than if he remained on the car; and so it proved, for out of the twenty-two that jumped off from the car, there were only ten or twelve that were able to walk on to Stevenson only a few miles distant. We finally arrived in Bridgeport all right; but there we could get no rations, as we had no passes; so we went down near the river, gathered up some logs, built up a fire and tried to pass the night as best we could. . The rain came down in torrents and we were drenched to the skin, but the most of us bore it patiently until almost morning, when we heard a boat coming up the river, loaded with supplies for the army at Chattanooga. So Willard and I boarded her and finally got to Chattanooga just as the battle of Ringgold was finished. This was the only time I was away from the regiment during any of its engagements from the time I enlisted, May 24th, 1861, until I was discharged the 18th of June, 1864."

On November 5th we marched fourteen miles and camped on Cypress Creek where the large Wharton Cotton Mills had been located but had been burned some months before by our cavalry. It rained all day. Our regiment was detailed as guard over some two hundred wagons. There were squads of the enemy on our flanks but no attacks were made. The next morning our route lead through Florence, a fine town on the Tennessee river. This town had suffered much less from the effect of war than most places on the lines where armies had moved.

As most of the bridges had been destroyed over the streams, from this point our course was to the north and east. This took us through Lexington, Pulaski and Fayetteville. Through here many of the people were disposed to be loyal. We met many of the men in their homes, in fact more than we had yet seen in any section of the South. At Fayetteville we passed over a fine stone bridge; that was a new thing to find in the South. The South had been very backward in the matter of permanent improvements.

DISPATCHES FROM GENERAL SHERMAN.

Before going farther on our journey, I will introduce to your reading some dispatches and letters from General Sherman that will give official sanction to the statements made concerning the march from Corinth, and at the same time throw light on things that were of necessity dark to the subordinates.

IUKA, MISSISSIPPI, October 25th, 1863.

Special Orders No. 1.

Major-General F. P. Blair, Jr., will assume command of the Fifteenth Army Corps.

Colonel S. G. Hicks, Fortieth Illinois, will proceed with dispatch to Paducah, Kentucky, and assume command of that post.

The entire Fourth Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps will be prepared to start to-morrow to Eastport, to cross the river and proceed to Florence, with ten days' rations.

IUKA, October 25th.

To General HURLBUT, Memphis.

DEAR GENERAL: I rose before daylight to write you some points. It is now manifest that the "powers that be" want the mass of available troops over toward Huntsville, and the only question is how to get them there. I won't waste very much more labor on Bear Creek bridge. I will push up to the station on the hill at Cherokee and use that for a picket station for a time, but I will take immediate steps to cross the body of the troops to Florence and Huntsville, and I want you to so dispose things as to draw everything to this. Order every officer and man to his regiment. It will take some time to make changes, but I want you to help me. I like Memphis and the old Mississippi. It is my

hobby, but we must needs leave it for a time. We only point east now instead of south, neglecting for a time the river and exaggerating the valley of the Tennessee from Huntsville up.

Yours, SHERMAN.

IUKA, October 26, 1863.

General HURLBUT.

It will exactly suit us if Joe Johnston will assemble a force at Okolona. Don't disturb them now, but keep a spy there to report their object. I expect the Tennessee river will supply me in the future, and I will look to the railroad only as an auxiliary. I will gradually draw this way all the troops but a small command at Memphis and from Tuscumbia, Iuka or Corinth we could strike any force the enemy may assemble on the railroad about Okolona or Columbus.

We want the enemy to divide and not pile on too heavy at Chattanooga, where it is so hard to feed and supply our troops.

W. T. SHERMAN.

IUKA, October 27th, 1863.

General HURLBUT.

After I cut loose, if our railroad proves to be an element of weakness, we will drop it for a time. With our present force we can not attempt to re-open the Northern road. It will be time for us to replace our road when the new levies come to us in the Spring. This present pressure is a crisis and we must strip for it.

W. T. SHERMAN.

There were some things printed in the Memphis papers concerning the fight at Colliersville that General Sherman did not like about it, we have two communications, one to the *Memphis Bulletin* and the other to Colonel Anthony, of the Sixty-sixth Indiana, commanding at the time of the fight. General Sherman was annoyed by the reports in the Memphis papers.

IUKA, October, 27th, 1863.

Editor of MEMPHIS BULLETIN:

I don't think you can conceive the mortification a soldier feels at the nauseating accounts given to the public as history. That affair at Colliersville should have been described in these words: "Chalmers tried to take Colliersville and did not," but ridiculous, nonsensical descriptions have followed each other so fast that you ought to be ashamed to print Colliersville. Now that I am again in authority over you, you must heed my advice. You must print nothing that prej-

udices Government or excites envy, hatred and malice in a community. Persons in office or out of office must not be flattered or abused. Don't publish an account of any skirmish, battle or movement of any army unless the name of the writer is given in full and printed. I wish you success, but my first duty is to maintain "order and harmony."

Yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

IUKA, October 27th, 1863.

Colonel D. C. ANTHONY, Colliersville.

DEAR COLONEL: Captain Fitch has just shown me you rletter. The accounts published in the newspapers of the affair at Colliersville are generally ridiculous and nonsensical, and I shall stop all such trash hereafter from originating in Memphis.

Your command, of course, did all any person could expect, and is entitled to credit equally with the regulars. You will remember on leaving you I told you to make the official report and I hope you have done so. It was your fight, not mine. I happened to drop in accidentally, but the moment Chalmers drew off, I came along on my journey. I assure you of my personal respect, and you may convey to your officers and men my personal thanks for defending their posts so manfully.

Yours truly,

W. T. SHERMAN.

IUKA, October 28th, 1863.

General DODGE, Corinth.

A messenger just arrived from Chattanooga with dates of 24th, makes it necessary for me to drop everything, and with my old corps (Fifteenth) push for Stevenson, Alabama. Push your preparations to follow with all possible speed working night and day. Cross at Eastport and follow via Florence, Athens, Huntsville to Stevenson.

W. T. SHERMAN.

Gen. F. P. Blair who was in command of the Fifteenth Army Corps reports concerning our advance on Tuscumbia to General Sherman as follows:

TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA, October 27, 1863.

GENERAL: We left camp at Cherokee yesterday at daybreak and found the enemy wide awake. They first resisted us at Little Cane and finally at Little Bear Creek, where they had a strong position, and as it had grown late, I thought it best to encamp. This morning the Second Division made a detour to the right and crossed a mile above the railroad, after a pretty sharp skirmish. At the same moment De Gress'

battery went into position and opened the twenty-pound Parrotts on them, and they left in a very great hurry, after which we entered Tuscumbia without any further opposition. The enemy, I understand, have fallen back beyond Town Creek, fourteen miles from here, where Wheeler is with some forces. His forces did not exceed three thousand with six pieces of artillery.

Our losses are not large, say three killed and ten wounded. Lights burn in flanking them this morning, saw four of their dead. I have heard from several sources of many of them being killed and wounded, and find in this town, Colonel Forrest, a captain, and six privates severely wounded.

We shall return to-morrow and probably reach our camp to-morrow night. I forgot to say we lost some doctors and a medicine wagon at Little Cane, in consequence of a positive disobedience of orders. They were too anxious to be in the rear. The wagon, I understand, was burned and I don't care if the doctors were in it. The country is pretty well cleaned out of everything, and these people, I believe, are losing faith in the rebel leaders, who have promised to clean us out at every step on the way.

Very respectfully

FRANK P. BLAIR, JR.

I will extract a few sentences from a report of General Sherman that will, in some measure, explain why we took the route we did, that seemed to take us out of our course.

He says, "In person I crossed the Tennessee river, and passed to head of column at Florence on the 1st of November, leaving the rear division to be conducted by General Blair and marched to Rogersville and the Elk river. This was found impassable. To ferry would consume too much time and to build a bridge much more time, so there was no alternative but to turn up Elk river, by the way of Gilbertsborough, Elkton, etc., to the stone bridge at Fayetteville. There we crossed Elk and proceeded to Winchester and Dercherd.

"At Fayetteville, I received orders from General Grant to come to Bridgeport with the Fifteenth Army Corps, and leave General Dodge in command at Pulaski and along the railroad from Columbus to Decatur.

"I instructed General Blair to follow with the second and first divisions by the way of New Market, Larkinsville and

Bellefonte, while I conducted the other two by the way of Dercherd ; the Fourth Division crossing the mountains to Stephenson and the third by University Place and Sweden's Cove and Battle Creek ; I reaching Bridgeport at night of November 13th."

We will now resume the current incidents of our onward march. After crossing Elk river at Fayetteville our general course for a time was to the south until we crossed into Alabama and there again to the east. Some of the road was rugged, then again swampy and then smooth and delightful marching. On the 13th we passed through New Market a small town in Alabama ; yet the name was no guide to the appearance of the place, for there seemed nothing new about it. As we were about to cross the State line the boys were ready to make all the inquiries possible, as to where it was. An old lady said the line was "on top of the hill yonder." After we had gotten over the hill we met two women sitting by the road-side. We inquired about the location of the line to them. The younger of the two who was plagued with sore eyes, and was in no way a beauty, said it was "on the top of the hill."

The old lady said she "did not know right plump where it was, but that she thought it was a leetle rise of the top of the hill." Our course led us to within fourteen miles of Huntsville, and then we bore to the east.

November 14th.—We moved fifteen miles, passed through Maysville where a division of cavalry and mounted infantry were stationed, we went into camp along the Memphis and Charleston railroad. There had been saltpeter works at this place, but they are now abandoned. The mountains are all around us. What grand things they are. They are full of inspiration, telling a story of stability and strength. Loyal or disloyal armies may pass round them or over them ; they stand the same, performing their mission faithfully, unmoved by all the changes of men. Years ago they looked down on savage men and savage beasts ; and now they are ready to smile on men who strive in war, or who rejoice in peace.

Just now war is going on all around them. So the weeks and months go on, along this very road and under the shadow of these mountains will go train-loads of groaning, bleeding, dying men.

Sunday, November 15th.—Brought us on our way some twenty miles and landed us at Larkinsville. The Government rations had run low, and here a train from Stevenson brought us two days' supply of welcome coffee and hard bread. On the 26th of September our cavalry had quite a skirmish at this place. A company of native Alabamians were in possession, but did not do us or themselves much credit. This was just after the great battle of Chickamauga. We are hurrying on to the relief of the noble band of men held in Chattanooga. On the 16th we moved over the ridge and struck what is called the State Road. This brought us to Bellefonte, a small but pleasant village. I recall an incident of this night's camping which shows how forces are disabled and not by the necessities of war. A man in our brigade with loaded gun was after some persimmons. To get them down he used the butt of his gun against the tree. The gun went off and shot the man himself through the leg and wounded another man standing by. He got the persimmons and more too.

"The longest pole takes the persimmons," 'tis said. He had better have used the long pole. A word about the persimmons. What soldier had not had his mouth well puckered by them. The encyclopedia says "The astringency renders the fruit somewhat unpalatable, but, after it has been subjected to the frost, or has become partially rotten, its flavor is improved. In some of the Southern States the fruit is said to be kneaded with bran, made into cakes and baked, while from the cakes a fermented liquor is made." I have often wondered what persimmons were for, except to demonstrate how much puckering power could be condensed in a small space. I shall now conclude that almost anything can be turned into a drink that will make men feel better so that they can feel worse, and then want more to feel better again.

November 17th.—We came through a rough mountain country. Guarding trains came through Stevenson, which is at the junction of the Nashville and Charleston and Memphis railroads. One of the boys in his diary describes the town as "a small, shabby, stinking place at the foot of a mountain."

He may have been mistaken in some of his impressions, but he must have been correct in the case of its size, for the latest census gives its population at but three hundred.

Our next move brought us to Bridgeport on the Tennessee river where the whole corps was crossing as fast as possible to get to Chattanooga and the coming great battle. Here we washed up and fixed ourselves, rested for a day and were then off again, crossing the river on the 20th. From this place, a sergeant from each company and one commissioned officer was detailed to go home on recruiting service.

Any one could see at a glance that we were now in the midst of intense activities; large forces of men were repairing the railroad bridge and preparing for the extension of the road. There was the ceaseless clatter, day and night, building steamboats on the shore near by. Trains of wagons were constantly moving as fast as the jaded, half-starved beasts could draw them. It was declared that there were enough of dead mules lying along the road between Stevenson and Bridgeport to have made a road of them all the way. It certainly was terrible. The troops were crossing day and night over the pontoon-bridge.

The Fourth Division crossed first and our Division last. We hardly thought that this incident, that only seemed to happen so, would make so great a difference in the part we were to take in the coming strife. But it did determine whether we should be on the right with Sherman or on the left with Hooker, whether we should fight on the Missionary Ridge, or at Lookout and Ringgold.

On the 21st we came some six miles and camped near a great cave called the Nickajack. This is said to be seventeen miles long. A lieutenant and four soldiers had gone in

to explore it, and after four days had not returned. A relief party of soldiers and citizens had been sent to the rescue.

Sunday, Nov. 22d.—We find the road through this ravine very bad, and we are now being stripped for the fight. Blankets over the shoulders, one hundred rounds of ammunition on our person, two days' bread in haversack and two in a single wagon to the regiment.

We came up to Whiteside station and met many of our old friends in the Seventy-fifth and Ninety-second Illinois Regiments. At midnight we were on the move after a little rest.

During the day General Osterhaus arrived to take command of the division and passed through the regiment. Each company gave him "three cheers." He enjoyed it as an expression of confidence, and the men were glad to see him. At daylight of the 23d we had reached the Valley that led down along Lookout Mountain and gave us a full view of the mountain. The scenery is grand, almost beyond description, and if it were not to be associated with such tragic events would have been enjoyable.

During the day our division marched down near the river, and close up to the mountain, and camped near to General Hooker's troops. We were for a few days to be identified with them, from necessity. The pontoon-bridge over which we were to have passed and have joined the other divisions of our corps under General Sherman on the extreme left, having been broken and there being not sufficient time to repair it before the battle began.

All things are now ready for the great battle that is to determine who shall be the masters of this country for the future. Before giving an account of it, let me take in some preliminary information that may be of interest and of value in taking in the grand affair.

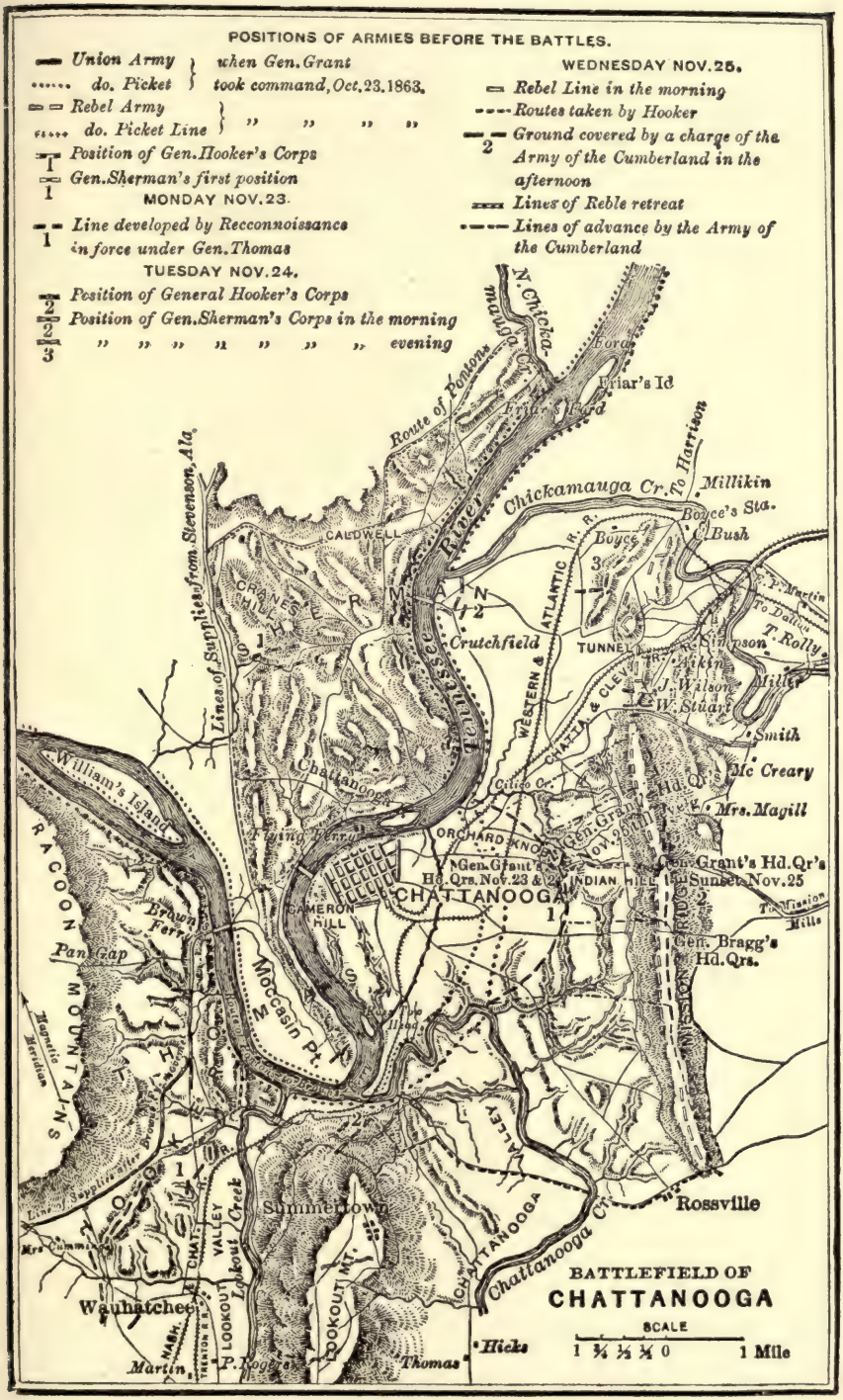
CHAPTER XXVII.

WHIPPED THE REBS FROM LOOKOUT, THEN MISSION RIDGE AND RINGGOLD, WHERE BUSHNELL, BLANCHARD, RILEY AND OTHER GOOD MEN FALL.

IT IS said that from the top of Lookout Mountain on a clear day, seven of the States can be seen. It rises some two thousand three hundred feet from the level of the sea, and some eighteen hundred feet above the valleys that lay about it. It is a grand natural object; Chattanooga that lies upon the Tennessee river near its base, is a strategic point not only in times of war, but as a commercial center. It was not an accident that General Bragg's army had possession of this place at one time, and that we now held it. Both armies wanted it. The Confederates, that they might hold the country back of them, and the Union army that they might make it the gateway to what was yet unconquored in the southeast.

It will be well known by all readers of history of these times, that the "Army of the Cumberland" had flanked General Bragg's army and compelled him to draw out of the place; and that he had in turn so crippled our army at the terrible battle of Chickamauga on September 19th and 20th, 1863, that they had retreated to Chattanooga; and that they were then so enveloped by General Bragg's army that they were practically held fast.

General Bragg makes this statement in his report of the condition of things just after the battle: "The enemy's most important road, and the shortest by half to his depot of sup-


POSITIONS OF ARMIES BEFORE THE BATTLES.
Union Army
do. Picket
Rebel Army
do. Picket Line
when Gen. Grant took command, Oct. 23. 1863.
Position of Gen. Hooker's Corps
Gen. Sherman's first position
MONDAY NOV. 23.
Line developed by Recconnoissance in force under Gen. Thomas
TUESDAY NOV. 24.
Position of General Hooker's Corps
Position of Gen. Sherman's Corps in the morning
evening
WEDNESDAY NOV. 25.
Rebel Line in the morning
Routes taken by Hooker
Ground covered by a charge of the Army of the Cumberland in the afternoon
Lines of Reble retreat
Lines of advance by the Army of the Cumberland
N. Chickamauga Cr.
Ford
Friar's Id
Friar's Island
Route of Pontoons
Chickamauga Cr.
To Harrison
Millikin
Boyce's Sta.
Bush
Boyce
CALDWELL
CRANE'S HILL
Tennessee River
Lines of Supplies from Stevenson, Ala.
Crutchfield
TUNNEL HILL
WESTERN & ATLANTIC R. R.
CHATTA. & CLEV.
T. Rolly
Simpson
Atkin
J. Watson
W. Stuart
Miller
Smith
Mc Creary
Hd. Qr's
Mrs. Magill
Chattanooga
Citico Cr.
William's Island
Flying Ferry
ORCHARD KNOB
Gen. Grant Nov. 23rd
Gen. Grant's Hd. Qrs. Nov. 23 & 24
CHATTANOOGA
INDIAN HILL
Gen. Grant's Hd. Qr's Sunset Nov. 25
To Mission Mills
Gen. Bragg's Hd. Qrs.
RACCOON MOUNTAINS
Brown's Ferry
Pan Gap
CAMERON HILL
Moccasin Pt.
Moccasin Bend
Lookout Mt.
Lookout Creek
LOOKOUT VALLEY
Summertown
Rossville
CHATTANOOGA VALLEY
Chattanooga Cr.
Wauhatchee
Martin
P. Rogers
Thomas
Hicks
BATTLEFIELD OF
CHATTANOOGA
SCALE
1 ¾ ½ ¼ 0 1 Mile

plies at Bridgeport, lay along the south bank of the Tennessee river. The holding of this all important route was confided to General Longstreet's command; and its possession forced the enemy to a road double the length, over two ranges of mountains by wagon transportation. At the same time, our cavalry, in large force, was thrown across the river to operate on this long and difficult route. These dispositions faithfully sustained, insured the enemy's speedy evacuation of Chattanooga for want of food and forage. Possessed of the shortest road to this depot, and the one by which reinforcements must reach him, we held him at our mercy, and his destruction was only a question of time."

That is the way it looked; and yet the destruction did not come about. The case was certainly desperate; could anything be done but to retreat?

The ground was held. On October 16th, 1863, the War Department relieved General Rosecrans and put General George H. Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland. At the same time, the military division of the Mississippi was constituted and General Grant put at its head. But before these events reinforcements had been ordered to the relief of the army. The Fifteenth Corps from Vicksburg and the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps from the Potomac. The transfer of these last troops, some twelve thousand in number, may be regarded as a fact unequaled in military movements. In ten days they and all their transportation and artillery were moved one thousand miles and put near enough to help the beleaguered force at Chattanooga. General Grant was on the ground in person on October 23d. At a glance he saw the truth of General Bragg's statement, that if the shorter road to the base of our supplies could be held, it would only be a short time before the army must disastrously retreat or surrender. Already ten thousand animals had perished in drawing half rations to the army. They could not be supplied another week in that way.

At once he determined to make an effort to get possession of the south side of the river to Bridgeport. General Hooker

was sent up the valley by way of Shell Mound and Whiteside. On the night of October 27th, a body of men were put in pontoons and floated down the river to Brown's Ferry below Lookout, and landed, taking possession of the hills covering the ferry, and by 10 a. m. the next day, they had a good pontoon laid. At this time, Hooker with the Eleventh Corps and part of the Twelfth, came into the valley driving off the enemy on guard there, and then our army was in possession of the river and the shorter line.

The enemy seeing the advantage they had lost, on the next night made a desperate night attack upon General Garey's Division. The attack failed and the enemy were then driven back still further, by General Howard's corps, and our lines were firmly established.

The next thing in our favor, or what would prove to be, when the battle came off, was the sending of General Longstreet's corps to attack General Burnside at Knoxville.

On November 15th General Sherman arrived, and was in Chattanooga with General Grant. On the 16th the grounds were looked over and the plans laid. General Sherman was to make a demonstration on Trenton, a place in the valley south of Lookout Mountain, but his real work was to be done on the other extreme at Missionary Ridge, which he was expected to "take, hold and fortify." General Sherman then says: "My command had marched from Memphis (a distance of over 300 miles) and I had pushed them as fast as the roads and distance would permit; but I saw enough of the condition of the men and animals in Chattanooga to inspire me with renewed energy.

I immediately ordered my leading division (Ewing's) to march via Shell Mound to Trenton, and demonstrate against Lookout Ridge, but to be prepared to turn quickly and follow me to Chattanooga. In person I returned to Bridgeport, rowing a boat down the river from Kelley's Ferry on the night of the 18th, and immediately on arrival, put in motion my divisions in the order they had arrived.

The bridge of boats at Bridgeport was frail and though

used day and night, our passage was slow. I reached General Hooker's headquarters four miles from Chattanooga during a rain in the afternoon of the 20th, and met General Grant's orders for the general attack on the next day. It was simply impossible for me to fill my part in time. Only one division, General J. E. Smith's, was in position, General Ewing's at Trenton, and the other two toiling along the terrible road between Shell Mound and Chattanooga. No troops ever were or could be in better condition than mine ; or who had labored harder to fulfill their part ? On a proper presentation General Grant postponed the attack. On the 21st I got the Second Division over the Brown's Ferry bridge, and General Ewing got up, but the bridge broke repeatedly and delays occurred that no human sagacity could prevent. All labored day and night and on the 23d I got Ewing's Division over, but my rear Division (General Osterhaus) was cut off by the broken bridge. I offered to go into action with my three Divisions, leaving one of my best Divisions to act with General Hooker."

There was a special reason why the Fifteenth Corps was assigned to the position on the extreme left. It was the plan to do the fighting there, that might be most severe ; it was the post of honor. By permission I copy from an account of Capt. Phil. McCahill of the Twenty-sixth Iowa, an ordnance officer for General Osterhaus's Division at that time, and later, he says : "Comte de Paris, Vol. IV., p. 225, in treating of the north end of Missionary Ridge as defended by Bragg, which constituted his right wing and Grant his left, says, 'Grant could not move out of Chattanooga under the eyes of the Confederate Army the troops intended for the accomplishment of this dash. It was necessary to bring them secretly on the bank of the Tennessee opposite to the mouth of South Chickamauga, make sure of their crossing by secretly preparing a pontoon-bridge, and then hurl them on the point that it was necessary to occupy, ere the enemy could offer any serious opposition. In order to accomplish this brilliant and difficult task, there were needed numerous and tried troops, inured to rapid

marches, because they might have upon them for a few hours the entire army of the enemy. Grant reserved this task for the Fifteenth Corps. * * * *

In this grand operation which was to collect on one battle-field sixty thousand men, some of which had been fighting for the past three months in the mountains of Georgia, while others had just left the banks of the Mississippi or the hills of Virginia, Grant, as one can see, had reserved the first part for the troops that had fought under his orders, and whose leaders had his entire confidence."

General Grant says, "A deserter from the rebel army who came into our lines on the 22d of November, reported Bragg falling back. The following letter from Bragg, received by flag of truce on the 20th tended to confirm this report.

Major-General GRANT, Commanding Forces, Chattanooga.

GENERAL: As there may be still some non-combatants in Chattanooga, I deem it proper to notify you that prudence would dictate their early withdrawal.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

BRAXTON BRAGG.

"Not willing that he should get his army off in good order, Thomas was directed early on the morning of the 23rd to ascertain the truth or falsity of this report, by driving in his pickets and make him develop his lines. This he did with the troops stationed at Chattanooga and Howard's Corps, in the most gallant style, driving the enemy from his first line and securing to us what is known as Indian Hill or Orchard Knob, and the low range of hills south of it. The points were fortified during the night, and artillery put on them. The report of this deserter was evidently not intended to deceive, but he had mistaken Bragg's movements. It was afterwards ascertained that one of the divisions of Buckner's Corps, had gone to join Longstreet, and a second division of the same corps had started but was brought back in consequence of our attack. By daylight of the 24th, eight thousand of Sherman's men were on the south side of the

Tennessee and fortified in rifle trenches. By half-past 3, p. m., the whole of the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge to near the railroad tunnel was in Sherman's possession. By 3 o'clock of the same day, Colonel Long with a brigade of cavalry of Thomas's army, crossed to the south side of the Tennessee and of South Chickamauga Creek and made a raid on the enemy's communications. He burned Tyner Station with many stores, cut the railroad at Cleveland, captured nearly a hundred wagons and over two hundred prisoners. Hooker carried out the part assigned to him for the day, equal to the most sanguine expectations. Thus on the night of the 24th our forces maintain an unbroken line with open communications from the north end of Lookout Mountain through Chattanooga Valley to the north end of Missionary Ridge."

General Hooker, under whom we were to serve says, "On the morning of Novemher 24th, my command consisted of Osterhaus's Division, Fifteenth Corps, Cruft's of the Fourth Corps, Garey's of the Twelth Corps, except such as were required to protect our communications with Bridgeport, making an aggregate force of ninety-six hundred and eighty-one. We were all strangers, no one of the divisions ever having seen either of the others.

Garey's Division supported by Whittaker's brigade of Cruft's Division, was ordered to proceed up the valley, cross the creek near Wauhatchie, and march down sweeping the rebels from it. The other brigade of the Fourth Corps was to advance, seize the bridge just below the railroad and repair it. Osterhaus's Division was to march up from Brown's Ferry under cover of the hills to the place of crossing. Also to furnish support for the batteries. The Fourth Ohio Battery was to take a position on the Bald Hill, and the New York Battery on the hill directly in the rear. The disposition of the forces was ordered to be made as soon after daylight as possible. At this time the enemy's picket formed a continuous line along the right bank of Lookout Creek with the reserves in the valley, while the main force was encamped in a hollow

half-way up the mountain. The summit was held by three brigades of Stevenson's Divisions, and these were comparatively safe, as the only means of access from the West for a distance of twenty miles up the valley, was by two or three trails, admitting of the passage of but one man at a time and these trails were held by rebel pickets. * * * *

Viewed from whatever point, Lookout Mountain, with its high and palisaded crest, and its steep, rugged, rocky and deeply furrowed slopes, presented an imposing barrier to our advance; and when to the natural obstacles were added almost interminable, well planned, and well constructed defenses, held by Americans, the assault became an enterprise worthy of the ambition and the renown of the troops to whom it was intrusted.

Garey commenced his movement as instructed, crossed the creek at 8 a. m., captured the entire picket of forty-two men posted to defend it, marched directly up the mountain until his right rested on the palisade, and headed down the valley.

At the same time Grose's brigade advanced resolutely, with brisk skirmishing, drove the enemy from the bridge and at once proceeded to put it in repair.

The firing at this point alarmed the rebels, and immediately their columns were seen filing down the mountain from their camps and moving into the rifle-pits and breastworks; at the same time numbers established themselves behind the railroad embankments, which enabled them, without exposure to themselves, to sweep with a fire of musketry, the field over which our troops would be compelled to pass for a distance of three or four hundred yards.

Our division (General Ostershaus) was assigned to the left of the line along Lookout Creek. Here two batteries and a section of twenty-pounder Parrott guns were placed, so as to reach the enemy's works and camp on the mountain side. These batteries were hauled into their position by hand. The Thirteenth Illinois and Fourth Iowa, old and tried friends, were thrown together in support of the Fourth Ohio,

and the Twenty-fifth Iowa was in support of the New York battery.

These were special details on the part of General Osterhaus, the Hoffman, or Fourth Ohio, always wanted the Thirteenth to support it if possible; at 7:30 a. m. the division was reported all ready for duty. Our brigade was commanded by Gen. Charles R. Woods. He was soon ordered with all the brigade except our regiment to move to the right, and we did not get together again till the next day.

At 11 a. m. General Garey had commenced to move along the mountain side toward the point. Then all of our guns were opened; and our skirmishes moved down the creek. The enemy were driven from the railroad embankment, most of the pickets near the creek laid down in their pits ready to surrender, as soon as our lines had gotten fairly to their rear. Just after the artillery had opened General Osterhaus rode up to the rear of our regiment on his bay bobtail horse, with the cape of his coat thrown back over his shoulders revealing a scarlet lining. One of the rebel pickets who saw him said, "Say, Yank, is that old U. S. sitting on that horse yonder?" The nearest picket told him that he was right. It had been an understanding between the men who picketed on opposite sides of the creek, not three rods wide yet deep, that they were not to fire at each other unless there was a battle on. When the battle opened, it was so one-sided at this point that the pickets were all captured before they got in a shot.

Just to the right of where our regiment was stationed, supporting a battery, the wagon road ran along the creek for some rods, then crossed the creek and thence up the side of the mountain on the way to Chattanooga. Companies A and B of the regiment were pushed still closer toward the point where the road crossed the creek. This was in full sight of the rebel lines, but they were now so taken up with Generals Garey and Woods on their flank, that they turned to them and did not fire at us at all, though we expected to receive their best respects in the shape of lead. We then moved down to the bridge that had broken down, and under the direction

of Major D. R. Bushnell of our regiment, set to work to construct a floating bridge out of the timbers. As soon as this was done, the prisoners in large numbers were brought over under charge of the Ninth Iowa, that had been detailed for that purpose.

While Major Bushnell was standing on the elevated roadside, an Irish lieutenant among the prisoners sang out "How d' ye do Major Bushnell;" after a sharp glance the Major recognized the man and in turn said, "Why Pat, what are you doing here?" The quick reply was, "Be jabers, I am fighting with the waker party." The Major further asked "Where is your brother John?" The answer was "You fellows killed him down at Vicksburg."

Major Bushnell had been the surveyor in laying out the Northwestern railroad in Whiteside county, Illinois, and the two Irish brothers had had the contract for grading the depot grounds at Sterling, Illinois. When the war broke out, it found them in like occupation down in Mississippi. Being wide-awake fellows they made the most of the situation by accepting commissions in the Confederate army, perhaps caring little on which side they took arms, maybe having enough of the chivalrous in them to prefer to fight, if at all, "with the weaker party."

Pat went off to the rear and may be alive at this date for aught I know, while the gallant Major met his death just three days later. I have heard it said that the Major was not at all well at this time, and that he wrote a letter home speaking of this and that nothing but the sternest sense of duty and pride could lead him to go on through the battle. He was a brave and true soldier.

Later our regiment and the Fourth Iowa were ordered across the creek and up the wagon road over the mountain. General Garey had gotten possession of the point of the mountain at what is known as "Craven House." He then came down and led our two regiments up the mountain as reinforcements. He was a fine man, and walked up the mountain at our head gauging our strength by his own.

As we got up to the nose of the mountain it was almost dark, the mountain was in a dense fog, and to them in the valley seemed like clouds. The battle has since been designated as "Hooker's battle above the clouds." It has been surrounded with something of sentiment and prominence that a prosy and truthful man is not fully prepared to indorse.

We soon passed through the works that the enemy had erected and past the two guns that had been captured. I saw one of our men standing on one knee as if about to shoot. That is probably what he had been in the act of doing, when he was struck dead instantly and all his muscles had become rigid and he remained in that position.

Our regiment moved into line as a support of the front line. We lost no men, though the missiles flew thick, and the danger was great. I saw one of our musicians, I think from Company D, struck on the side of the head by a ball that had first struck a rock, and go down as if he were dead, but he was only stunned and had the tip of his ear cut off, and was on his feet again. The thermometer began to go down and soon the weather was near the freezing point. As all of the men were wet, it made it hard to bear. The men made small fires behind some of the big rocks scattered over the mountain side, and sought small comfort. As the enemy still had possession of the top of the mountain and could look down upon our lines, some few of the men were wounded near the fires by sharp-shooters, in the earlier part of the night.

Lieutenant Cuniffe, of Company I, of our regiment, had been back from the regiment to one of these fires. He was absent-minded and on his way back to the lines of the regiment missed his way and walked over into the enemy's lines. It is said he looked up and seeing a lot of the rebels about a fire, he said "What are you fellows doing here without being guarded?" they replied, "We will do the guarding," and they took possession of the young man. It is certain we never saw him with the regiment again.

A GRAND SIGHT.

We, who had just come from the West, had never yet seen Chattanooga, and of course did not have much idea of the location of things. As it grew cold, the fog blew away and we were able to see where Chattanooga was and the surrounding. After a close study, the whole thing fell into shape and it was a grand sight. Across the valley between Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge was a dark line. This was the space between the two army lines. As the night was very cold, this space was fringed by two lines of small picket-fires. Further back of these on either side, were many larger fires, that pointed out the two main lines of defense. As we afterward learned, the enemy were vacating their lines across the valley, but keeping up the fires as a show. Yonder on the hill in the town was our signal station, and on it was seen the ceaseless waving and dipping of the lights as messages were being conveyed to the different corps. The same thing was going on within the enemy's lines from the top of Missionary Ridge. There was but little sleep. The generals were wide-awake on both sides, preparing for the great deadly struggle on the morrow. Some of the troops were moving from left to right and from right to left, and the others were kept awake either from the cold or because they were on the picket-line. At least one hundred and twenty thousand men were in these camps and with the morrow the two contending armies would certainly grapple with each other, dead and the mangled would be counted only by the thousands.

It was a grand sight; it was an awful thought. It seems so strange that in this world the cause of righteousness and humanity has had to travel over gory fields and walk amid human wails.

We learn through the rebel dispatches and communications that the fight was made during the earlier part of the night for what was called the Summerville Road, and that by 2 o'clock the whole of Lookout Mountain was abandoned.

It appears from these dispatches that they were afraid all

the time that they could not hold the position. It is certain that the defense was not all that it should have been for such a stronghold.

Here we met some of the same men that we had captured at Vicksburg, and it may be that they were not altogether hearty in their defense. Then, too, there seems to have been some difficulty among the officers.

Early in the evening after some brisk skirmishing, General Carlin with a fine brigade came from Chattanooga and connected with our forces, so that the way was opened into the city by way of the mountain.

Lookout Mountain was now all in our possession. It has been a question what regiment first put a flag on the top of the mountain. It has been claimed for our regiment. I can vouch for this incident. Captain Beardsley, later Major of the regiment, came to the writer, then a Sergeant in Company B, about 1 o'clock, and said: "I believe the rebels have left the top of the mountain, and that we can some way get up those palisades, and have the flag of the Thirteenth wave there first. If a dozen of you reliable boys will go with me, I will get permission to try it." Some of them agreed to join in it, but when he sought the permission from his superior, it was denied.

The next morning some other flag was waving there. I met the Captain and he said: "Sergeant, it almost makes me sick to see some other flag than the Thirteenth there, when I am sure we could have had ours there first."

General Whittaker reports that "early on the morning of the 25th I called for volunteers from the Eighth Kentucky Infantry to scale the cliffs and take possession of Lookout Rock. It was not known what force was on the top. Captain Wilson of Company C and seven men offered, and soon took possession of the place, and unfurled our country's flag where so lately treason had flaunted the symbol of her ruin. This flag was the gift of the loyal women of Estill county, Kentucky."

In the absence of any denial of this, let us take for granted

that this is how it was, and that whatever special honor goes with it, belongs to them, as it would have to us, if we had gotten our flag there first.

Early the next morning, for some bungling reason, we marched down the mountain again and got our breakfast and then marched back over the mountain again into Chattanooga valley.

As we were marching down the mountain side, we could plainly see almost the whole of General Grant's army then in the valley, moving out toward the ridge; to battle; mostly infantry, but with it much artillery and some cavalry. It was a fine sight, such as few men ever see in a lifetime.

We soon came upon the creek over which the enemy had withdrawn and destroyed the bridges. This caused great delay, and with it loss of vantage. It is fair to presume, that had General Hooker struck General Bragg's left, three hours sooner, the results would have been much more disastrous to the rebel army.

As it was, it was too near night to make the most of our advantage. As we came to this stream we found a few of the rebel wounded that had been carried so far, and then for some reason abandoned. They were quite bitter in their denunciations of being left to freeze to death.

Having got across the stream we, with the rest of our division, and General Hooker's forces, moved across the valley and down the ridge till opposite Rossville Gap, in and about which was stationed General Bragg's extreme left.

They were soon driven out of this and we were in the gap and on the ridge. On the ridge we marched over some of our dead that had fallen at the battle of Chickamauga over two months before, but had been unburied. A few days after this, a detail of our men picked up the skeletons of over three hundred, and buried them.

An incident that occurred just after we got possession of the gap, and while our regiment was resting on the top of the ridge and facing the road that led down from the open country through this gap, is a striking illustration of nerve.

While resting, I, with others, saw a rebel officer ride down this road on a fine horse into our lines. As he found himself right upon our forces (not knowing we were in possession of the gap) he did not even draw a rein or give any sign but that what he intended to do was to come into our lines. He rode right on to General Osterhaus's headquarters in the gap, and asked for an ambulance to remove a wounded rebel officer up on the ridge. He then came back and rode up the hill on the North side of the gap. One of the men said, "See, there goes that rebel again; I have a mind to put a ball into him before he gets away." He put spurs to his horse and disappeared on the top of the ridge. He doubtless thought to get out of our lines and regain his own again, but just then he came upon the good old Fourth Iowa, some of whom were scattered along that part of the ridge as skirmishers. One of them quickly halted him and bade him dismount. It was the wise thing to do seeing he was looking down a loaded and cocked rifle in the hands of a determined soldier. So he did it. He found his way among other prisoners who were moving North. General Osterhaus rode his horse after that. Some of the boys will remember the little blooded roan. The man was Captain Breckenridge, the son of General Breckenridge.

We captured some artillery and much camp stuff here. We then moved up the road that led through the gap into the open country for perhaps a mile or more, when we came to where the road forked, one leading to the southeast to Ringgold and the other to the northeast along the Ridge. We followed the latter road for some distance, when we were stopped and faced toward the Ridge in line of battle.

During this time the artillery firing along the line of battle was just terrific. It seemed as though it would bring on an earthquake.

Some notice must have reached General Bragg of the fight at Rossville Gap, for a body of rebel troops was seen moving down in that direction as reinforcements. They were not aware of our presence to the rear of the Ridge, and when they

saw the situation, most of them laid down their arms and surrendered.

As we stood in line and about to advance, a family that had been living in a house near the rebel lines, frightened by the fearful cannonading, ran for our lines, a man and a grandmother and a younger woman with three children. They passed through our regiment to the rear. One of the children was a boy of seven or eight years of age who became familiar with camp-life, and was dressed in Southern uniform. He did not seem in the least frightened by this state of affairs, and with his hands in his pockets, said, "Well, I think you have got them this time." He seemed to have taken in the situation quite fully for one so young.

We were ordered forward to the enemy's lines across an open space on double-quick. Over twenty-seven years have gone by, but it seems to me that I can see that rail fence disappear before us, as some of the men ran before us and leveled it in a moment.

We were after them and they were fleeing. The troops on the other side of the ridge had shaken the tree and we were holding the bag to get the fruit. With almost no loss to our division at this time, we are credited with making large captures of prisoners.

Our regiment is given credit with having captured two hundred and fifty-eighty men.

The following is the tabulated report as given by Brig.-Gen. C. R. Woods of the prisoners taken by his brigade during the 24th, 25th and 27th.

Third Missouri Volunteers	197
Twelfth Missouri Volunteers	179
Seventeenth Missouri Volunteers	219
Twenty-seventh Missouri Volunteers	409
Twenty-ninth Missouri Volunteers	2
Thirty-first Missouri Volunteers	76
Thirty-second Missouri Volunteers	250
Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers	258
Seventy-sixth Ohio	410
Total	1,999

I most gladly insert at this point a supplement report of General Osterhaus, which the Thirteenth and their friends are proud of. We considered Lieutenant Josselyn among the bravest of our brave men.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION,
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
BRIDGEPORT, December 14, '63.

GENERAL: I omitted to state in my report that Lieut. S. T. Josselyn and a party of skirmishers of the gallant Thirteenth Illinois Infantry captured the battle-flag of the Eighteenth Alabama on Missionary Ridge, November 25th. I forward the flag to you with this supplementary report. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

P. JOS. OSTERHAUS.

[Brigadier-General of Volunteers Commanding First Division Fifteenth Army Corps.]

To Major-General D. BUTTERFIELD,
Chief of Staff, Major-General HOOKER'S Army.

Having gathered in all the prisoners we could, we camped on the Ridge where part of Bragg's army had been in full possession and camped the night before. We walked around among the dead and gathered some of the rebel wounded to our camp-fires and shared our blankets with them, as it was a severely cold night for camping out without any shelter.

General Bragg's headquarters had been near where we camped and he and General Breckenridge narrowly escaped capture at our hands.

On the next morning our army started in pursuit of the fleeing forces. Our division was in the rear, and met with nothing special during the day other than the tiresome fact that it took the whole day to reach Chickamauga Creek, six miles away, where we camped for the night. Before leaving camp the Thirteenth boys picked up some stragglers as prisoners and four hundred guns.

GENERAL BRAGG REPORTS.

"By a decided stand here the enemy was entirely checked, and that portion of our force to the right, remained intact.

All to the left, however, except a portion of Bates' Division, was entirely routed, and in rapid flight, nearly all of the artillery having been shamefully abandoned by its infantry support. Every effort which could be made by myself and staff and many other mounted officers, availed but little. [A Southern historian tells us that he rode among his men crying, "Here is your commander." Their reply was, "Here is your mule." They had lost confidence in him.] A panic, which I had never witnessed before, seemed to have seized upon officers and men, and each seemed to be struggling for his personal safety, regardless of his duty or character. In this distressing and alarming state of affairs, General Bates was ordered to hold his position, covering the road for the retreat of Breckenridge's command, and orders were immediately sent to Generals Hardee and Breckenridge to retire their forces on the depot at Chickamauga.

"Fortunately it was now near nightfall, and the country and roads in our rear were fully known to us, but equally unknown to the enemy. The routed left, made its way back in great disorder, effectually covered, however, by Bates' command, which had a sharp conflict with the enemy's advance, driving it back. After night, all being quiet, Bates retired in good order, the enemy attempting no pursuit.

"No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops on the left in allowing their line to be penetrated. The line was one that ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column, and wherever real resistance was made, the enemy fled in disorder, after suffering heavy loss.

"Those of our enemy who reached the Ridge did so in a condition of exhaustion, from the great physical exertion in climbing, which rendered them powerless, and the slightest effort would have destroyed them. Having secured much of our artillery, they soon availed themselves of our panic, and, turning our guns upon us, enfilading the lines both right and left, rendering them entirely untenable.

"But one possible reason presents itself as an explanation of

such bad conduct in veteran troops. They had for two days confronted the enemy, marshaling his immense forces in plain view, and exhibiting to their sight, such a superiority in numbers, as may have intimidated weak-minded and untried soldiers. But our veterans had so often encountered similar hosts, when the strength of position was against us, and with perfect success, that not a doubt of holding the lines crossed my mind. Our losses are not yet ascertained, but in killed and wounded it is known to have been small. In prisoners and stragglers, I fear it is much larger. The chief of artillery reports the loss of forty pieces."

On the 27th the pursuit was continued with our division and our brigade in the advance. We moved out of the camp at 6 a. m. We soon came upon the sights to be found in the wake of an army fleeing in haste. Broken-down gun-carriages, abandoned wagons, guns, ambulances, clothes, etc. For some reasons whether for good or bad, many rebels lingered in the woods. Some forty or fifty were picked up as prisoners.

Captain House with his men mounted, some one hundred and seventy in number, led the way followed by the Seventeenth Missouri Infantry, as skirmishers. When they came to the Chickamauga Creek, near the town of Ringgold, they found the ford and a covered bridge to the right of the ford and further up the creek, guarded by about two hundred rebel cavalry. Captain House dashed at them and drove them into town. When the rebels saw the inferiority of numbers against them, they in turn drove him out of the town and back across the ford. The Seventeenth and Twenty-ninth Missouri hastened by a circuitous route to get possession of the covered bridge. This took time, but it was better than to force the infantry through three feet of water. The roads were bad and for some reason the artillery was not up—a mistake—had it been the enemy could have been driven out with much loss of life and limb.

IN FRONT OF THE GAP.

As our regiment came up, we passed to the right of the ford up the stream to the covered bridge over it, and through the town by flank. Just ahead of us were the Seventeenth, Twenty-ninth and Thirty-first Missouri Regiment that had been skirmishing up to the foot of Taylor Ridge, where the enemy were strongly posted. The rebels pressed upon these and drove them back in some confusion. We then passed up near the depot and filed to the right into line squarely across the gap, in an open space. The boys were as chipper as could be, and hardly expecting so much danger so near at hand. We had scarcely got faced to the front, when from a clump of young trees, a masked battery of two pieces belched forth grape and canister. This passed through the right wing of our regiment. By it Captain Beardsley of Company D was wounded, John Dykeman of Company C had his thigh broken, and Martin Blair of Company A was bruised. Poor Dykeman of Company C, I stood near him as he went down with a groan. He and Fred Darling of Company D and the writer, were caught close up under the rebel works at the Chickasaw charge and came near being captured, but at dusk made our way off, carrying with us a badly wounded Fourth Iowa man. Dykeman lingered along till January 10th, 1864, and then died of his wounds.

MASKED BATTERY FIRE.

This was a surprise and a severe test of our nerve and power of concession as a regiment; at a word from the officers, all the men lay flat on the ground but stayed in place.

Let us hear what General Cleburne, who was in command of the forces that opposed us, says: "Shortly after 8 a. m. the enemy's skirmishers were in view, advancing. He opened fire, and under cover of it, his line of battle was placed and moved with the utmost decision and celerity against the ridge on the right of the gap. So quick and confident was this attack, the enemy must have acted on a concerted plan,

and must have had guides who knew well the nature of the country. As the first line moved toward the ridge, its right flank became exposed at canister range to my artillery in the mouth of the gap. Five or six rapid discharges broke the right of this line to pieces and caused them to run for shelter under the railroad embankment."

Soon after this burst of canister upon us, the word came to advance some skirmishers to the front of the line. Lieutenant-Colonel Partridge ordered forward Companies A and B, and went with them. The fire was directed toward the two pieces of artillery, so as to keep them from firing if possible. Among these skirmishers John D. Davis, of Company B was wounded in the mouth before he got in a shot; he brought off his gun, went to the rear; had his wound dressed and came back into the front. The order then came to advance the whole regiment. Major Bushnell gave the command, when the men arose and bending as though facing a hail-storm, moved most gallantly to the front. I am not prepared to say that the regiment understood just what was expected of them. I think if the command would have been given, they would have gone into the gap, and to the mouth of the guns.

As it was, they went as far as the log-house located at the mouth of the gap and then sought shelter behind it and the barn, pig-pen and some old railroad ties near by.

THE COLORS GO DOWN.

But before they had reached this line the battery had opened upon them with canister sweeping through about where the colors were moving. Sergeant Patrick Riley of Company K bore the colors and went down with a grape-shot through his breast. His life's blood soaked the Stars and Stripes and to-day stain most of its folds as it rests in the State house at Springfield, Illinois. Of course the colors went down with the brave man, but did not long remain. Corporal Joseph Sackett of Company C and a member of the Color-guard took up "Old Glory," now more sacred because

drenched with patriotic blood, and bore it for some distance. As the regiment was no longer advancing, this brave man dropped the flag through the fork of an apple tree and cast himself upon the ground by it. It remained swinging under the eyes of the rebels during the rest of the fight.

It is of this flag that General Cleburne says "a stand of colors lay temptingly within sixty yards of my line, and some of the officers wanted to charge and get it, but as it promised no solid advantage to compensate for the loss of brave soldiers, I would not permit it.

A Dalton newspaper in speaking of our regiment's action at this time, did so in the most glowing terms, and with the spirit of exaggeration so common with the times, said we had come on without faltering, until the dead were actually piled up in the road.

The fight went on in the most determined way with constant losses to us. Colonel Partridge received a painful wound in his left hand, while standing near the barn not far from the bank of the creek. Wishing to have it dressed, he asked one of Company B to seek Major Bushnell and ask him to take command of the regiment for a time. But the Major could not receive the word, for his ear was already heavy in death and his eye was dimmed to the sight of earthly things. He had paid the highest price possible on the altar of his country.

With some others he had sought shelter behind some railroad ties; for unnecessary exposure was no virtue at such a time. A bullet from the enemy had grazed the end of a tie, and passing into his forehead lodged in the back part of his neck.

The command was given into the hands of Capt. Walter Blanchard of Company K, who was located behind the log-house spoken of. Ere long, while he stood at the corner of the house, he was struck by a grape-shot that tore his knee all into pieces. He died from the effects of it about one week later.

In this same house Chas. Beckman, of Company K, was

struck and had his right arm broken while in the act of shooting out of the window. He gave a little shriek as the bone snapped, and then was as brave as a man could be.

Robert Skinner was shot while passing from the pig-pen to the barn. I saw him fall. Seaman of the same company was shot and died from the effects of a hip amputation the next day.

Chas. V. Peck was struck on the top of his head, and with the brain open to the air, was living yet at the close of the battle.

Those who were either killed on the field or died from wounds soon after, numbered twelve, while the killed and wounded were sixty.

W. B. Howe, of Company E, had four fingers shot off of one hand and three off of the other. Just twenty-six years from that day, he was instantly killed by an engine in Chicago.

Ed. Sheehey, of Company H, seemed not to have any sense of danger. He was in the house; he shuffled his feet and sang and swore in the thickest of the fight.

After we had fought some time and our ammunition was about all gone, some New York troops were ordered in as a support or a relief. But they only came in to get many killed and wounded. We had fought our way in and could hold the ground with less loss than any other body of troops.

We learn that the reason for crowding so closely and strongly on the gap was the hope of breaking through the lines before the enemy could get out of the way on the other side, and then be compelled to lose heavily in war material, if not in men. It failed. Another way would have been better; fewer men would have been sacrificed.

In this house in the gap a family lived. They were in the cellar while the battle was on, and made their appearance at the close of it. There was an able-bodied man in the number. He claimed to be innocent, but he was counted among the prisoners and given a free ride North.

The woman of the house scolded freely for making her feather bed bloody from Captain Blanchard's wound.

FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A graphic account is given of Captain Landgraber getting up his battery to our relief. He got within sound of our firing, but the road was filled so that he could not pass. But he was wild to go to the front. He dashed fiercely about until he got the order to give him the road. His men were mounted, and he was known as the "Flying Dutchman." He fairly won the title, both by his action in putting his battery in position at Vicksburg, and by his conduct on this day. As soon as he secured the right of way, he fairly flew along that stony road, bidding it to be cleared for his men. He said, "Oh my Gott, the Twelfth Missouri and Thirteenth Illinois are being killed, and I am not there to help them." These two regiments had won his special affection.

Then came the word, "Forward." Then the spurs and whips were applied until those guns fairly flew to pieces as they went sounding over those rough roads. Coming to the Chickamauga creek, the speed was not slackened. As they passed through the creek the water flew as if a cyclone had gone by. A few moments more, and some of the guns were in our rear and sending shells over our heads and into the enemy's lines that made music to us sweeter than the notes of the dulcimer. Two twenty-pound Parrotts came up and joined in the song of relief.

The guns of Semple's rebel battery commanded by Lieutenant Goldwaite were withdrawn about 1 p. m.; but they had held the ground long enough to keep us from securing much of the train. The battle was over.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WE CLOSED 1862 AMID SLAUGHTER AND DEFEAT; AND NOW, WITH NO LESS CARNAGE, 1863 CURTAINS OUR ARMY WITH PROUD VICTORY.

THE enemy having retreated, we gathered ourselves together to sorrowfully look upon our dead and care for the wounded, as best we could. One of the boys lay behind the old corn-crib or barn near the creek, bloody from head to foot, having been struck six times; twice with grape-shot and four times with bullets. Some of these wounds were made as he lay on the ground helpless. He died the next day.

There was an old horse standing in the wagon shed. He was first hit and one leg was broken, then another, and then a third; and then the poor old fellow dropped. The pig in the sty was shot by his own pen, but shot by our men. Chaplain Needham, brave as the bravest, collected the ambulance corps and went into the thickest of the battle to carry the wounded off. While doing so, one of the bearers was wounded and had to be carried off. The Colonel then forbade his taking such risks, telling him to wait until the battle was over.

The writer of these events fought from the house in the gap. And while doing so knocked out a piece of a clapboard from the kitchen so as to have a place to fire from. Seventeen years later he passed through the town and gap on a railroad train. The only change noticeable in the house was

that the board was tacked on again temporarily. The South does not rush in improvements.

We moved back across the creek near the ford and went into camp. The body of Major Bushnell was taken with us and kept in camp during the night. Sergeant Harvey was detailed to take the body to his old home in Sterling, Illinois, for burial. He started the next day. The wounded that could bear moving were removed to Chattanooga hospital.

Two things were now to be thought of by the commanding General. The one was to pursue Bragg's army and the other was to send relief to General Burnside, who was besieged in Knoxville by General Longstreet's army.

Could both be done to advantage? General Grant decided he could not do both well, and so he decided to save Burnside if possible, and in doing so save East Tennessee to our armies. A consideration to this last was our lack of supplies to follow farther.

The pursuit of Bragg was given up and the forces turned toward Knoxville with General Sherman's command.

General Grant says in his report at the time "I returned from the front on the 28th. I found Granger had not got off. Besides he moved reluctantly and with complaints. I determined therefore, notwithstanding the fact that two divisions of Sherman's forces had marched from Memphis and had gone into battle immediately on the arrival at Chattanooga, to send him with his command to do the work, and orders in accordance therewith were sent to him at Calhoun, to assume command of the troops with Granger, in addition to those with him, and proceed with all possible dispatch to the relief of Burnside.

Sherman succeeded in getting to Knoxville in time to relieve Burnside.

Before going further, I will introduce the casualties as reported. First, by General Grant for our whole army. Second, by General Bragg for the Confederate army. Third, that for our army corps. Fourth, that for our division.

What next? On November 27th, from Grayville, Georgia,

General Sherman's Adjutant-General writes to General O. O. Howard :

GENERAL : General Sherman visited General Grant to-day at Ringgold by appointment, and the following movements were ordered. After the destruction of a section of the railroad from Dalton to Cleveland by your corps, the army will return to its original camps at or near Chattanooga by way of Chickamauga depot.

To-morrow the Fifteenth Corps will destroy the railroad and all the property of use to an enemy in this neighborhood, and General Hooker's command will in like manner destroy that in the neighborhood of Ringgold, and as soon as advised of your arrival at Parker's Gap, the General will make the necessary orders for the general movement back to Chattanooga.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

It will not be out of place to record here the good words said by the several generals of our regiment and its conduct during the campaign.

General Hooker says of the fight at Ringgold : "The only way to ascertain the enemy's strength was to feel him, and as our success if prompt would be crowned with a rich harvest of material, without waiting for my artillery, the skirmishers advanced. A brisk musketry fire began between the skirmishers. At the same time the enemy kept his skirmishers at work. The Thirteenth Illinois Regiment from the right of Woods' brigade was thrown forward to seize houses from which gunners could be picked off by our men. These were heroically taken, and held by that brave regiment. Apprehensive that he might lose his artillery, the enemy advanced with a superior force on our skirmishers, and they fell back of Woods' line, when that excellent officer drove them into the gorge, and they left their dead and wounded on the ground. Our skirmishers at once re-occupied their line, the Thirteenth Illinois all the time maintaining its position with resolution and obstinacy."

It was reported current in camp after the battle, that while Generals Hooker and Osterhaus stood behind the stone depot, General Hooker had said with much feeling, that he

feared the Thirteenth Illinois and the Twelfth Missouri would give way under such fierce firing, before the artillery could come up in support. General Osterhaus had replied with much assurance, "General, you never mind, I know those men, and they never give back," and that General Hooker had turned away with impatience.

General Osterhaus says, "While Colonel Cramer's line of skirmishers drove the rebels back on their main line, and advanced beyond the railroad, General Woods received orders to deploy the Thirteenth Illinois and the Third and Twelfth Missouri regiments on the line just vacated by Colonel Cramer. The enemy's artillery was placed at short-range in the gap, and, partly shielded by undergrowth and young pine trees, kept up a most galling fire. He fired mostly grape and canister. * * * * At the same time I ordered the Thirteenth Illinois Infantry (which held the extreme right) to advance rapidly over an open field to a few houses in front. By these movements I concentrated a converging fire on the enemy's artillery, which I hoped to secure by driving off the enemy's cannoneers and supports.

"*The Thirteenth Illinois Infantry executed the order in magnificent style.* They charged through a hail-storm of bullets, and gained the position assigned to them and held it. Although the rebels poured a most murderous fire on these brave men from the gorge in front and the hill on the right, *the Thirteenth remained undaunted, keeping up a vehement fire.*

"I beg leave to call your attention to the very heavy percentage of losses among the officers, and I can not pass over the fact without expressing the highest praise for their energy, valor and, in fact, every virtue which honors a good soldier. To name those who behaved most gallantly, is the next thing to an impossibility, as I feel under obligations to every one, officers and men. They were all ready to do their duty, and they did it nobly and well under the most trying circumstances. I take pleasure, however, in recapitulating from the reports of my brigade commanders the names they mention; The heroic

Colonel Wangelin, of the Twelfth Missouri, who lost his right arm. Lieutenant-Colonel Partridge, of the Thirteenth Illinois, who lost part of his left hand. The lamented Major Bushnell, of the Thirteenth Illinois, who sacrificed his life, and Captain Walter Blanchard, of the Thirteenth Illinois, who lost his leg and a week later yielded his life. Also Captain Beardsley, of the Thirteenth Illinois, who was badly wounded in the arm."

Gen. Chas. R. Woods, commander of our brigade, says: "The fighting on the extreme right was severe, *The Thirteenth Illinois Infantry firing one hundred rounds of cartridges per man, besides taking all the ammunition from their killed and wounded in order to hold their position.*"

CASUALTIES FOR THE UNION AND CONFEDERATE FORCES, NOVEMBER 23 TO 27.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED OR MISSING.		
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregates.
Casualties for the Union forces Nov. 23d to 27.	69	684	395	4,329	27	322	15,824
" " " Confederate " "	Killed,		Wounded.		Missing.		
	361		2,180		4,146		

General Grant reports there were captured 6,142 Prisoners.
7,000 Stand of arms.
40 Cannon.

CASUALTIES IN THE FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.	TOTAL.
First Division	69	364	66	497
Second Division	10	90	2	102
Third Division	89	288	122	499
Fourth Division	72	535	21	628
Total loss in Fifteenth Army Corps.	238	1,277	211	1,726

Return of Casualties in the First Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps, Nov. 23d to Nov. 27th, 1863—General P. J. Osterhaus, commanding.

COMMAND.—FIRST DIVISION. BRIGADIER-GENERAL P. J. OSTERHAUS.

First Brigade. Brigadier-General Charles R. Woods.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED OR MISSING.		TOTAL.
	Off.	Men.	Off	Men.	Off.	Men.	
Thirteenth Illinois Infantry	1	3	7	51	1		63
Third Missouri Infantry				7			7
Twelfth Missouri Infantry	1		4	19		3	27
Seventeenth Missouri Infantry	1	4	3	11	1		20
Twenty-seventh Missouri Infantry		2	1	10			13
Twenty-ninth Missouri Infantry		2	5	19	2	26	54
Thirty-first Missouri Infantry		1	2	19		6	28
Thirty-second Missouri Infantry				2			2
Seventy-sixth Ohio Infantry	2	16	3	40		2	63
Totals	5	28	25	118	4	37	277

Second Brigade. Colonel J. A. Williamson.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED OR MISSING.		TOTAL.
	Off.	Men.	Off.	Men.	Off.	Men.	
Fourth Iowa Infantry	1		1	36		2	49
Ninth Iowa Infantry				12			15
Twenty-fifth Iowa Infantry		9	7	22			29
Twenty-sixth Iowa Infantry		3	4	12			16
Thirtieth Iowa Infantry			1	22			27
Thirty-first Iowa Infantry			1	16			19
Totals	1	18	14	120		2	155

Total First Division.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED OR MISSING.		TOTAL.
	Off.	Men.	Off.	Men	Off.	Men	
Totals	6	46	39	298	4	39	432

A GREAT WORK DONE.

A great work had just been done, first in the relief of our beleaguered armies in Chattanooga and Knoxville, and second in the decisive blow to the Confederate armies, as that they were not only driven back with great losses, but compelled to change commanders. Even though they made a change for the better, yet it is a blow to an army to have so much dissatisfaction as to be compelled to change leaders, either before or after a battle. It was a strength to our Western arms that

Grant and Sherman from Shiloh to the end of the war went up together. In view of the work done and advantage gained, congratulations were now in order.

From Washington, D. C., came the following dispatch:

Major-General GRANT:

Understanding that your lodgment at Chattanooga and Knoxville are now secure, I wish to tender you and all under your command my more than thanks, my profoundest gratitude for the skill, courage and perseverance with which you and they, over so great difficulties, have effected that important object. God bless you all.

A. LINCOLN.

When Congress assembled it passed two joint resolutions of thanks. The *first* addressed to General Grant and the army under him, accompanied by a medal, and a *second* to General Sherman.

As we bore a very honorable part as a regiment in this campaign, for which these thanks were offered, we may here insert them as being addressed to us.

The text of the first is as follows:

Be it resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

That the thanks of Congress be, and they hereby are presented to Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, and through him to the officers and soldiers who have fought under his command during the rebellion, for their gallantry and good conduct in the battles in which they have been engaged. And that the President of the United States, be requested to cause a gold medal to be struck with suitable emblems and devices and inscriptions to be presented to Major-General Grant.

And be it further resolved, That when the said medal shall have been struck, the President shall cause a copy of this joint resolution to be engrossed on parchment, and shall transmit the same together with the said medal, to Major-General Grant, to be presented to him in the name of the people of the United States of America.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
HANNIBAL HAMLIN,
Vice-President and President of the Senate.
A. LINCOLN.

The second, a tender of thanks to General W. T. Sherman, was as follows:

Be it resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled:

That the thanks of Congress and the people of the United States are due, and the same are hereby tendered to Major-General W. T. Sherman, Commander of the Army of the Tennessee, and the officers and soldiers who served under him for their gallant and arduous services in marching to the relief of the Army of the Cumberland, and for their gallantry and heroism in the battle of Chattanooga, which contributed in a great degree to the success of our army in that glorious victory.

GENERAL HOOKER'S FREE LANCE.

The following extract from a letter written by General Hooker to Salmon P. Chase, at that time secretary of the treasury, shows that the general was on horseback thrusting his lance right and left. It also incidentally brings out one of the weak points in the carrying on of war, viz., the ambition and spirit of jealousy held among the officers.

He says: "I wrote you hastily from Ringgold, and in my letter intimated that the battle just ended had developed and closed differently from what was designed, so far as concerned the operation of my column. * * * * By the first order that unceremoniously deprived me of the Eleventh corps, you will perceive that the strategy and tactics of the campaign were to throw it into the hands of Sherman, to my exclusion. On receiving this order I said to General Thomas, that it was my practice to accompany that part of my command going into battle, and that if he had no objection I would go with the Eleventh corps to Chattanooga, to which he assented and said that he would be glad to have me do so. You will observe that the attack was ordered to be on Saturday, the 19th. At this time the greater part of the troops to whom the duty was assigned, were at Bridgeport, certainly two good marches distant. Of course they were not on hand, at the appointed time, and the movement that was intended more or less to be a surprise, was postponed, first, until the next day (Sunday),

and again until the following Tuesday. You will rightly conclude that these delays extinguished all hopes of taking the enemy unawares. * * * Meanwhile I received a request from General Thomas to remain in Lookout Valley. I presume for the reason that he expected some demonstration of the enemy in this direction, as at the time of making the order it was not known that any force would be left me to make any aggressive movement. The thing began to look squally for me; I said to Butterfield it was cut and dried for me to be a spectator to the fight, but I thought I would have a toe in the stirrup, somehow, before it was over; that it had been my fortune to take a leading part in every battle except that of the first Malvern from the beginning of the rebellion; that man proposed and God disposed in the matter of battles, and went about my business, obeying orders as usual to the best of my ability.

"Monday night came and found three of Sherman's divisions over the bridge at Brown's Ferry, when, lo and behold! the pontoon parted and left Osterhaus's division on my side in Lookout Valley. Near midnight I received orders that in the event that the division could not cross that night, I would consider it of my command and attack Lookout Mountain. You know the rest, That day I crossed Lookout and the night of that day and the following morning, Sherman crossed the Tennessee with his command.

"All of Sherman's attacks were made after I carried Lookout which enabled me to command the enemy's defense across Chattanooga Valley, and which my success had compelled him to abandon. This attack on the left after I had taken Lookout, can only be considered in the light of a disaster.

"Sherman is an active, energetic officer, but in judgment is as infirm as Burnside. He will never be successful. Please remember what I tell you. It was natural for Grant to feel partial to his old companions and do all possible to enhance their renown; nevertheless you will appreciate my nervousness in being placed in a situation in which this partiality was manifest wholly at my expense. (It was clear in this

case and I suppose in too many other cases beside, 'personal renown' was put first, and the cause of the Union second.)

"I will do Grant the justice to believe that he was honestly of the opinion that the plan he adopted was the most likely to secure the success of our arms. He aimed for the battle to commence and end on the left, while it commenced and ended on the right. I am informed that he has since said, 'Damn the battle, I had nothing to do with it!'

"The day after Lookout, I encountered the rebels on Missionary Ridge, when my disposition and their executions were extremely gratifying to me. At Ringgold I was fairly up with the tail end of the enemy's column. My losses in all three operations will be near eleven hundred men. I took upward of four thousand prisoners, eight pieces of artillery, eight stand of colors and a large lot of small arms, etc.

"The troops were wrought up to an intense degree of excitement, and I believe there is no one of them from the highest to the lowest, who will not say those four days were not only the most eventful, but the happiest of their lives. We started out with two days' rations, but that was enough. We lived on excitement. My command consisted of detachments of all the armies, and they met for the first time on the morning of the advancement on Lookout. I was convinced with the force I there had, it was in my power to follow the army until I captured or destroyed it.

"The pursuit, however, was suspended for the reason, I believe, that the commanding general had not sufficient confidence in the opinion of Burnside as to the impregnability of his position at Knoxville to leave him to take care of himself till I could take care of Bragg's army. He might have been influenced by considerations of which I have no knowledge. I only know that here the pursuit ended. * * * * I regret that Sherman should have returned from Knoxville until Longstreet was driven so far into North Carolina that return would be impossible. I am of the opinion that he will rejoin Bragg's army by the road through the mountain leading from Raleigh. This will surely be his course if an advance is

looked for from here, but we are in no condition to advance, and if no improvement is made in our communications, we never can.

"I spoke about the raising of negro troops in Kentucky and Tennessee, and mentioned General Butterfield in connection with it, only for the reason that I know of no officer who would accomplish so much in so short a time. His forte is dispatch and completeness of organization. He will accomplish more in one day than most men can in ten. * * * * I have become so sick of the war, that I desire nothing so much as its termination. * * * *

"If my services in this rebellion do not merit reward, they certainly have been such as to shield me from punishment.

"Many of my juniors are in the exercise of independent commands, while I am here with more rank piled on top of me than a man can well stand up under, with a corporal's guard, comparatively, for a command. You can not wonder at my desire to have the war come to a close, irrespective of the country and the cause. I see that they are pitching into Mead on all sides. I lost my confidence in him when he allowed Lee to escape. I thought well of him as a corps commander, and never doubted that he would do as well in command of an army upon him. He is a small craft and carries no ballast. The report of our veteran General-in-Chief reads well and, if true, would be a good one.

"Grant swears he had no orders to disobey in his campaign of Vicksburg, and I know that I was sent here, not to protect, but to open communications with Rosecran's army. Since I have been in the West I have made the acquaintance of a glorious soldier, and that is General Osterhaus. He is going East in a few days and I hope you will have an opportunity of seeing him. If I may except the Prince de Joinville, he is the best representative of the European service it has been my fortune to become acquainted with. He commanded a Division on my last campaign and I speak from a full knowledge of his admirable mode of governing men, and his splendid conduct on the field. No mistake can be made in making such men

Major-Generals, nor in unmaking many that we have. * * * * With regard to myself, until I fell into command of the Army of the Potomac, I had a good character, and so far as I know I have since, and as I am not conscious of any change in myself, I conclude I was mistaken for the office, and that it was the latter that committed all the offenses against high heaven. Our Savior was calumniated while on earth, and if people have grown wiser since, I doubt if they are better."

ON THE BACK TRACK.

Following the battle of Ringgold, the days and the nights were very cold, so much so that many of the men suffered and could not sleep, as we had no shelter. The badly wounded were either put on flat-cars and the cars pushed by hand to Chattanooga, or carried on stretchers. Captain Blanchard was carried by his men some sixteen miles to a hospital near Chattanooga. We laid in camp near Ringgold for three days after the battle, when the following orders came and set us going again.

On *November 30th* General Hooker ordered that his command move on the day following, in following order: General Cruft's Division was to move at 2 a. m. and return to its camp on the road to Bridgeport.

General Garey's Division to move at 2:30 a. m. returning to his camp in Lookout Valley.

General Osterhaus's Division to follow General Garey's and encamp in Chattanooga Valley, between Rossville and Chattanooga, and report to General Grant for instructions. The baggage and wagons to start as soon as the moon was up.

General Garey was to destroy all the mills, railroad depots, tanneries and the two bridges across the Chickamauga Creek before leaving.

December 1st, at 4 p. m., we were moving back over the road we had come, and in the evening after marching fourteen miles, camped between Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. The 4th we made our way to Whiteside station, and on

the evening of the 5th, we camped near Bridgeport, having crossed the Tennessee again.

We remained in camp at this place trying to keep warm and only doing those things essential to camp welfare, until December 21st, when we were on the move again. Camped the first night at Stevenson, and then had to await the work of the pioneer corps; they had to make roads for the teams and artillery to reach the high and more solid road near the foot of the mountain. These roads and the work that had to be done to make them passable would seem appalling to men not used to the work. I remember in a special way the piece of road fitted up at this time. They first cut logs about two feet thick and laid them side by side. On these were laid logs about a foot thick, and on these poles of a smaller size and brush, in order to hold up the teams from sinking, and this had to be done not only for a narrow stream, but for many rods together before any advance could be made at all.

On *December 24th* we were on the road again, and a tramp of twelve miles brought us near Bellefonte.

Christmas came, cold and cloudy and we celebrated the day by a tramp of sixteen miles over a rough road and put up for the night in the vicinity of the City of Larkinsville Alabama. The hotel accommodations not being such as we approved, we rolled up in our blankets and looked up at the twinkling stars until they put us to sleep.

After a rainy night and on a rainy morning we moved on our way to the West; our march, in this particular, that part of the day we took the railroad track leaving the more common road to the wagon trains and artillery. We moved on this way for about ten miles and at 3 p. m. went into camp at Woodville, a small railroad station.

We remained here the remaining days of the year, all of which were cold and wet and disagreeable. It was during this week that the order was read to us, which was a call for the older troops to re-enlist as veterans; with the re-enlistment was included a bounty and a thirty days' furlough.

Many of the troops which had served about two years, accepted the proposition and went in for the new term. But our regiment did not take to it strongly. They reasoned this wise; we have less than five months to serve and we shall be free to go where we please, to stay at home or join the service elsewhere. The number from the regiment that fell in with the arrangement was just forty. All the companies sent one or more except Company E. The greatest number (ten) being from Company C.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COLD NEW YEAR 1864.—WINTER QUARTERS AT WOODVILLE, ALABAMA.—GUARDING RAILROADS.—BATTLES OVER.—SERVICE ENDED.—GOING HOME.

"THAT COLD NEW YEAR."

ON New Year's eve there came a remarkable change in the weather. In a very few minutes the wind began coming down the gorge with a most mournful whistling noise. The tents that were wet from the hard rains froze stiff in a short time and in some cases were blown down. Later it began to snow. It was a night long to be remembered. Not only at that locality, but all over the United States the cold prevailed to an alarming degree. Railroad trains were stopped and people were frozen on the trains. In many sections people who were caught out perished, and stock of all kinds and fowls were frozen to death.

It is known in the calendar as "that terrible cold New Year's day." We lived through the night and then as early as possible filled ourselves up with hot coffee and hard-tack. Many of the boys gathered among the rocks on the hillside and built large fires of dry cedar.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

January 2d we moved about two miles; near Paint Rock river and bridge, and camped in a beech grove at the south

foot of a hill. I think this was one of our best camps. The boys understood that this was to be our camp for the winter, and they at once set about making themselves as comfortable as possible. Some contented themselves with their tents, made firm and banked, etc., but most of them set out to make houses of some kind. The timber of all kinds was plentiful. On one side of the camp was a hill covered with cedar fallen down and dry. This was used for wood to burn, with a bright flame and a crackling noise; or on the other hand there was any quantity of beech that could be cut into logs and rolled into the fire-places that were soon built.

SOME OF THE DEVICES FOR COMFORT AND PASTIME.

Many of the men proposed to have genuine log cabins. They were either made from logs slabbed off or of poles; where the material suitable for this was not near at hand, the mule-teams were brought into requisition and it was brought from a great distance. But soon the regiment fell into the shape of a compact town, crude enough to be sure in appearance, but for all that, the seat of a great deal of comfort.

Let me describe the erection of one of these cabins and let that stand in the main for the many that were built.

The lot was pre-empted in the name of Uncle Sam. It was "squatter sovereignty." This cabin was built and occupied by six men. It was twelve feet wide and sixteen feet long. To the back end of this the fire-place was built, consisting of split sticks and plastered with clay. The first thing was to put up the poles, notching them so that they would lay near together; into the cracks small sticks were put and then daubed with mud.

There was a door in the front and one on the left side near the fire-place; outside of this door was a tent in which the cooking and dish-washing was done. The front door was made of boards. These boards had been "foraged" somewhere and carried for miles. Boards were not numerous in that section. The hinges were made of wood. They were

fastened on by a few nails secured at Nashville. A few panes of glass were also imported from Nashville, and one of them was set in the door at the proper place.

But now how were we to secure the material for the floor and roof, for it was proposed to live in a genuine civilized way. One of the boys caught sight of a cross-cut saw in the hands of some pioneer corps. This was secured for a time. Another found a piece of wagon tire. This was taken to the blacksmith's and made into a "frow" with which to split shingles. Some distance from the camp a white-oak tree was picked out; a veritable monarch of the forest, four feet thick and seventy feet to the first limbs. It was attacked and laid low. It was then found that the saw was no longer than the tree was thick. Notches were cut on each side and by slow work, a cut was sawed off. Then came the splitting into shingles for the roof.

Then a longer cut was made that was split into boards for the floor. Then followed the bedsteads made by a post set upright and rails set in the side of the house. On this was laid slats and long grass, then the overcoats and blankets were added; so that the boys with a bright beech fire on the hearth were fixed "as snug as a bug in a rug." But additions were made to even this. Some cut off logs for seats, but some made the frames for stools and seated them by weaving elm bark upon them. Then out of the red and white cedar, chessmen and checkers were made, and these games were entered into to pass away the long winter evenings, for there was not much reading material at land.

The chaplain called some of the boys to his aid and a log cabin was erected over which a "fly" was spread as á roof, a blanket for a door and a small pulpit at one end, and a chapel was ready for service. Here the men so disposed, gathered for song and prayer. Here also the negro children were assembled and taught to read and spell. It was astonishing how eager the little fellows were to learn. They somehow got money, and the chaplain sent to Nashville and

got the necessary books. They trudged a couple of miles to get an hour or two's instruction daily.

THE BOYS WITH KNIFE IN HAND.

The guard duty and drill was not very heavy, so that the boys had much leisure time at their disposal. One way of employing it was in the use of saw and knife in making trinkets of different kinds. The principal material was the laurel roots that could be found on the cliffs of the mountains. While a great variety of things were made, the principal product was pipes. These were made in great numbers, some used, but many sent home. Some of them were beautifully inlaid and mounted. This certainly was a very innocent if not profitable use of time.

With so much time on hand many were the jokes and tricks thought out, often at the expense of some of the officers. As a variety, a day was often spent in target shooting, but many of the boys felt that they had done all of their fighting, so that there was not as much zest in this as at an earlier period in the service.

Frequent foraging expeditions were sent out at which time a train load of corn would be brought in to feed the animals, and along with these would either come hogs that had strayed or been stolen. These trips usually took the parties south toward the Tennessee river.

These trips while not considered especially dangerous were not without some danger, so that it was wise to have a good guard and to keep pretty close together. South of the river was quite a force of rebel cavalry, as we found to our sorrow before we got out of the service. Occasionally a descent was made and some one or more men picked up. The trouble was that these natives knew all the ground and every path and byway that permitted them to take full advantage of any man or party that put themselves at a disadvantage with them.

General Woods, who was commander of our division at the

time, reports as follows a little incident which will illustrate the statement:

WOODVILLE, ALABAMA, January 26th, 1864.

MAJOR: I have the honor to report that on Saturday night the 23d inst., about 9 o'clock, a party of rebels numbering about sixty made a descent upon the camp of unserviceable animals under the charge of the division quartermaster, and drove off a portion of them, besides the taking of seventeen citizens. The number of animals missing is about ninety, but I have reliable information that only about forty were gotten across the river. Men are out to pick up the animals and will no doubt succeed. The corral is situated beside the railroad, about three miles east of Woodville, and within four hundred yards of the railroad guard of twenty-five men, and between their post and this station. The animals and teamsters were taken by a bridle-path over the mountain within two miles of Woodville. The existence of this path was not known. The rebels kept on the summit of the mountains avoiding the roads and crossing at a ferry four miles below Larkin's Ferry. They reached the ferry about daylight. As they took all the teamsters and left a guard to prevent the citizens from giving the alarm, it was not known until 10 a. m., and by that time they had crossed the Tennessee river.

The scattered animals were picked up, and Company K of the Thirteenth put there as a guard for a time.

THE WOMEN OF THIS COUNTRY.

The women of this part of the country were mostly uneducated and quite crude. They were almost universally given up to the habit of using tobacco, either chewing it or dipping snuff. The "dipping" was on this wise: They would take a small stick, chew it into slivers at one end, dip that end filled with saliva into a box of snuff and then place it in the side of their mouths and take their time to draw the strength of the snuff into their stomachs. A most filthy and disgusting practice, but not regarded so by them. They would ask a soldier for a piece of "tobacco," with as little thought of it being a misdemeanor, as the worst loafer in our streets.

Huntsville was a fine town, or rather city, for that part of the world, some thirty miles west of us. This was a place of unusual wealth and aristocratic life. It was said that all the

wealthy men kept mulatto women or quadroons as mistresses. There is very little doubt about this being as reported. This being so, we can get pretty nearly the key to the general virtue of the country. The scenery throughout this country along the Tennessee and adjacent country is very fine and worthy to be enjoyed by a more appreciative class of people.

MAJOR BEARDSLEY'S RETURN.

Captain James M. Beardsley was severely wounded at Ringgold on November 27th. At the same time Major Bushnell and Captain Blanchard losing their lives, it left Captain Beardsley the ranking Captain. He was accordingly promoted to the rank of Major, his rank to date from the day of battle. After being gone over two months he returned to camp with a leaf on his straps. An incident of the time he was at his home at Rock Island is given thus: One of the editors of this town of the class then known as copperheads, made some remark that rather reflected on the conduct of Mrs. Beardsley. This incensed the Major who on meeting the man standing in front of a store, with the hand that was not disabled, he knocked him through the window and then followed to give him some more of the same medicine. The editor beat an inglorious retreat, leaving his wig and cane behind him. The townspeople made the Major a present of a fine horse for the spirit shown and the services rendered.

At this time Gen. John A. Logan commanded the Fifteenth Corps, General Osterhaus our division, and Colonel Miles Smith the brigade.

On *January 25th* an expedition was fitted out consisting of Gen. M. L. Smith's division and one brigade from our division, that left Scotsborough to the east of us, crossed the Tennessee river on pontoons and moved toward Rome, Georgia. It was gone about ten days; it destroyed some niter works, took some fifty prisoners, captured a lot of Confederate money at Guntersville and aroused the loyal sentiment of which

there was a good deal in north Alabama. Thus the months of the winter were enlivened.

On *March 31st* General Osterhaus reports: "Learning that some of Mead's guerrillas were hovering around near the mouth of Clear Creek, fourteen miles from Woodville, I sent out an expedition last night. They have just returned, gobbled one lieutenant, one first-sergeant and three men. The Captain was not with the party but is expected daily from the Tennessee river."

AN INCIDENT THAT ILLUSTRATES.

A young man of the Thirteenth had been detailed as clerk at division headquarters. He soon began to feel his "oats" and was far from being courteous or obliging to either the officers or men who had business in that office. One day one of the boys who had been away on furlough, walked up from camp at Paint Rock to Woodville with a requisition for the amount due on rations while he was away on furlough. The smart young clerk picked some slight flaw in the requisition, and refused to pay the amount, but said, "Fix that and bring it back to-morrow, and it will be paid." "But," said the boy, "the rule of the office is to attend to such things only on Tuesday and Fridays." "Never mind, you bring it here to-morrow and it will be attended to." When the morrow came the requisition was presented, when the smart young man coolly turned away with the remark, "This is not our day to attend to such things." Not far distant was General Osterhaus's headquarters. The man struck straight for the General's quarters. He found him sitting in front of his tent in his shirt-sleeves. Approaching and saluting he said, "I have a matter I would like to present to you." "Vell," said the General, which meant go on. The conduct of the clerk was presented. Then the General broke out and said, "Dat Shew (Jew) has been more bodder to me dan a whole prigade." He then bade the man go back to the camp and enter complaint through the

Captain and Colonel and he would see to it that the matter was attended to. Ere long the smart clerk was carrying a gun again, certainly to the gratification of at least one man.

THE BIG SNOWFALL.

Spring with all its mildness began to show itself during the earlier days of March. It was much enjoyed, and accounts of it were sent North by letters to the home folks, who were yet in the embrace of winter. But on the night of March 4th, it began to snow and stopped only when the whole earth was covered fourteen inches deep. The natives of fourscore years had never seen the like, and could only account for it on the theory that somehow the Yankees were responsible for it. They hardly dare put their heads out of the doors. But it was a holiday for the boys who had been raised amid snow drifts in the North. They made the most of it. It was almost worth an officer's head to go to his meals, for a couple of days, while the crop of snowballs lasted.

A snowball party was gotten up after the fashion of the old-time spelling match, with officers for captains on either side. It was said that some of the boys put chips and little stones in the balls that were intended to reach some of the officers that were not liked. I am inclined to think that no viciousness entered into this lively and delightful sport.

On the 22d day of March, while the whole land was glistening in the emblem of purity, one of the boys (Osborn Cheeney of Company A, if my memory serves me right) was carried out and buried, and the pure snow covered upon his grave. A fitting prayer for us as we laid him away would be, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

GREAT ACTIVITY.

The great campaign known as "Sherman's Atlanta campaign" was to open early in May. With the month of April came greatly increased activities, things were crowding to the front, all available men and long trains filled with all kinds of

army supplies were moving. Our regiment was not counted in the general move, for the reason that our time was so nearly out that to take us to the front for a few days and then have to send us home, would only burden the lines of transportation that was already fully taxed, so our assignment was on railroad guard duty for the short time we had to stay.

Little expeditions were sent out just to feel of the enemy and to learn where he was keeping himself. There were known to be small bodies all along the south side of the Tennessee river to Decatur. To ascertain more definitely, on April 12, General Garey loaded some eight hundred men and some artillery on the steamboat Chickamauga, and a couple of barges at Bridgeport, and started down the Tennessee river. He found squads and companies scattered all along the line, but no large forces camped near the river till he arrived at a place called Triana. Here they had a brigade on each side of the river with artillery, and proposed fight. As his men were crowded close together on the boat, to have fought would only have been to lose many lives, so he declined the fight. Having come down the river one hundred and ten miles, and having destroyed forty-seven small boats used to ferry men across, he returned to Bridgeport.

The fact that he found those forces at Triana, was the thing that called us from our winter camp..

The order for our regiment and the Thirtieth Iowa came on April 23d. At 4 p. m. we boarded the cars for Huntsville some twenty-five or thirty miles distant. We then disembarked and camped for the night.

The next morning we started on the march. Noon brought us to Madison station, some ten miles away. After resting and eating we started on, when a further march of ten miles brought us to Triana on the river. The forces that General Garey had found on the north side of the river had crossed over to the south side, but they were there, and their pickets were all along the river. The time of day was often passed both by word and bullet. Our stay at this place was from April 24th to May 10th. We built a stockade at this place

and called it Fort Brown. On May 7th Companies A, H and K crossed the river some two miles below and destroyed some boats, but the enemy disappeared and did not even fire on the boys.

On *May 10th* we marched back to Madison station on the railroad. There were but two weeks more until the expiration of our term of enlistment. The home feeling was growing as the time drew near. The cars that carried things to the army went down by the way of Murfreesborough, but came back by the way of Madison. As the ball had opened in the early part of the month, many wounded men came pouring North on these otherwise empty trains. The men were brave, but many of them ghastly sufferers.

On *May 17th* our regiment fell in with a most unfortunate circumstance. It seems that the rebel General Roddy, being thoroughly posted on our situation, through citizen spies, who had passes and came and went through our lines, decided to come in upon us during the night and capture the whole regiment. The plans were well laid but did not quite come about. They crossed the Tennessee river with the thought of coming upon us at about 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning while our men were yet asleep. For some reason they did not come upon us until 8 a. m., just as we were at guard mounting. The teams were just going out for forage as the rebels rushed on the pickets capturing most of them. The teams came running back pell-mell, which was our first intimation of danger.

Let me here give a short description of our situation. Madison is a small railroad town in a wooded country, but with a small clearing to the southwest of it. Large amounts of wood were piled up near the depot, as it was a wooding station for the engines. The road from the south, over which the rebels came, crossed the railroad at the west end of the depot. In the southeast part of the town was a small stockade to protect the depot. As soon as the alarm was given the men who were scattered about ran for their guns, and loading them, made for the south end of the town in squads. The enemy began firing from the fringe of woods just south of the town,

and then soon opened with two pieces of artillery. The men who were nearest to these, mostly Companies A and B, opened on them so lively that they drew back their artillery some distance. Just then came the shout "here they come," and looking to the west there came a company of cavalry dashing in on the road from the south at a full gallop. The boys turned towards them and fired, but as the ground sloped towards the west, and the aim was too high, most of it, if not all, went over them. One man was thrown from his horse and broke his jaw and was captured. The rest of them broke and fled down the railroad, and in disorder made their way back to their fellows.

This man that was captured when questioned by our Colonel, said that there were one thousand men and two pieces of artillery against us. The Colonel said: "My conscience that is too many for us to fight against, we must get out of this."

The rebels had passed to the east and west of our camp and had cut the wires so that we could not communicate with any other forces in that way. They then threw a line entirely around our lines, but came at us with their main force from the south where their artillery was. When the Colonel gave the order to give way, it was obeyed reluctantly, the Major wanting to fight it out right there and the men were ready to stand and fight. A few of the men ran to the stockade, but as the rest of the regiment was falling back, they saw that to stay meant capture, as the rebels had dismounted and were pouring up over the open space south of the houses. They fired a few rounds from the stockade and then got out. Some one at this place shot "Joe," one of their favorites. They then rushed on the stockade. The only man in there was a Fifth Iowa man who had no gun. He plead for his life, but they killed him right there, out of revenge. He was the only Union soldier killed at that time, a few being slightly wounded. As the men gave way the rebs rushed close after them, yelling at the tops of their voices. One reb drew a bead on one of our boys and bade him "Halt." He halted. He said, "Surrender," but he had been a prisoner once before,

and he did not want to be again, so he coolly said, "I can't see it," and went on. The reb fired but just missed his mark, and the Thirteenth man returned the compliment.

CHAPLAIN NEEDHAM'S EXPERIENCE.

"Colonel Gorgas and Major Beardsley held a hurried council of war, and it was decided to mass our forces, and break through the enemy's line between us and Huntsville, the headquarters of our corps. My horse being the only one in camp, I was the only officer mounted, and hence acted as aid-de-camp to the Colonel, galloping to right and left, delivering the orders that brought the command together preparatory to a charge on a single front of the enemy's line, which was advancing from four sides. Before leaving the town it was stated that our flag had been left in front of the quarters. The enemy were already in town and behind the cotton bales piled on the platform of the depot. Our headquarters had been an empty store across the street from the depot. Turning my horse's head toward town, I thrust my spurs into her side, and galloped up to headquarters amid a fusilade of rifles from behind the cotton bales. When I reigned up in front of headquarters, and was looking for the flag, an officer followed by a number of men rushed up in front of my horse demanding my surrender. I had no weapon, and as two men stretched forth their hands to seize my horse's bridle, I plunged my spurs into her side giving her a sudden turn. The mare plunged and kicked as she turned, compelling my assailants to scatter; but soon, alternating with swearing and firing, they sent their compliments after me. The fire opened up from behind the cotton bales as I dashed past, and I had a narrow escape; two shots struck the rear of my saddle, one bent the wheel of my right spur, two or three cut the saddle in front, and one came so near to my upper lip, that the sensation was as if the lower part of my nose and the entire lips were torn off. That morning I had said to myself as the engagement began, 'I would not mind receiving a flesh wound as a memento of these battle

scenes,' but when the bullet whizzed past my nose and lips, I was sorry I had not specified the place.

"I failed to recover the flag, but found out afterward that it was the State flag that had been left, and that being still in its oil-cloth sheath upon the ground, I did not see it."

WE DRIVE THEM OFF.

Word had been hurriedly sent to Huntsville of the attack. Some cavalry came, and a train was run down with a couple of pieces of artillery and a part of the Fifty-ninth Ohio. Pursuit was then made toward the Tennessee river. We followed them and came upon them just at night as they were crossing the river. Several of the cavalry and the Ohio men were wounded, one mortally. Just what their loss in killed and wounded was we never knew, but much more than ours. Our loss in prisoners was large. I got the information about this of A. L. Marks who is quite accurate and was himself one of the prisoners: "Company A one, B one, C six, D five, E five, F ten, G seven, H eight, I eight, K nine, one assistant surgeon, one qnartermaster sergeant, one telegraph operator, one sutler, eight teamsters and their teams, two ambulances and six men from the Fifth Iowa that were about to relieve our regiment."

I will here introduce a further account by Comrade A. L. Marks and in his own words, as to how they were handled as prisoners, and some of his personal experience as a prisoner until the time of his release. From this time all the experience worth narrating is with the boys that were taken prisoners rather than with the regiment that was about to return home and go out of the service, at which time our history must close as far as this book recounts it. This is his account.

IN GENERAL RODDY'S HANDS.

"We were piled into the wagons and driven very rapidly to Fletcher's Ferry on the Tennessee river. Shortly after our crossing to the opposite bank, firing was heard close to us and

we were hustled to the rear as fast as they could make us move. The first night we remained in the camp of the Fifth Alabama Cavalry, Colonel Patterson commanding. Our first lesson was a march of thirty-five miles, with cavalry escort, without a bite to eat and very little to drink. That night we camped in a church. The first town we passed through was Danville, Alabama, where we spent the night of the 21st. Colonel Patterson had his headquarters at this place. Our names were now taken. Here we heard the first news, from a Southern standpoint, of the war. Grant and Sherman were terribly defeated in a fight two days before. Forty of our gun-boats were sunk and twenty-eight captured. The natives were wild with joy, while we poor invaders were jeered at by everybody. We remained here two days and were then marched to Dug Springs where General Roddy had his headquarters. On the 25th we passed through Cortland, Alabama, and on the 26th through Dickson (where we had camped the fall before), and on the 27th through Iuka, Mississippi. On the 28th we passed through Jacinto, Mississippi; on the 29th we arrived at Rienzi, where we had some rest and something to eat. We were put on cars at this place and left on the 30th. The cars were not of the passenger style, not even bedded with straw, as would have been the case were cattle put in. The cars looked as though they had been in use since Creation. We had nothing to eat since we came to Rienzi. Our next towns were Tupela, and Meridian. We crossed the Tombigbee river, passed Annapolis and Selma where we remained until June 3rd. The prevailing prices were: Bread, $1.00 per loaf; eggs, $3.00 per doz., beef, $2.50 per lb., butter, $4.00 per lb. Here we were placed on a steamboat and taken to Cahaba. To our surprise we found no other prisoners there, for the reason that the report came here ahead of us that Forest had captured ten thousand Yankees and all the prisoners there were removed to Andersonville. Here after being searched (or rather robbed), our names, rank, company and regiment were recorded, etc., and we marched two or three blocks from headquarters to the south part of town and close

to the banks of the Alabama river. Here was a stockade built of rough logs standing on end some twenty feet high. On the north side stood two twelve-pounds brass cannon pointing through loop-holes in the stockade. The prison proper (or Castle Morgan, as it was called), inclosed a piece of ground about 192x120 feet surrounded by a brick wall about twenty feet high. A truss roof extended from the top of this wall some forty feet. About half of it on the south and west had been blown down; the center had at no time been covered; it had formerly been used for a cotton shed. I will not describe the times in prison until about March 1st, 1865, when from long-continued rains, the water of the river came over the banks and rushed in upon us. Before night we had no place to lie down. We stood in that chilly water, except some few who climbed and fixed some contrivance to the rafters under the roof. We remained in that fearful condition for several days, the officers visiting us in boats. Finally on March 4th, 1865, we were told to get ready to be exchanged. We felt hopeful, but not very joyful, for we had been disappointed so often, that we made up our mind that the rebels were the biggest liars living, yet the hope of getting out of that mud-hole was received with some satisfaction. We arrived at Black river bridge on March 19th, 1865."

Still further information from Comrade Marks, both of a personal character and experience while prisoner is furnished, and as so few have been ready to furnish much, I will introduce some of it. In 1858 he left Chicago and went to New Orleans remaining South until April, 1861. Some of the time he was on a steamboat plying on the Yazoo river. While on his way north and while their boat was tied up at Vicksburg, he saw Jefferson Davis. He formed a great dislike to slavery, and was glad of the prospect of having a hand in breaking it up. He came north to join the army, but found that his father was opposed to the war. He being but eighteen years of age his father forbade his going into the service. He then ran away and assuming his uncle's name, "Charles Harris," enlisted in Company K, of the Thirteenth. He was known by

that name while with us. Coming out of the service he assumed his right name, A. L. Marks, and takes this means to right himself before the boys.

He further says of his being taken prisoner, having been captured, he gave the reb his gun, but the reb said, "Give me your pocket-book." This was done, with $8.00 in greenbacks in it. While this was being done another reb snatched off his good hat and gave him his old slouch hat instead. The one reb said, "You can get your things out of your quarters if you wish." He did so, rejoicing that he had fallen into such good hands, but at the end of twenty-four hours they were all confiscated, and he had nothing but the clothes on his back. A few days after this his boots attracted the attention of a long-haired sandy-whiskered guard who wanted to "swap" shoes. He was told if he would shut his eyes long enough to give him three hundred yards the start, he would trade. He would not do this but offered $150 in Confederate money for the boots. This proposition was laughed at. At night the long-haired man came and drawing his revolver, bought the boots without money or price. Marks had no shoes till the next February.

JAMES FARRELL ESCAPES.

Marks, while in prison, got on friendly terms with a certain guard where the chances of escape were best. He plied the guard, and had the assurance that the difficulties would be out of the way. But he had no shoes, and he could not make the tramp without something on his feet. His generous friend, James Farrell, offered to give him his shoes, but they did not fit. The next thing was for Marks to be generous and let his friend have the chance if he could get it for him. He applied to the friendly guard, who said he could go, and he wished he could go too.

Farrell watched the chance, slipped into "the hole" and made good his escape. He bore a message to Mark's father, asking him to send his son some clothes, as he was almost in

the state that people are when they are born,—but the clothes never reached him, though an effort was made to send them.

The following personal experience is given by John W. Nichols of Company F, who was captured on May 17th, 1864.

"While we were in quarters at Madison Station, Alabama, on the morning of May 16th, I was sent in charge of the guards on the south side of the town on the main road running to the Tennessee river. On the morning of the 17th, just at the time for guard mount at 8 o'clock, when I was from two to three hundred rods from camp, I saw the rebel cavalry coming over the hill about fifty rods distant. I ordered them to halt but it was their intention to take us by surprise. On they came pell-mell; I ordered the guards to fire on them; they did not return the fire but came as fast as their horses could carry them. We retreated and fired the second time, and as I fired, I hit 'my man.' I could not swear to having hit another all through the service. They still came on and took us prisoners. There were nine in my company taken. These were: Daniel P. Bradley, Geo. M. Carr (died in Chicago in 1888); George Campbell, now in Pennsylvania; Wilson E. Chapel, taken prisoner at Cane Creek, Alabama, October 27th, 1863, died at Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia; Alonzo Houghton, taken prisoner May 17th, 1864, died at Cahaba prison, Alabama, death caused by poisonous vaccination ordered by the General Surgeon of the Southern Confederacy; Joseph L. Locy, now in Nebraska; Oliver W. Smith, died after coming home; George Brown, Frederick C. Mires, Chas. W. Orris, now in Nebraska. The captain in charge of the rebel cavalry relieved me of seventy dollars in money, my watch and my hat. We were taken to the rear and there placed in our own wagons that they had captured, and started for the Tennessee river; a more scared crowd you never saw when they thought our regiment had received reinforcements. They sent us across the river and went into camp for the night. It rained all night and we lay down on our 'soft bed and downy pillows,' choosing either large or small rocks, and

without anything to eat or any fire, and not one blanket in the whole crowd.

"On the morning of the 18th, at daylight, we started on the march. It rained all day. We went into camp a little after dark and there got the first mouthful to eat for two days. Our supper consisted of unbolted brown cornmeal without salt. The next day we marched to the Iron Mountain railroad and there were turned over to General Forrest. We were placed on the cars and sent to Selma, Alabama, and there transferred and sent to Cahaba prison. Colonel Jones was in charge of the guard and was under General Henderson, the exchange commissioner of the Southern Confederacy. I must say General Henderson was one of the best men the South had, and on the other hand Colonel Jones one of the worst. Arriving here on the 21st of the same month, our company numbered seventy. I will give you the size and description of the prison. It was built of brick, two hundred and seventy feet square, sixteen feet high, roof over one half. It was purposed for a cotton house at first. There was a stockade built around the prison of boards sixteen feet high. In front of the prison where we did our cooking, there was a quarter of an acre. Our water was furnished from an artesian well running through pipes from the town. The prison was on the bank of the Alabama river. The prisoners came until we numbered three thousand. In the month of September there were some of us who thought we would take leave of absence. The water-closet of the prison was situated on the southeast corner. There was some dirt washed from the end of the seat. There was a guard within five feet of the place, Kelly (or Curley as we called him) sat talking with the guard while we slid down under the seat and jumped the stockade. There were forty-nine escaped. It was on Sunday while the citizens were at church. We started down the river until we came across a small skiff. There were two besides myself who got into the skiff and crossed the river. My comrades' names were Shell and Booze. We started up the river until we got

up opposite Selma. It had been raining for several hours and we stopped for fear of being tracked.

"The next morning we changed our hiding place. We had to cross the main road and we saw a man running down the road. We kept watch of him until we decided that he found our track. We started for the river and got within a mile and sat down to rest. We had not rested an hour when we heard the hounds on our track. We held counsel and the decision was to make for the river. Off we started on double-quick. We got to the river, the dogs howling in the rear. We undressed and swam the river and the dogs stood on the bank barking. We sat and rested until the men came up. We laughed at them and told them to come on. They had to go two miles to get a boat to cross over. We started down the river a mile or so and sat down until we heard the hounds. Then we swam the river back again and started down the river but had no time to lose and had to jump in with our clothes on, being a close call to clear the hounds. The sun was about one hour high and we started west as fast as we could. Darkness came on, and when we reached one of the highest mountains we laid down to rest. When we awoke the sun was shining and we jumped up and looked around to see what move to make. We could see a large corn-field about two miles off and started for the field and it was worth more to us than a gold mine. We had eaten nothing since leaving the prison, this being the third day, and coming through the field we said, 'Thank God for this.' Our thanks were not for the corn. You have seen what is called milkweed, and that is what made us thankful. We gathered what we could find. Rubbing it on the bottoms of our bare feet, it threw the dogs off our track. About 10 o'clock the dogs were heard coming and we lit out and traveled from eighty to one hundred yards and then stopped to rub the milkweed on our feet. When the sun was about an hour high they called the dogs off. We then tried to find a negro's cabin. I took the lead, started on the main road with timber on both sides, telling the boys I would keep watch, and if I saw any one I would

motion for them to take to the brush. We went about one hundred rods when we heard a wagon coming. The boys jumped in the brush and I went to meet the foe. The wagon in sight I could only see one person. I stopped him, it being a big negro. We intended to hold him if we could do no better. 'Which way are you going,' said I? 'Well massa, I just lives a little above here,' said the darky. 'Take your team and go down about one hundred rods and get two damn Yankees that broke out of the prison and take them up to your house, and in the morning take them back to the prison,' said I. 'My stars,' said the darky, 'I can't go down to that awful place.' 'Never mind,' said I, 'go along and get the two Yankees.' 'Well, sir, if you say so, I'll have to,' said the darky.

"We drove back to where I left them. 'Come out, you damn Yanks and get into this wagon, be damn quick, too.' In they got and the darky drove us to the house and we went in. We found two negro women, and I told them to get supper for the 'Yanks.' The darky went out to take care of the team and I followed to keep watch and find out what he was. He was the overseer of the plantation. When we went into supper I saw the Yanks had new shirts on. They told the women I was a Yank too but was playing off rebel. I wa left out in the cold and not a quarter of a shirt on. The negro stared and looked at the women and then at me to see how I took it, and then told them I was a Yankee too. They gave us some matches and salt after we had finished our supper. We started on our march and the next morning found us forty miles from the place. And good-bye to the hounds. We traveled nights and rested days and lived on green corn. When we had been out one week, we came up to a plantation with a pasture in which there were horses. We lay there watching the horses and we made up our minds to take the horses that night and make a big march, but 5 o'clock came and we saw a man coming from the house toward the pasture, get over the fence and come straight towards us until he got to the other fence. We thought he could not see us, but h

stopped and looked over the fence straight at us for a few moments and turned and went back to the house. We were afraid he had seen us, so we got up and started after him. We walked into the yard and saw him sitting on the porch. 'Say Uncle, we would like to get a drink of water.' He showed us the well and we drank heartily and then went and sat down. We intended to hold him there until dark and then start out. 'Say Uncle, we are three Yanks broke out of prison and we would like something to eat.' His wife came out and said she would have supper as soon as she could get it. Following the old man into the house, he introduced us to his son who belonged to the First Mississippi Infantry. We shook hands and he said he would go and stand guard while we ate our supper, he being sick of the war he would do anything for us. We had a grand supper and the young man showed us the route to take that night to pass to the next place; because if we left any tracks, the man with his hounds would find us the next morning, making it his business to hunt all the deserters.

"It commenced raining that night and kept up for five days and nights, filling all the streams and making it a hard job to travel. We were within fifteen miles of our lines when we heard the command to halt. 'Click, click,' and looking around we saw five men with their guns cocked telling us to throw up our hands, which we did, because they had the better of us. Taking us to the house where they stayed until morning they then took us to the railroad which was twenty-two miles off. We were placed in the jail and looking through the bars saw a hotel across the street, in which were some young ladies waving their handkerchiefs at us and we waved back. Shortly afterward the ladies sent us a basket of victuals with their compliments. The next morning we were sent back to Cahaba prison. We reported and my comrades were sent to another prison and I was left. The next important thing we did was to pick out a hundred of the best men, make a general outbreak, and no one knew anything about it but our hundred men. We tried to break out sev-

eral times but some sneak would tell on us. We set the day and hour at 10 o'clock in the evening just as the guard was to be relieved. There were some commissioned officers in town on parole, who were to give up the parole and join us as we came out. It was a grand success on our part. We took both reliefs off guards and their guns, marching through the gate where we met the officers who told us the town was surrounded by water, so we could not get away. We went back, threw our guns down and went to bed. The rest of the guards all left and were not seen until the next morning when they got every man, old and young, and made a charge on the prison with two cannon, calling for us to give up the guard and the guns we took. We were asleep. They called again and some of the men holloaed back, 'We do not know anything of your men.' When the Major in command said, 'If you do not give them up, we will fire the cannon on you.' Then some one asked him if his cannon were cocked. After the guards had gone out, they were gone for twenty or thirty minutes. They charged on us again driving us to one side of the building. They had us pass between the guards, counting us to see how many had got away, but found not one missing. They went out coming back in an hour and drove us to one side again. Listen to 'General Order, Number One.' 'Any one who will come out and tell who the leaders of the break were will be set free.' There were two who went out and said they could tell, then the officers came out and drove us to one side, and had us pass through two rows of guards with these two sneaks with them, but they failed to pick them out. 'General Order, Number Two.' 'The guards tell us they hurt some of you when you took their guns away, now if you come out we will doctor you, if not you can die.' That failed as the first.

"'General Order, Number Three.' 'Every man undress and tie his clothes in a small bundle and put them on top of his head and pass down between these two doctors, turn clear around and pass on.' This was done to find out whether any one was hurt. That failed the same as the rest did. 'Gen-

eral Order, Number Four.' 'We offered everything in our power to have the leader found out and not have the innocent suffer with the guilty ones. The order is that no man shall have anything to eat until the leaders are given up.' This lasted two days, then we sent word that we must have something to eat, and that it must come within one hour or suffer the results of hungry men, and it came. The river was getting over the banks, every one was frightened about the overflow, as the water was from three and one-half to four feet deep in the prison. This lasted about four days, the only sleep I got during that time was by tearing my blanket into strips, tying it around me and then fastening it to one of the bars of the window. Some of the prisoners stayed there longer than I did. I was moved up to Selma, then in a few days to Meridian, Mississippi. There I was placed in the stockade with John Fitzpatrick, formerly of Sycamore, DeKalb county, Illinois.

"Not being satisfied we formed a plan to get out and we decided to tunnel under the stockade, so we commenced to dig. We had to dig with a butcher-knife and haul the dirt back and put it under our bed. This was successful. Being low ground we needed our beds raised to keep out of the water. The day we finished digging it rained, and the tunnel became about half full of water; the night being very dark and still raining, we placed ourselves in a square in front of the tent, and commenced on the left to go into the tunnel, and as fast as one went in another took his seat on the right. We sang songs to draw the attention of the guards. You can imagine how I looked when I got through the tunnel, the water being mixed up like mortar. Four others like myself made their way to Yazoo city, and from there to Vicksburg. The rest were sent to Black river, twelve miles from there. We were sent up the river to St. Louis and went into the Barracks for one week, and then sent to Springfield, Illinois, to wait our discharge."

Marks tells another incident about his "mysterious five-cent piece."

The rebs took his pocket-book when captured. One

morning when foot-sore, cold and very hungry, a rebel soldier came around selling "corn pones," price $1.00 in Confederate money or $3.00 in greenbacks.

But he could not buy one if they were a cent a hundred. In very desperation he had put his finger in his vest pocket and pulled out something that he supposed must be a button, when lo, it was a silver five-cent piece. He did not know that he had it, or that he ever had had it. He offered it to the man and found that it was of as much value as $3.00 in greenbacks for it bought a "pone" and met his craving necessities.

An incident worthy of note was the conduct of Major Beardsley and a few men whom he had mounted on such animals as he could pick up. They make an attack on the flank of the dismounted rebel cavalry near the Tennessee and drove them from their position, capturing many of their horses.

Surgeon Plummer had a mulatto man as a servant. This man was captured. He professed to be well pleased with the situation, and glad to get back among his old friends. The surgeon of Roddy's men took him for his servant. In the dusk of the evening, the servant was asked to hold his case of instruments. While the doctor's attention was elsewhere, the darky slipped off and came into our lines with the case of instruments. It is not told us what the man said when he found that the darky and instruments were gone.

THE GUILTY PARTIES.

This scheme to take in our regiment was evidently concocted by men who had access to our camp. There was a cotton buyer who had a pass through our lines who rode in from the south just a few moments before the attack was made and sat on his horse near headquarters, and kept looking intently in the direction the rebels were coming. I think this man's name was Betts. A man by the name of Fletcher and this man Betts were arrested and sent under guard to Huntsville.

If this one man would have been left in camp the boys would have saved him the expense of court and jury. A man by the name of Slater was arrested and then set free, because he had passes or papers from several Generals. Later this negro testified that he was a spy, and some things taken from our camp were found in his possession.

Slater was again arrested; he and a man by the name of Pride were taken to Huntsville by Major Beardsley. What their fate was I have never learned, but I think the whole quartette deserved a halter."

May 24th arrived and we had served out our full three years, but we were still in the field and in the service. On the 26th we were relieved from duty and in the afternoon turned over our guns and equipments, and were ready to start home.

As all our blankets and coats and cooking material were stolen or burned by the rebels, we can assure you it was cool comfort and close picking for these last days; some of the boys who were captured were those who had been off on the detail and had come to the regiment without arms to be mustered out. When the fight began they skipped into the woods only to run into the hands of the rebels.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Thursday, May 26th, at 9:45 p. m., the train started us homeward. We went by the way of Decatur, Alabama, and Pulaski, Tennessee, and arrived at Nashville at 11 a. m. on the 27th. As the train rolled up the great open valley from Franklin to Nashville, one of the men standing on the top of the cars said, "What a fine place for a great battle." It was here at Franklin that General Hood dashed his forces so fiercely against General Thomas' ranks, and following it up to Nashville was defeated; and it was down this valley that his army went to pieces, never to gather again to do any great service.

On the 28th we went on board the steamer Imperial and

started down the Cumberland river. The greatest object that met our gaze was Fort Donelson. It was here that our army on those terrible days and nights of February, 1862, fought and suffered and won. It was here that General Grant lifted himself up before the eyes of the public, and from this time his sun of glory never set, nay, was scarcely clouded. Donelson will be memorable in the records of the Civil War, as one of the favorable turning-points of our cause and one of the disastrous points of the Confederate army.

At 2 p. m. on the 29th we were out of the Cumberland and in the Ohio river, at 6:30 p. m. on the same day, and were safely landed at the wharf at Cairo, Illinois.

We spent the night on the streets without shelter, waiting for railroad transportation. At 11 a. m. of the 30th we were again moving on the Illinois Central Railroad, the same over which we had started out about three years before, now we were north-bound, then were going south. Then we were ready for glory and experience, and now we had much of experience and some of glory. Then we were mostly boys, now we were men, if severe experience and hard service could bring it about. But the boys were not all on the train this morning, and we did not hear the ringing voice of our gallant Colonel Wyman as on that other morning. It is hushed. We are all more sober. We have seen sad sights. But the flag we bore is still given to the breeze. It is dearer, it means more, it is not fine silk at so much a yard, it is the baptized emblem of liberty. But it did not even yet float over all our dominion, yet six hundred thousand brave men were in the field and on the rampart to say that it should. At this *late date* we can say it is waving, while stars and bars are only a weak relic.

At 4:30 a. m. on the 31st we were at Decatur, Illinois, and then soon transferred to another road, and on our way to Camp Butler, some six miles east of Springfield, where we were to be mustered out of service. We were now fairly on the prairies of Illinois and the eye had a full stretch. Many of us were on the top of the cars glad to have a good look again. One of the old darkies that had come along with the regiment,

but had never been "out of the woods" before, stood on top of the car gazing most intensely. Some one asked him what he was looking at. He broke out "Gorry, I just begin to see where all dem Yankees come from." It had been a mystery where all the soldiers had come from, but as he caught sight of such stretches of country, he saw the possible solution.

We were soon at our camp, but the regiment was practically broken up. Of course the men were expected to stay where they were assigned, and they could draw the rations until the rolls were signed. But in fact some ran home having made engagements to that effect on the supposition that we were to be mustered out on time. The officers mostly went to Springfield. Many of the privates who had money at their command also went to the city.

The Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Eighteenth Illinois were there, as we were, to be mustered out.

On the 7th of June the ladies of Springfield and the State officers sent an invitation to the men of these four regiments to join in a public reception and picnic to be given on the grounds where the new State House was being built. This was accepted and we left the camp at 8:30 and arrived at the grounds at about noon.

Governor Yates, Adjutant-General Fuller and Major-General Oglesby made speeches welcoming us back again. We thanked them and gave them three cheers.

On the 13th of June the men became impatient and waited on the Colonel, insisting that they wanted their discharge. Saturday, June 18th, all of the papers were completed, the rolls signed, back pay and bounty was paid to the men and the Thirteenth Regiment of Illinois Volunteer Infantry, as such, ceased to be. The men who had banded together as soldiers for the country's weal or woe, had now dissolved that bond. They were now citizens only. To the east and west, to the north and south, these men took their way, never all to meet again, unless as men loyal to God and truth, they respond to the great roll-call above.

AMOS H. MILLER.

HISTORY OF THE FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONEL JOHN B. WYMAN.

NO HISTORY of the Thirteenth Illinois Infantry would be complete without doing full justice to its first Colonel, the lamented John B. Wyman, whose memory is, and always will be, very dear to the hearts of the men he loved so well, and who now survive him.

While it was as a soldier, and as colonel of the regiment, that we knew him best, yet it is thought that a brief sketch of his life before the war may not be uninteresting to his surviving comrades.

He was born in the State of Massachusetts, on July 12th, 1817, of Scotch ancestry, who, no doubt, did what they could to give their eldest son an education, but, like many another man whose name shines out brightly on the pages of history, his early opportunities in that regard were limited and few. Such education as he received was obtained at the public schools of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, and at a select school in Bolton, in the same State. At the early age of fourteen years, however, he quitted the schools entirely, and thereafter his education was acquired in his intercourse with men, the reading of books, and his constant observation of the events and transactions of the busy world around him.

His mind was appreciative and retentive. He exemplified in himself the possibility of a man in this free country of ours having but the rudiments of an education to start with, yet becoming by his own efforts, fully equipped for all the practical business which could be reasonably demanded of a man in his sphere of life.

In all particulars John B. Wyman was a thoroughly self-made man.

After leaving school, he was for a time employed in a clothing store in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, and as early as 1838, became a partner in a mercantile house, and is said to have opened the first ready-made clothing store in Cincinnati, Ohio. For two years only he remained in the latter place, and then returned to his native State, when he became a member of a firm engaged in the dry-goods business. About this time he was married to Miss Maria Bradley.

In 1848, he was a general clerk in the Springfield Car and Engine shops, and afterwards was Superintendent in the construction of cars. In 1850 he was a conductor on the New York & New Haven Railroad, and subequently Superintendent of the Connecticut River Railroad.

Entering the service of the Illinois Central Railroad Company in 1852, he assisted in the survey and construction of that railroad under Colonel R. B. Mason, General Superintendent and Chief Engineer. For a time he was employed upon the Chicago branch of the road, but in 1853, was transferred to the main line with headquarters at Amboy, and on the opening of the road for business he was appointed Superintendent of the Northern Division.

Amboy became his permanent home, and he took a great interest in its growth and prosperity, being elected the first Mayor, and re-elected in 1860.

Colonel Wyman's business career was a varied and checkered one, well calculated to give him a broad and comprehensive knowledge of men and things, and thus better fit him for the stern duty which he was afterwards called upon to perform.

At an early age, Colonel Wyman evinced a great fondness

for military affairs, and for the drilling and handling of men. When a very young man he belonged to, and trained with, a rifle company in Shrewsbury, and was a member of the "City Guards," of Worcester, Massachusetts. At a later date, he commanded the "Chicago Light Guards," the crack military company of that city, and for some years was its popular captain. A number of years before the war, when a military company was being organized in Dixon, the writer well remembers seeing the Colonel (then called "Captain") drilling the company, apparently with as much enthusiasm as if it had been actually going to war, instead of playing soldier. It will thus be seen, that by natural ability, as well as by practical education and military training, the Colonel, at the outset of the war, was well qualified, and abundantly equipped, in all that was necessary to enable him successfully to organize and command men when called out for the defense of their country. But above and beyond all this, deep down in his heart he was a patriot, a true lover of his country, and when our flag was fired upon, and the Union was threatened with dissolution and destruction, the deepest emotions of his nature were profoundly stirred, and like hundreds and thousands of the volunteers of that day, he swore by the God of our fathers to help save the country or die in the attempt.

It was the privilege of the writer to know Colonel Wyman well, and he will never forget a certain morning in April 1861, when the Colonel came into the office where the writer was then studying law, for the purpose of arranging some business preparatory to starting for Springfield to assist in the organization of the first regiments enlisted under the call for 75,000 men. After expressing himself in his usual forcible language, as to the purposes of the leaders of the rebellion, he said, "John, we are going to have war and I am going to have a hand in it." I replied by saying, "Captain, if you go into the war I will go with you."

We were both as good as our word, but how little could either anticipate the tragic fate which met him at Chickasaw Bayou.

The evening of the day upon which the above conversation was had, Colonel Wyman started for Springfield where he was immediately appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of Illinois, in which capacity, by his military knowledge and great executive ability he rendered very valuable services to the State government.

In the organization of the Thirteenth, he was commissioned as its colonel, and it is believed, that he was the ranking Colonel of the Volunteer Army of the United States, at the time of his death.

His actual command of the regiment, may be said to have commenced on that memorable Sunday, when we left camp Dement for Caseyville, and thenceforward his career is a part of the history of the Thirteenth.

To the survivors of the regiment, little need be said as to the characteristics of the Colonel. Towards the shirk, sneak, or coward, he could be stern, rough, and sometimes even violent, but to his "boys" generally, whom he believed to be patriots, trying to do their whole duty to their country, he could be as gentle as a father. He hated injustice and petty tyranny, and no one ever went to him with a just complaint, and failed to get a fair hearing. None of his men ever appealed to him for a favor and was refused, unless the necessities of the service, or a stern sense of duty forbade its being granted. His heart went out to his men, and he had a keen sense of the responsibility placed upon him in assuming their command. On one occasion in Camp Dement when the regiment, one thousand strong, was drawn up in line on the parade ground, he stood looking at them and remarked to Captain Dement: "I feel the necessity of being a Christian now, more than ever before. The responsibility of the lives and health of these men, is too much for one man, of himself." In daily intercourse with Colonel Wyman in the army, he would hardly have been suspected of entertaining sentiments such as this, but to those who knew him best it would be no surprise. Like the chestnut-burr, he was the roughest on the outside. Beneath his brusk manner, and sometimes rough exterior, beat as warm

and generous a heart as ever throbbed in a soldier's bosom. When Lyon was killed at Wilson's Creek, and the survivors of that desperate fight came back to Rolla, the writer was in a position to see and know somewhat of the efforts put forth by the Colonel, to provide for help and assist the wounded men who had been in the engagement. No man could have done more, nor could any one have shown greater kindness, or tenderer sympathy than he did at that time. It was in his heart to be kind to the soldier, unless his duty required him to appear otherwise. In common with his fellows, he had some faults, but many virtues. All will agree, that in himself, he exemplified the truth of the lines:

> "The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving, are the daring."

As an executive officer, Colonel Wyman had few equals. His ability in this regard, undoubtedly caused the long detention of the regiment at Rolla, Missouri, much to the dissatisfaction of many of the men and officers of the command. But Rolla was an extremely important military post in the early part of the war, being the base of supplies for all the armies of the Southwest, and it was necessary that some officer should be in command there, about whose competency there could be no question. That he fully met all the demands made upon him while filling the responsible position of commandant of the post at Rolla has never been doubted, but his retention there so long was unquestionably a great disadvantage to him personally. Other men of lesser rank, and certainly of no greater ability, went to the front with their regiments, and became brigadier and major-generals. Had the Thirteenth been at Pea Ridge with Colonel Wyman in command, he would have ranked with Jeff. C. Davis, G. M. Dodge. E. A. Carr, P. J. Osterhaus, Frank J. Herron, Colonel Vandever and others who became general officers after that fight and by reason of the record they there made.

That he was as brave as the bravest of them, was afterwards demonstrated.

At our reunion in Dixon in May, 1886, Captain Dement gave an instance of Colonel Wyman's great executive ability, which it is believed is well worthy of being preserved here as illustrative of his readiness in emergencies. When General Steele's Division was about to embark for Chickasaw Bayou, the General said he could not get his command, with the artillery, wagon-train, etc., on the steamboats assigned to him ; and was very much embarrassed by the situation. Colonel Wyman hearing the condition of affairs, informed the General that he could load the division in a single day by five o'clock. General Steele requested him to take charge of the embarkation. Colonel Wyman complied with the request and easily accomplished the task. He always saw, if a thing could be accomplished at all, not only the way to do it but the best way to do it. When other men deliberated and hesitated, he seemed to grasp the situation by intuition, and know instantly what ought to be done. Added to this, his influence over men was so great that he had the faculty of getting out of them their best efforts and endeavors. Colonel Wyman had three characteristics in a marked degree, which are eminently necessary to make a successful military commander, viz., first, undoubted personal bravery and courage ; second, executive ability of a high order ; third, the ability to inspire his men with his own faith and confidence in the success of whatever they undertook to do. Had he lived, there is no doubt he would have attained high rank in the army, for he had all the essential qualifications for a successful commander. If he had a fault as a commander, it was in being too oblivious to any sense of personal danger. He utterly disregarded any idea of shielding himself from harm, and while having the utmost anxiety that his men should be protected as far as possible, he recklessly exposed himself to danger, and it may truthfully be said that he fell a victim to his own rashness. The story of " Chickasaw Bayou " will be told in other parts of this history, and it is not the purpose of this chapter to

detail it here, except in so far as Colonel Wyman was concerned in it personally; but it was then that he and his regiment first met a baptism of fire, and it was there also he met his tragic death. Those of the regiment who were there and participated in that bloody fight, will unhesitatingly bear witness to the fact, that Colonel Wyman was the central and commanding figure in that portion of the field where his regiment was engaged. In the way they fought, they were, to a certain extent, sacrificed or whipped in detail. That the men of the Thirteenth, had no lack of individual bravery, goes without saying; but lacking cohesion and concert of action which gives the

"ESPRIT DE CORPS,"

it was impossible it should have done its best work or accomplished the results which otherwise might have been attained. During the short time he was in the engagement, he fully demonstrated his abilities as a commander when under fire and in the face of the enemy and but for the murderous bullet of the sharp-shooter which terminated his career, he must soon have been recognized as fully entitled to take higher rank and a larger command than he had thus far received.

Before his death he had been nominated as a brigadier-general by President Lincoln, and his name had been sent to the Senate for confirmation; but he died before the good news could reach him of his long delayed promotion.

While we may mourn for him and for all the martyred hosts that shared his fate, we may yet thank God the sacrifice was not in vain, but that the cause for which they fell was successful, and that our glorious Union was and is preserved.

Colonel Wyman was killed at Chickasaw Bayou, December 28th, 1862. He had been surveying the field of operations on the rebel side, with a field-glass, and had already been fired at several times by rebel sharp-shooters, but disregarding the danger, he seemed to think, and in fact is said to have remarked, that the bullet was not made that could hit him; and so he was shot and received his death-wound.

Captain Dement thus relates the incident: "Being the only officer near him when he was shot, I can testify that no soldier ever received his death-wound with more sublime courage. When I searched for the wound, I found the bullet had passed through his shirt in front of his shoulders, and remarked: This wound can not be dangerous Colonel, but with that pleasant smile so characteristic of him he said, 'Oh! yes Harry, it is all over; this side is nearly paralyzed already.' He never complained—the same pleasant smile spread over his features when any member of his regiment approached."

He was not permitted to live long enough to see our cause gloriously triumphant, and the union of these States established on a firmer basis than the founders of our government ever dreamed of, but he did all that man could do for the attainment of that end. His remains were brought back to his home in Amboy, where a vast concourse of people witnessed his burial in Prairie Repose Cemetery. Subsequently he was removed, and the remains interred in Rose Hill Cemetery in Chicago, where they still repose, and at his tomb, the enlisted men of his regiment have erected a handsome monument in honor of his memory.

It was the privilege of the writer to meet Colonel Wyman in Dixon, only a few weeks before starting on the fated expedition to Chickasaw Bayou. After a few minutes friendly chat, we shook hands and parted. The last words he said were spoken in his usual jovial and jocular style, which every member of the regiment will remember. While holding my hand he said: "Well, good-bye, we'll meet again down below, somewhere this side of Heaven; if not, we'll meet at the gates and go in together." Are there some who would regard these words as flippant and irreverent? They do not strike me so, nor do I think they were so intended. We were both soldiers, and knew not what a day might bring to either.

The words deeply impressed me at the time, lightly as they were spoken, and, when a few days afterwards I learned of his tragic death, and knew that his cheery voice was stilled

in death, that his kindly heart had ceased to throb and pulsate with the purple current of life, and the hand that so recently and warmly grasped mine, had become lifeless as clay. I recalled his last words to me, and they sank deep down into my heart, never to be erased while memory holds a place in my being.

If he has not already "passed through the gates," may not all of the old "Thirteenth" hope to meet him there, waiting to welcome them, when they are called to their final reward.

J. D. CRABTREE.

THE DEATH OF COLONEL JOHN B. WYMAN.

Comrade Judge Crabtree's splendid tribute to the memory of Colonel John B. Wyman, as given above, is exhaustive and as complete as was possible under the circumstances; but the last hours of our Colonel were not known to the Judge, and he will have no objection to seeing the picture completed by hands that helped to smooth the pillow of the dying soldier.

Some who were about Colonel Wyman when the fatal bullet struck him down, remarked the great calmness and peace exhibited in his demeanor. This must have been the calm which precedes the storm. Following the directions of the surgeon, the writer stood by the stretcher that was to prove the bier of Colonel Wyman, and while holding his hand, the cyclone of his soul burst forth, and the most fearful imprecations were hurled through the lips which, at the same moment were covered with the froth of near approaching death. His whole warrior's soul was aroused to combat both rebellion and death; to neither of which would he surrender. He defied first one and then the other; and the violent transitions from the stormy emotions of rage toward his foes, to the tenderest pathos of fatherly endearments, lavished with the prodigality which might be expected from a loving woman's heart only, on his son Osgood, who stood by his side with his face bathed in tears, and his frame shaken with deep emotion, can never be

forgotten. But the tempest spends its fury, and the tempest-tossed human soul must have rest.

THE DEAD WARRIOR, AT LAST, WAS AT REST.

Earthly ambitions were buried in the hero's grave. His country had, too late, considered his case for promotion. What need had he now, for stars? except

"AS STARS IN HIS CROWN OF REJOICING"?

for, unquestionably, Colonel Wyman long had cherished the Christian's hope.

The remains were carefully sealed up in a metallic casket and borne tenderly to the steamer on the Yazoo, for transportation North; but, as though turning his gaze backward twice, in his journey toward the land of eternal silence, and beckoning another, and another farewell to his old comrades of the Thirteenth, we hear of him twice again.

On *January 3d, 1863*, General Hurlbut, at Memphis, writes to General Grant that:

"I have received dispatches from Gorman. Sherman has had a bitter fight; forced the first line of intrenchments, captured and holds one nine-gun battery, captured their main fort on Walnut Hills at point of bayonet, but supports did not come up, and our men were driven out with great slaughter. Morgan Smith is wounded; Giles Smith, Colonel Eighth Missouri, *and Wyman, Thirteenth Illinois*, killed. * * * *

January 1st, 1863, General Gorman, at Helena, to General Hurlbut at Memphis, says:

* * * * "*The dead body of Colonel Wyman, of the Thirteenth Illinois, is here on board a flag of truce boat.*" * * * *

As though, when arrived at Helena, his mortal remains had reached the border-land beyond which mortal vision ceases.

This is the last glimpse that his old regiment, and the army has of *the lamented John B. Wyman.*

ASA B. MUNN.

COL. ADAM B. GORGAS.

Col. Adam B. Gorgas was born at Myerstown, Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, January 5th, 1829. At the age of about two years the family removed to Pine Grove, Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, where young Gorgas resided until 1852, at which time he located in Dixon, Illinois.

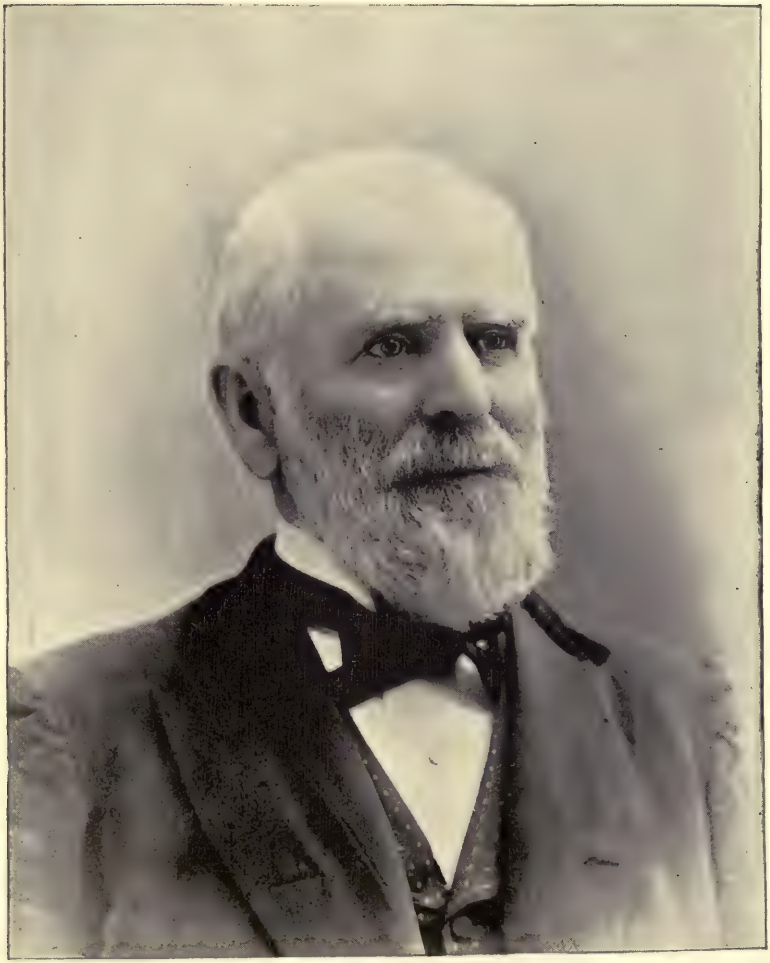
In his early life he attended the common schools and received a fair business education. At the age of seventeen years he accepted a position as clerk in the office of Register and Clerk of Orphans' Court in said Schuylkill county, where he remained four years. He then entered the law office of G. Loesen and commenced the study of law. He served the term required by the rules of the court necessary to be admitted to practice, but never applied for admission to the bar. Instead, he adopted the profession of Conveyancer, remaining in that office for about five years.

September 13th, 1853, he was married; his wife and four children—three girls and one boy—are still living. He was eng agd in the profession of Conveyancer and writing in the Recorder's office of Lee county a portion of the time after removing to Dixon, until the outbreak of the war in 1861. Colonel Gorgas had some experience in military matters in an organization of State troops, and when a company was organized in Dixon under the call for troops, he was elected captain of said company, which afterwards became Company A, of the Thirteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry. At the organization and "muster in" of the regiment May 9th, 1861, he was elected major and mustered in as such. Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Parks resigned June 25th, 1861, and Major Gorgas was promoted to the office of Lieutenant-Colonel, in which capacity he served until the death of Col. John B. Wyman, which occurred at Chickasaw Bayou, December 28th, 1862. February 28th, 1863, he was mustered in as colonel, and held that position until the "muster out" of the regiment, June 18th, 1864.

After the close of the war he resided for a time in German-

S. C. PLUMMER, M. D.

Regimental Surgeon, 1862.



S. C. PLUMMER, M. D.

Regimental Surgeon (1892).

town, Pennsylvania, and sometime in 1881 removed with his family to Crookston, Minnesota, where he now resides. He engaged for a time in the real estate business, but later became interested in the Crookston Water Works, where he was employed for a time. He then returned to the real-estate business in connection with insurance, in which he is still engaged.

Colonel Gorgas was blest with a strong, vigorous frame, a splendid military bearing and a kind heart which always went out in sympathy to his subordinates.

H. T. NOBLE.

SAMUEL CRAIG PLUMMER, M. D.

SURGEON OF THE THIRTEENTH ILLINOIS.

Enlisted at Rock Island, Illinois, April 16th, 1861, and mustered with the regiment at Dixon, Illinois, on May 24th, 1861, with the rank of major.

Dr. Plummer was born April 10th, 1821, at Salem Cross-Roads, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania; and on entering the army was forty years old, light complexion, blue eyes, dark brown hair, five feet nine and one-half inches tall, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and was by profession a physician.

The Plummers are of English descent, where one or more branches of the family can now be found in Middlesex; but the American patriarch of the family, Francis Plummer, who was by occupation a linen-weaver, and residing at Woolwich, near London, with Ruth, his wife, and several children,—certainly their two sons, Samuel and Joseph,—came to New England in 1633, and settled in Newbury, in the then Colony of Massachusetts Bay, but which in 1776 became the State of Massachusetts. Somewhat of his status may be learned from the old records which declare him to have been a freeman in the year after coming to New England, which means that he was a voter by reason of Puritan church-membership, which

alone, in those times, qualified a man for citizenship in that colony.

The descendants of Francis Plummer have been represented in the Colonial Legislature, and have furnished a governor to New Hampshire and five were members of Congress.

Dr. Plummer also comes of good fighting stock; for John Plummer, the grandson of the patriarch Francis, a soldier from Dorchester, Massachusetts, was killed by the Indians while defending Hatfield, Massachusetts, on the 28th of August, 1675. Dr. Plummer's great-grandfather, on his father's side, served on General Braddock's staff, and was with him at the battle and defeat of General Braddock, at Braddock's Field, in 1755, then near, and now in the city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. His grandfather on his mother's side was a soldier in the war of 1812.

The parents of Dr. Plummer, John B. Plummer, and Elizabeth Craig, were both born in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, and their ancestors settled in western Pennsylvania at an early day.

Dr. Plummer received a common school education, after which he was in the Preparatory Department of Western Reserve College, Ohio, for one year. Returning to Greenville, Pennsylvania, he was in the Greenville Academy about two years. He then read medicine under Dr. H. D. La Cossett for three years. He also attended lectures at Cleveland Medical College, from which he graduated. He also received the *Ad eundem* degree from the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio, and for thirteen years previous to entering the army, he practiced his profession in Rock Island, Illinois.

Thus it will be seen that by long, patient and thorough study, and subsequent practice, Dr. Plummer brought to his new position of Army Surgeon the full equipment and rich furnishment which were necessary to that position and its collateral possibilities.

Being the ranking surgeon in the Volunteer Army—as he believed—together with his social qualities, and his great executive abilities, and devoted patriotism, he was conspic-

uously well fitted to fill the important and honorable positions to which, early in the service, he was called; and whether a regimental-surgeon, medical director of the army of the Eastern District of Arkansas, surgeon-in-chief First Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps, or medical director of the Fifteenth Army Corps, he honored the service as much as these various grades of service honored him. And while these higher grades of the service were enjoyable to him—as he says—as it brought him into close and intimate association with many of our most prominent generals and commanding officers in all departments of the service, his fealty to his old regiment never faltered; and while his old boys were always scolding about him, that is, those natures that are always chronic grumblers, at the same time they would much rather take a dose of blue-mass from him, than whisky and sugar from any of the assistant surgeons; while on his part he might be depended upon to mount his horse and ride three miles to the camp of the Thirteenth, to look at the tongue of some eighth corporal, or high-private in Company Q, and then prescribe blue-mass, and see that it was taken, than to accept an invitation to dinner with some major-general.

As characteristic of the above-mentioned fealty to his comrades of his old regiment, and his hatred of shams, and the fuss-and-feathers of high-graded red-tape, it will be both pertinent and proper here to relate that on the day that Wyman fell, at Chickasaw Bayou, Dr. Plummer, being a medical director, and with his operating table in the woods, somewhat back and to the southwest of the Lake Plantation, and near General Sherman's headquarters, was notified that Colonel Wyman was shot. The doctor dropped everything, mounted his horse and without asking leave, hastened with such speed as the nature of the country would allow of, away to the right to where our regiment was in line of battle immediately to the left of Gen. Morgan L. Smith's second division and was hotly engaged. The ranking surgeon was immediately informed of Dr. Plummer's action, and started a mounted messenger in hot pursuit with orders for Dr. Plum-

mer to return immediately to his post of duty; which, on overtaking the doctor, the messenger delivered, and received the reply that the doctor's Colonel had been shot and he was going to him. The messenger called the attention of the doctor to the fact that the order was imperative. This raised the doctor's ire to its highest executive pitch; and he sent back a plump refusal to obey the order, together with a message couched in language of such scorn and contempt as enraged the ranking surgeon to that degree that he at once preferred charges against the doctor; but on being brought before General Sherman, his explanation caused the General to dismiss the case with something less than a reprimand, and scarcely more than a suggestion that, henceforth, his language should be somewhat more carefully considered when communicating with his superior officer.

It seems unjust, and certainly is unfortunate, that such eminent services as were rendered his country, by Dr. Plummer, do not carry with them promotion in rank such as is received by commanders of troops in the field. Measured by the actual value of important services rendered, the unsurpassed, if approached, sanitary condition of his regiment during its full term of service, and his eminent ability in many higher positions, as a surgeon, fully entitled him to have carried home with him the stars of a major-general.

Dr. O. P. S. Plummer, a brother of the subject of this sketch, was for a few months, assistant surgeon of our regiment; while the doctor's son, Samuel C. Plummer, Jr., M. D., is now a practicing physician in Chicago.

On being mustered out of the military service, Dr. Plummer returned to his family at Rock Island, Illinois, and resumed the practice of his profession.

On October 17th, 1844, Dr. Plummer had married Julia Hayes, of Burg Hill, Ohio, who died October 6th, 1872. They had five children.

Dr. Plummer married the second time, on June 9th, 1874, Sarah Moore Dawson, at New Wilmington, Pennsylvania.

LIEUT.-COL. F. W. PARTRIDGE.

Thirteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

By the explosion of a shell, at the assault on the 22d of May, 1863, during the siege of Vicksburg, Dr. Plummer lost the hearing of his right ear ; otherwise, with the grizzled hair and white beard of his seventy years, he is remarkably well preserved, attending to the duties of surgeon for two important railroads besides a large home practice, is a Mason, is a Republican, and periodically attends the meetings of the Loyal Legion, at Chicago, and never misses the annual reunion of his old regiment, at Dixon, Illinois.

Dr. Plummer and his estimable lady live respected by all at their home at Rock Island, Illinois, where the latch-string always hangs outside, and his pill-box is invitingly open to every surviving member of his old regiment, who all hope he will be with them yet, many long years. ASA B. MUNN.

FREDERICK W. PARTRIDGE.

Staff No. 4, General Frederick W. Partridge was born August 19th, 1826, at Norwich, Windsor county, Vermont. He traces his lineage to a line of ancestry noted for military tastes and acquirements. His father commanded a company in General Scott's regiment at the battle of Lundy's Lane in 1812. Two of his uncles were graduates of West Point Academy and were captains in the Corps of Engineers at the time of their death.

A cousin of his father's, named Alden Partridge, was captain in the regular army, and at one time was superintendent of the West Point Academy.

Colonel Partridge attended the common schools in his early years and afterward entered as a student the Norwich Vermont Literary, Scientific and Military Academy, and was for a length of time under the personal care of its president, Captain Alden Partridge.

Later on he spent some years at Dartsmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire, and was elected Military Instructor of the Pennsylvania Military Academy at Harrisburg.

He was serving in that capacity when the Mexican War broke out in 1847 and at this time was given a commission in the army, and sent by President Polk on secret service to Mexico. Owing to the fact that his mission was a secret one, he could not explain to the commanding officer the character of his trust, and owing to this and the frontier difficulty of passing into the enemy's territory, he never reached his destination, but was arrested as a spy and after a brief imprisonment returned to Washington without accomplishing the object of his mission.

Lieutenant Burton, a cousin of General Partridge, was in command of the garrison at San Juan De Ulloa where he was confined as prisoner, and at his instance received kind and liberal treatment. Lieutenant Burton afterwards became a general on the artillery branch of service, and was in command at Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, Maryland, when Jefferson Davis was confined there as a State prisoner in 1865.

After his return to Washington, he was given a leave of absence and went to Kendall county, Illinois, and engaged in farming.

In the spring of 1858, he removed to Sandwich, Illinois, with his family, and then went to Chicago to complete his law studies, which he had commenced years before in the office of Franklin Pierce at Concord, New Hampshire. In Chicago he entered the law office of Arnold, Larned, and Gregory, and in due time was admitted to the bar, and opened a law office at Sandwich. He resigned his place in the Army after his "leave," had expired in 1847.

Although severing his connection with the army, his military tastes and inclinations still adhered to him and he felt an active interest in military organization, and took an active part in organizing a militia company, in the Forty-fourth Battalion commanded by Major Hitt, of Ottawa, Illinois. He was a leader and officer in other organizations for political purposes for the Republican party in the campaign of 1856 and 1860 and performed valuable services in his espoused cause.

At the breaking out of the war for the Union in 1861, he raised two companies which were tendered through the State to the general Government for the defense of the "old flag," one of which he commanded as captain and was known as Company E of the Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers' Regiment, which became the Color Company.

When Lieutenant-Colonel Parks resigned in June 1861, Captain Partridge was elected Major, and when Colonel Wyman was killed in December, 1862, Major Partridge was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. He was mustered out with the regiment June 18, 1864. He was with the regiment from first to last excepting an absence after he was wounded at the battle of Ringgold Gap.

March 13th, 1865, he was brevetted Colonel and Brigadier-General. After his return to his home he was elected circuit clerk and recorder of DeKalb county, and served in this capacity four years, and was then appointed Consul-General of the United States at Bangkok, for Siam and its dependencies, which position he filled for more than seven years. He filled this position with credit to himself and satisfaction to his government. His duties were of a varied character—some pleasant, some otherwise—and he had the bitter mingled with the sweet—the cloud and the sunshine. Owing to the character of the people, and the state of the country, there were many "accidents and incidents by flood and field," which confronted him, that are of interest to his old comrades, and the writer will give in his own words, describing a trip he took in that far-away land. He says:

"At one time I traveled across the Continent of Asia commencing at Bangkok, and mostly on elephant back through the Strait's settlements, Hindoostan, and across the Persian Gulf.

"In this long and interesting journey I was several times called upon to defend my life, and at one time had to fight stubbornly with a native chief, and kill and disable several of his warriors. This incident made a friend of the King of Cambodia, whose son was liberated as one of the results of the

fight and this King made me a "knight" in his Princial Order, and later on, decorated me three times, which decorations—beautiful and of considerable intrinsic value are now in my possession at Sycamore, as pleasant mementoes of an exciting passage in personal history."

In the autumn of 1876, General Partridge returned to America, visiting on his way home many places of interest on the continent, Italy, Switzerland, France and Great Britain.

In 1882 he was commissioned by the Interior Department, as special examiner of pensions and sent to Indiana, where he has rendered efficient service, often visiting Ohio and other States in special cars.

In the summer of 1889, he resigned and returned to his old home at Sycamore, Illinois, where he now resides.

In a note to the writer he says, "I have retired to my home to enjoy the rest and quiet that nowhere else are to be found; and as my mind runs back over the scenes and memories of an active life, I find no place where it lingers with such pleasures, as when contemplating my soldier life. No scenes more stirring, more prized, or more firmly impressed than my campaign and comradeship with the glorious old Thirteenth.

HENRY T. NOBLE.

DOUGLAS R. BUSHNELL.

Maj. Douglas R. Bushnell, son of Francis W. and Louisa Bushnell, was born at Norwich, Connecticut, June 17th, 1824, where the first years of his life were spent, and where he received a thorough education and adopted the profession of civil engineer,, in which capacity he was connected with the railroads in the vicinity of his native place.

In 1845 he removed to New Hampshire, and still following his profession, was employed on many of the railroads in that and the adjoining State of Vermont.

At Highgate, Vermont, on the 16th of September, 1849, he was married to Miss Emily J. Edson, an intelligent and

accomplished lady, in whose refined taste and cultivated society he found the counterpart of his own cultivated mind; and he participated in unusual domestic happiness until duty called him to offer even this precious boon upon the altar of his country.

In the fall of 1850, falling in with the tide of emigration, which was wending its way toward the fertile prairies of the great West, he came to Illinois and located at Rockford, to which place he removed his family the year following. After a three years' residence there, in the meantime, being connected with the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad, he located his family at Sterling. While here, he was prominently connected as engineer, with the Dixon Air Line Railroad, and as chief engineer, superintended the construction of one of the main roads in the northern part of Iowa, running westward, and also the Sycamore branch of the Galena & Chicago Union railroad. When the Sterling & Rock Island road was projected, he was called to the position of chief engineer, and most successfully he performed his duties.

In the spring of 1861, when the first call was made for troops to maintain our integrity as a nation, and to repel the treasonable assaults of Southern disunionists upon our glorious inheritance of unity and liberty, Major Bushnell was among the first to respond. Prompted by a sense of duty to his country, and impelled by the true spirit of patriotism, he added his name to the muster-roll of honor, and went forth to battle for the right—to lend the aid of a heart, an intelligent mind, and a strong arm, in the defense of his country's institutions.

At Sterling, scores of resolute men, among whom were the most intelligent, wealthy and influential of her citizens, left their counters, their workshops, their offices and their farms, to volunteer for the defense of their dear old flag, and immediately commenced drilling for the service.

They expected no light work, and raised no questions of bounty and pay. They knew only that their country was in danger, and their bosoms burned to avenge her wrongs.

Such were the heroes of the Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, and such were the men of Company B. To be chosen leader of these brave sons of Sterling, was an honor not to be lightly esteemed, and in electing D. R. Bushnell for their captain, they manifested their appreciation of his ability, experience and many virtues. The company was presented with a beautiful flag by the citizens, with appropriate ceremonies; and with an affectionate adieu to his two lovely children and a tender farewell to the brave woman, who bade him "God-speed" in this glorious cause, Captain Bushnell hastened to join the regiment in camp at Dixon.

The early volunteers having been accustomed to civil liberty, were not prepared to endure the restraints of military duty, and to some, Captain Bushnell's strict discipline seemed severe; but in a short time, they learned to prize him all the more for this qualification.

From Dixon, the regiment was ordered to Rolla, Missouri, and there, during the summer of 1861, Colonel Wyman was in command and Captain Bushnell, acting Major. At the request of General Totten, who was personally acquainted with his abilities as engineer, he was put in charge of the construction of a fort at that place, which was nearly completed under his supervision, and was afterward pronounced one of the strongest and most complete of its size in the United States. It was proposed to name it after its scientific constructor, but Captain Bushnell, with his characteristic modesty, declined the honor and gave the preference to his superior officer and it was called "Fort Wyman."

In March, 1862, the regiment joined General Curtis' army at Pea Ridge, and in all their toilsome marches through southern Missouri and Arkansas, Captain Bushnell was acting Major, and by his sagacity and uniform sympathy with the weary but uncomplaining soldiers, won the confidence and affection of officers and men. After the arrival at Helena on the 14th of July, he was frequently put in command of expeditions into the surrounding country. In one of these he was sent to St. Francis river, with a detachment of the Thirteenth

Illinois and Fourth Iowa, and from the plantation of Generals Pillow and Brown, he brought away quite a large quantity of corn and a number of cattle. In General Hovey's expedition to the Coldwater and Tallahatchie rivers, Captain Bushnell had a command of two hundred of the Thirteenth ; and after a successful raid in the enemy's country, and destroying the railroad at Oakland Station, they returned to Helena where they remained until the 22nd of December. The regiment was then put under command of General Sherman, in General Blair's brigade, and ordered immediately to Vicksburg.

After arrival there, the "Old Thirteenth" was placed in advance, and was the first Illinois regiment to assault the enemy's ranks. In all the engagements previous to December 20th, Captain Bushnell led his own brave company of Sterling boys ; but upon the fall of Colonel Wyman, he was promoted to Major of the regiment.

On the 29th occurred the memorable charge upon the rebel rifle-pits at the foot of Walnut Hills, at Chickasaw Bayou, in which the Thirteenth lost, thirty killed and over one hundred wounded. Major Bushnell highly distinguished himself for coolness and courage, by advancing within a few rods of the enemy's works, under a fire that swept the ground on which he stood.

On the 10th and 11th of January, 1863, we find him displaying the same heroic devotion at the assault and taking of Arkansas Post. After this his engineering abilities were again called into requisition during the seventy-five days the regiment was at Young's Point, digging canals, building levees, and erecting fortifications to operate against Vicksburg.

In General Steele's raid upon Deer Creek in April, in the march upon Grand Gulf and Jackson in May, in the terrific assaults upon Vicksburg in June and July, Major Bushnell was ever at his post—shrinking from no toil, privation or danger to which the regiment was exposed. In General Sherman's operations against Johnston, after the fall of Vicks-

burg, Major Bushnell acted as Lieutenant-Colonel until they returned to their summer quarters, August 13, 1863.

He had risen high in the estimation of his superior officers, and had he been ambitious for office as he was to be useful, he might have arrived at greater distinction, but would have been less a hero. His only desire was to discharge the duty to his country faithfully, and then to return to the bosom of his family.; and now as he drew nearer his last battle, and the images of his loved ones rise before him, his affectionate letters to them breathe more earnestly this longing desire.

In one of them he says: "I pray God, at the end of my service, I may be restored to my beloved family in safety, but more especially I pray, that the cause in which I have staked my life and my honor may succeed."

He had passed through the storm of shot and shell in the fierce contests of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, on the 24th and 25th of November, and was now hopeful that he should see the end—to see the rebellion crushed, and to see his country again united and happy, but the God of battles had ordered it otherwise.

On the morning of the 27th, the Thirteenth Illinois Infantry held the extreme right before Ringgold, and was ordered by General Osterhaus to advance rapidly over an open field, which was covered with shells, canister and bullets, like hail, to a few houses in front, from which they might drive off the artillery men of the enemy. This they accomplished in magnificent style, and gained the position, which they held, in spite of the murderous fire from the gorge in front and the hillside on the right.

General Osterhaus in his report of this battle, says:

"The Thirteenth Illinois remained, undauntedly keeping up a vehement fire. These struggles, during which so many deeds of bravery were exhibited, lasted from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m., our infantry fighting against the combined forces of the enemy."

The artillery coming up, the rebels were soon driven from the gorge, and the victory won. But the glad shouts of tri-

umph which rent the air, fell unheeded upon the ear of the gallant Major Bushnell. He had given his life this day as a sacrifice for his country's honor, and a more patriotic or pure heart was never laid upon her altar. While assisting some of his men to place a railroad-tie in front for their protection, a musket ball came crashing through, and, striking him in the left temple, passed into the brain and killed him instantly.

Lieutenant Joseph Patterson, of Company B, Thirteenth Illinois, in a letter to his father, whose residence is near that of the late Major Bushnell, says: "We mourn exceedingly the death of our gallant Major, and sympathize deeply with his bereaved family. * * * * I feel deeply for Mrs. Bushnell and her little, fatherless children. It will tend to alleviate her distress to know that her husband fell, fighting in defense of his bleeding country. The Major was a courteous gentleman, a true patriot, and, as an officer, *unexcelled in the regiment.*"

—From "HEROES AND MARTYRS OF ILLINOIS."

CHAPLAIN JOSEPH C. MILLER.

Chaplain Joseph C. Miller, a Baptist clergyman of Amboy, Lee county, Illinois, joined the regiment and was mustered in as Chaplain at its organization, May 9, 1861. He died in May some nine or ten years ago and we can not get sufficient data to give a detailed account of his services, civil and military. He was a man of fine presence and fair ability, and loyal to his country. After the regiment was organized it remained in Camp Dement, at Dixon, Illinois, some four weeks as a camp of instruction. One of the exercises in daily routine in this early military life was that of attending religious service, and each morning at 9 o'clock the troops were massed, company front, at headquarters, and addressed by Chaplain Miller, the exercises closing by reading of the Scripture, prayer and singing the first, second, or third pieces "on the

card." A few pieces, such as "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," etc., had been printed and distributed among the men, and as there were many good singers in the regiment, the music was a striking feature of the services, which still linger in the memories of the remnant of the old Thirteenth as among the pleasant scenes of their army life.

Chaplain Miller accompanied the regiment to Caseyville, Illinois, June 16th, 1861, where it remained drilling and perfecting itself in the use of arms—company and battalion drill and discipline—until July 5th, 1861, when it crossed the Mississippi river, marched through St. Louis to Rolla, Missouri, where it remained until about February, 1862. The time at Rolla was spent in building fortifications and earthworks for the protection of the supplies at that depot, and in scouting and scouring the country in search of rebels and guerrillas that infested that region. The Chaplain remained on duty with the regiment until it left in February, 1862, via Springfield, Missouri, to join the army of General Curtis at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, but instead of going with the regiment he visited his old home at Amboy on leave of absence. He never reported to the regiment for duty after that date. During the latter part of the year 1861, and early part of 1862, many officers of the Union army had visited their homes and over-stayed the term granted in their leave of absence, and consequently were "absent without leave." Early in 1862 a general order was issued by the War Department ordering all such delinquents back, with commands to appear before a commission August 1st, 1862, and show cause why they should not be mustered out for violation of orders, and for the proper discipline of the army. Chaplain Miller was not able to show good and sufficient reason for his failure to return to his duties with the regiment, and so was discharged from the service September 14th, 1863.

H. T. Noble.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHAPLAIN ARNOLD T. NEEDHAM.

I was born in the Island of Guernsey, a British possession near the coast of France, August 14th, 1838.

My father was an English merchant, keeping a shoe store, and largely interested in shipping.

When I was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, my father emigrated to America, settling in Chicago, Illinois, in May 1852.

Nearly ten years had passed, and a crisis was approaching. I had cast my first vote, and it had been for Abraham Lincoln, and with that vote I was ready, if need be, to give my life.

Quick as news came to Chicago that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, I went to the first recruiting station and enlisted. My father had died about a year previous, and my mother reminded me that I was her oldest boy; she asked me if I was convinced that I ought to go, and had I prayed over the matter; when I answered in the affirmative, she continued, "Then go my boy, but be sure you are not wounded in the back." These words of my mother I remembered when our forces were repulsed on the battle-field of Chickasaw Bayou, and when an opportunity was offered to retreat, I still continued firing, until too late to retire, and hence was surrounded and captured.

Our regiment had the honor of being mustered in as the first regiment from the State, for three years. Also the additional honor of being the first to cross the Mississippi river.

As soon as my company (Company D), was organized, I was made a corporal, and passed through the different gradations, until I became Third Sergeant. Having been called upon occasionally to officiate for our first chaplain, the Reverened Mr. Miller, a Baptist minister, I was early recognized as at least a candidate for the ministry. Some of the privates in my company seemed to imagine that the profession of religion, and especially candidacy for the ministry, would render an in-

dividual very submissive ; and therefore one day when on the march, some of them entered into a conspiracy to test my spirit. That morning when the company was formed preparatory to marching, the captain ordered, "Sergeants to the front;" when in the front we were lectured as file-closers, to allow no man to break ranks during the march, assuring us that every sergeant would be held responsible for his portion of the platoon. After we had been marching a few miles, I noticed some of the men in my section of the platoon whispering, when, suddenly, one of these men stepped out of the ranks in front of me. At first I simply called the offender by name, and reminded him of what the captain had said. His response was, "Who cares?" I called to him the second time to get into the ranks, but he responded, "I won't go back, and you can't make me." Judging from his weight and that of his fellow conspirators, it was very evident that I would be greatly worsted in a hand-to-hand contest. I knew I was no match for him, but he had insulted my office, as well as myself; he was a rebel against rightful authority, as truly as the men we were fighting ; and I would as lief die as submit to have my authority despised, and my sense of justice outraged. I flew at him like a panther, and slung him back into the ranks ; as he staggered among the men, two or three tripped and fell, and now three or four mouths were belching at me their anathemas. They threatened to thrash me when they got into camp at night. I turned to them, now thoroughly roused, and said, "I shall be in camp to-night to stack arms with the company, and you can do to me just what you see fit ; but you shall not trample on my rights, nor despise a sergeant's authority while I wear these chevrons. I'll die in defense of my rights, and for the respect due to the office before I will submit." I meant it in every fiber of my being, and these men seemed so to understand it, for, though I stood beside them that night when we had stacked arms and had broken ranks, they were silent, and never lifted a hand against me. From that time forth no man in my company

was disposed to trample upon my rights, and taunt me with being a preacher.

Many other petty persecutions to which I had been subjected, now ceased; and I think I had the respect of all my company, and they certainly had my best wishes.

After my imprisonment in Vicksburg and Jackson, Mississippi, while still a paroled prisoner and visiting friends in Chicago, I received a petition—signed by all the officers of the regiment, except one, asking me to take measures for ordination, and to accept the chaplaincy. I consulted Dr. T. M. Eddy, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, who was a personal friend, and had known me from my boyhood. He procured me ordination in the Congregational church, because our church had not yet given its bishops powers of dispensation to ordain young men for special work, without the stipulated time, and conference action. Returning to my regiment with my commission as chaplain, I was not permitted to mess with the men as I had done, but required to board with the officers.

For nearly three months I served as chaplain before I could be mustered in, and then, at the risk of being captured, I made my way back from the front to Iuka, Mississippi, where I found a mustering officer.

By the officers and men of the Thirteenth, I must say, I was ever treated with the greatest respect, and shall always hold them in high esteem.

On the eve of the battle of Tuscumbia, Colonel Gorgas and his Adjutant were speaking of the great need of some one to take charge of the litter-corps; I proffered my services and was at once accepted, and from that time forward I superintended the removing of the wounded from the field.

I have the satisfaction of knowing that from henceforth more of the Thirteenth men were brought in for the surgeon's care during action than of any other regiment. Some of my litter-men were shot down while carrying off the wounded, and as they fell, I took their place.

I did my praying while carrying the wounded, and my exhortations were mixed with the giving of medicine. I look back upon those busy and exciting scenes, and thank God I was able to serve a cause I loved so much, under circumstances that showed how useful such services might be to dying men.

I recall one circumstance that occurred just after the battle of Ringgold Gap, that affected me very deeply. I was anxious to know how many of the men of my old company were left after the battle. I found the camp about the time of reveille. The men had fallen in for roll-call. I looked a moment at the feeble remnant, and my heart was full. As I drew near, one of my former messmates rushed from the ranks and seizing my hand in both of his, looked up into my face and said, "Chaplain, oh, I am so glad you were not hit." Another threw his arms around me and said, "Chaplain, you picked up the boys as fast as they were hit; God bless you." At the call from the Orderly Sergeant, the men returned to the ranks, and roll-call was resumed. Frequently the response would be "wounded" or "killed." At last, just as the order was given, "break ranks," a soldier came up the street bandaged about the head and arm. His companion seeing him, rushed up to him and throwing his arms about him, fell upon his neck, and amid his sobs said, "Joe, I thought you were dead." It is astonishing how a soldier's feelings are wrought up after battle. He weeps like a woman and sobs like a child, with every incident that appeals to his feelings.

After leaving the service, I entered the Rock River conference, of the Methodist Episcopal church, and preached at the following places in Illinois: Sand Lake, Geneva, St. Paul's Chicago, Benton, Wheaton, Dunton, Sandwich, Mt. Morris and Morrison. From Morrison I came to California, and finished out the conference year at the First M. E. Church, Oakland.

I have filled the following appointments in California, Grace church, San Francisco, Stockton, Almeda, and now, am at Sixth Street church, Sacramento.

I have been asked since in California, to allow my name to be put on the Republican ticket, for city superintendent of public schools, but have refused on the ground, that as a minister, I must be free to speak on all questions, irrespective of party limitations. Though I have been radically a Republican, I have loved my country more than party, truth and righteousness more dearly than earthly ties, and my God supremely.

To the surviving members of the Thirteenth, I send a chaplain's loving benediction, and trust that, when the last section of veterans "break ranks" on earth, it may be to meet in a grand reunion in heaven.

A. T. NEEDHAM.

[NOTE.—As this goes to press, Chaplain Needham is a Presiding Elder in California.—HISTORIAN.]

QUARTERMASTER HENDERSON.

William Coleman Henderson was born at Pequea, Salisbury Township, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, June 22d, 1827.

His father was Thomas G. Henderson, whose ancestors came from England at an early date and were among the first settlers of Pequea Valley. He was educated at Litz, Lancaster county, and at West Chester and also with the Rev. Dr. Trinlow. In 1844 he entered the office of Grant and Barton in New York city, and remained with them four years.

Returning to his home, he engaged in farming which he carried on until the fall of 1859. May 1st, 1851 he was appointed as one of the staff of Gov. William F. Johnston of Pennsylvania. In the fall of 1859 he sold his farm in Lancaster county, and in the spring following, moved to Illinois, where he purchased a farm near Sterling, Whiteside county, and again engaged in farming. In April, 1861, he enlisted in Company B, and, at the organization of the regiment, was appointed by Colonel Wyman, and was commissioned as first lieutenant, May 1, 1861.

He remained on duty with his regiment with the exception of details of special duty until July 28th, 1863, at which time he sent in his resignation, which was accepted on account of disability occasioned by disease which was contracted while in the service.

In 1865, owing to continued ill health, he sold his farm in Illinois and returned to his old home, where he has since resided with the exception of a few years which were spent in Colorado.

He has been one of the auditors of accounts in Salisbury Township for the past twelve years.

Quartermaster Henderson has been twice married, his first wife having died in 1867. He has two sons living, both in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

He is, perhaps, better remembered by the boys of the regiment by the name of "Jake Sightsinger," than by his real name. He gave himself this cognomen and it has stuck to him ever since. In 1862, when the regiment was on the march to Pea Ridge and about crossing the State line between Missouri and Arkansas, he told the colonel that he had always hoped the duties of the service would never call him into Arkansas, for he was prejudiced against that State. He said that when living in Pennsylvania in his younger days, whenever a person committed a mean act or crime, he invariably escaped to Arkansas, and the meanest man he ever knew in his neighborhood was named "Jake Sightsinger." And so when he was forced to stay in that State, Arkansas, he wanted to be called and known as Jake Sightsinger. And the men of the regiment were too gallant not to comply with his request. He said that when he left the State he intended to resume his true name, but this was not to be with the members of the Thirteenth.

When on the march with the regiment from Pea Ridge through the desolate and impoverished country inhabited mostly by a poor class of white people, without many evidences of civilization, living mostly in huts and cabins, the country infested with guerrilla bands and bush-whackers, the

Col. HENRY T. NOBLE.

Company A.

means of supylying our army with food and clothing cut off, the mail intercepted, and without letters from home, this march, lasting for more than three months was a dreary one.

The troops seemed to feel the necessity of instituting every means within their power of doing all they could to entertain and make the burden as light as possible.

In addition to the regular foraging to supply the army, they held concerts, court trials, theatrical entertainments, negro minstrelsy, horse races and cock fights, in short, anything for a pastime whenever a leisure hour occurred.

Quartermaster Henderson recruited a menagerie which he exhibited from time to time in a dilapidated tent. It is true, his collection was not very extensive, but it was the best the country afforded. He had striped legged little mules, goats, dogs, cats, snakes, squirrels, tarantulas, centipedes, one raccoon, which he described as a "most amoozin' little cuss!" and last, but not least, at Batesville, he added Burr's whistling darky boy that would have been the envy of a Barnum.

Often the regiment would be startled by the stentorian voice of Quartermaster Henderson exhorting and entreating the soldiers to come and visit his great and glorious entertainments. And in this way added his mite toward keeping the minds and thoughts of the soldiers from the hardships through which they were to pass.

H. T. NOBLE.

HENRY T. NOBLE.

Born at Otis, Massachusetts, May 3, 1829. Moved to Dixon, Illinois, spring of 1851, engaging in the land business and real estate. Entered service as private, Company A, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry April 17, 1861; elected First Lieutenant of Company April 21, 1861; commissioned Captain May 24, 1861; Regiment organized at Dixon, Illinois, and mustered into United States Service for three years May

24, 1861, by Capt. John Pope, U. S. Army, being the first regiment mustered into service from Illinois; ordered to Caseyville, Illinois, June 16; moved to Rolla Missouri, July 6, the first regiment to cross the Mississippi river, and moved into hostile Missouri, attached to Fremont's army; went to Department of the Ohio July to October, 1861; district of Rolla, Department of Missouri, January, 1862; unassigned Army of Southwest Missouri, Department of Missouri to March, 1862; Fifteenth Brigade Second Division Army of Southwest Missouri, Department of Missouri, to July, 1862, district of East Arkansas, Department of Missouri to December, 1862.

NOW THE SERVICE.

Duty at Rolla, guarding terminus of Southwestern Pacific Railroad and chasing guerrilla bands until October, 1861; moved to Springfield, Missouri, to join Freemont's army October 10 to 18; action at Wet Glaize, Missouri, October 13, and Lynn Creek October 15; returned to Rolla November 10, on duty there until March 6, 1862; advance on action of Salem December 3, 1861; ordered to join Curtis March 6, 1862; marched to Helena, Arkansas, April 8 to July 14, and on duty there until December; detached from regiment and assigned to duty as Acting Assistant Quartermaster, staff General W. A. Gorman, commanding district East Arkansas Department of the Tennessee December, 1862 to February, 1863 and on staff of Gen. L. F. Ross commanding Thirteenth Division of Thirteenth Corps Army of Tennessee, February 8, 1863; operating against Fort Pemberton, Greenwood March 11 to April 5; received honorable mention from General Ross in his report of the expedition; rejoined regiment at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, April 18, 1863, and detached as Acting Aide-de-camp to Gen. P. J. Osterhaus, commanding Ninth Division Thirteenth Corps Army of the Tennessee until July; Vicksburg campaign April 25 to July 4, 1863; movement to Bruinsburg, and turning Grand Gulf April 25 to 30; battle Fort Gibson,

Mississippi, May 1 to 14, Mile Creek May 12, arrived at Raymond evening of May 12; battle of Champion Hills May 16, Big Black river May 16; siege of Vicksburg May 18 to July 4; assaults on Vicksburg May 19 and 22; surrender of Vicksburg May 24; appointed and commissioned by President, Captain and Acting Quartermaster of United States Volunteers July 8, 1863; duty at Helena, St. Charles and Duval's Bluff, Arkansas district East Arkansas, staffs Gen. B. M. Prentice July and August, 1863; M. Montgomery, August and September, 1863; Gen. N. B. Buford, September 1863 to January 1864; Franz Salamon, Commanding Third Division Seventh Corps Department of Arkansas to May 1864 and First Division Seventh Corps to August 1864 in charge of all river transportation at Helena, Arkansas June 1, to November 1864; duty at mouth of White river February, 1865; assigned duty at Little Rock as Acting Chief Quartermaster Department of Arkansas March, 1865; brevetted Major United States Volunteers March 13, 1865, brevetted Colonel United States Volunteers March 13, 1865, for efficient and meritorious service during the war, Colonel by assignment and Chief Quartermaster Department of Arkansas, staffs of J. J. Reynolds and Gen. E. O. C. Ord at Little Rock, Arkansas, June 16, 1865 to October 5, 1866; mustered out October 5, 1866, and honorably discharged from service. Commended by Quartermaster General Meigs in official communication dated August 9, 1864, as follows: "You have not only performed the duty of Quartermaster to my entire satisfaction, and have the confidence and esteem of all who know you, because of your integrity and efficiency, and this is the best evidence of your patriotism and your devoted loyalty," commended in inspection report of Colonel J. V. Crittenden, December 19, 1864, for the excellent order in which all books, papers, cash and other accounts of his department are kept; also for the high standing which all who know him as a man of intelligence and integrity and capable of filling with credit any or all positions in the Quartermaster's Department commended, by E. O. C. Ord in orders relieving him for muster out

October 1866 for long, meritorious and faithful service for nearly five and a half years. After returning home he was employed in the Plow Manufacturing business at Dixon, Illinois, retiring from active business, January, 1890, and enjoying the fortune that he had labored so hard to accumulate devoting his time to the interests of the city and much of the prosperity now enjoyed by the city is due to his personal efforts and liberality. He was striken with pneumonia April 13th, 1891, and died April 15th, aged sixty-three years.

CHARLES A. THOMPSON.

First Assistant Surgeon, Chas. A. Thompson, was born in Sandusky county, Ohio, in 1824, where he spent his early boyhood days. At the age of ten years, with his parents, he removed to the State of Michigan, where he resided until after he graduated in the medical profession.

He attended the common schools, of which Michigan had an excellent system, until he was grown to manhood, when he entered the White Pigeon Branch of the Michigan University and studied medicine.

He afterward attended the Indiana Medical College, graduating in 1849, and has practiced his profession ever since, and is now located at Jefferson City, Mo.

He went into the army in June, 1861, as acting surgeon of Twenty-fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and served in that capacity until September, 1861, and from September to December of same year, he served in the general hospital.

He was appointed First assistant surgeon of the Thirteenth Illlinois Volunteer Infantry, December 18, 1862, his residence at that time being Urbana, Ill. Here he served until mustered out June 18, 1864.

September 7, 1864, he was appointed surgeon of the Ninetieth Illinois Volunteer Regiment, and served with distinction until the muster out of the regiment June 6, 1865, making more than four years of actual service.

When the war clouds of 1861 burst, he was among the first to give up the comforts of home and rally to the national Standard. Here was a wide field opened before him where he could best discharge his services as a patriot. He remained in the service until the war clouds had rolled away and peace had been restored to the country.

His skill in surgery was acknowledged, and he won not only professional laurels, but the hearts of all the old soldiers who knew him, by whom he will ever be kindly remembered

H. T. NOBLE.

HISTORY AND ROSTER OF THE COMPANY.

COMPANY A.

COMPANY A was recruited at Dixon, Illinois, in April, 1861. The flag of the Union was fired upon at Fort Sumter on the morning of April 14th, 1861. President Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand militia of the several States to execute the laws and maintain the National Union was dated April 15th, 1861. The quota that Illinois was to furnish of this number being six regiments, or about six thousand men. On the same date Governor Yates issued his proclamation, convening the General Assembly of Illinois, on the 23rd of April, 1861, for the purpose of enacting laws for the more perfect organization of the militia of the State, and to render the necessary assistance to the government in enforcing the laws and protecting the rights of the people of the nation.

On the 16th of April the governor issued orders for the organization of six regiments of volunteer militia, and fixed the place of rendezvous at Springfield, and for each company or regiment to report there at the earliest possible period, and that the companies should be received in the order in which their services were offered. On the evening of April 16th, a mass meeting of the citizens of Dixon was held at the Court House. Patriotic speeches were made by the citizens, amid

wild enthusiasm, and several names were enrolled of those who were ready to offer their services to the government, and within twenty-four hours, fully one hundred had signed the roll, and on the 19th A. B. Gorgas was elected as captain, he having previously had some military experience as colonel of a Minnesota regiment of militia, Henry T. Noble was elected First-Lieutenant and Henry D. Dement, Second-Lieutenant, and the tender made to the governor of this company, for service as part of the six regiments.

After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, no one, not a participant in the stirring scenes of 1861, can imagine the feelings of mortification, chagrin and regret, felt by the members of this company, and when they were informed that our number in the list of companies was sixty-four and that sixty companies, the number required for the six regiments, had been accepted, fearing that seventy-five thousand would be all that the governor would need to restore peace, suppress the outbreak and redress wrongs, the rosy vision of a soldier's life, the heroic deeds performed for our country, the return to a grateful people from the field of battle crowned with honor and glory, which had filled the heart of every one of this little band, was changed to disappointment and almost to despair. How little we knew then of the gigantic struggle before us, which was to continue for years, and bring sorrow and mourning to hundreds of thousands of souls. But, "Hope, the anchor of the soul," takes the place of despair, and possibly when the legislature met on the 23rd, provision might be made and more soldiers be required, and so it was decided to send a delegate to Springfield, and Henry T. Noble was delegated to proceed to Springfield in their behalf. The loyalty of Illinois was not then what it is now, and there was doubt whether that body would enact laws to increase the militia of the State. Action was deferred until the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas arrived, about the 25th, and made his famous Union speech before the Legislature, the effect of which forever settled the question of the loyalty of the State. The Legislature enacted what is

LIEUT. HENRY D. DEMENT.

Company A.

known as the Tenth Regiment Bill. This second district was made up of the counties of Cook, Dupage, Kane, DeKalb, Lee, Whiteside and Rock Island.

Col. J. B. Wyman was in the Adjutant-General's office at Springfield at date of passage of this law, May 2d. Colonel Wyman, the member of the Legislature and Henry T. Noble agreed upon the companies which were to compose the regiment from this district, and Colonel Wyman tendered the regiment to the Governor at the very hour the bill passed the Senate. The regiment was ordered to rendezvous at Dixon May 9th, and at once elected officers, and was mustered into the State service by Col. John E. Smith, aid-de-camp to Governor Yates, and into the United States service May 24th, 1861, by Capt. John Pope, and the company from Dixon was designated Company A. This company was made up of the best class of young men of Dixon, and among its members were two doctors, seven lawyers and thirty-nine who had taught school, and from its ranks eleven were promoted and received commissions in other regiments. At the organization of the regiment, Captain Gorgas was promoted to Major, Henry T. Noble to Captain, Henry D. Dement to First-Lieutenant and Benj. H. Gilman to Second-Lieutenant.

ROSTER.

CAPTAINS.

Adam B. Gorgas,
Dixon, promoted to lieutenant-colonel. Present address, Crookstown, Minn.

Henry T. Noble,
Dixon, promoted July 31, 1863.

A. Judson Pinkham,
Dixon, mustered in, December 7, 1863; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Present address, Ketchum, Idaho.

FIRST-LIEUTENANTS.

Henry T. Noble,
Dixon, mustered in, May 24, 1861; promoted.

Henry D. Dement,
Dixon, resigned August 1, 1863. Present address, Joliet, Ill.

Mark M. Evans,

Dixon, mustered in, September, 18, 1863; mustered out, June 18, 1864.

SECOND-LIEUTENANTS.

Henry D. Dement,

Dixon, mustered in, May 24, 1861; promoted May 24, 2861. Present address, Joliet, Ill.

Benjamin Gilman,

Dixon, resigned October 1, 1861.

George L. Acken,

Dixon, mustered in, May 24, 1862; died April 12, 1863.

A. Judson Pinkham,

Dixon, mustered in, August 4, 1863; promoted. Present address, Ketchum, Idaho.

FIRST-SERGEANT.

George L. Acken,

Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted second-lieutenant March 1, 1862.

SERGEANTS.

Adoniram J. Pinkham,

Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted to second-lieutenant June 11, 1863. Present address, Ketcham, Idaho.

Harry Van Houton,

Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged November 30, 1863, to accept command as major of the Third Arkansas Cavalry.

Coridon L. Heath,

Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged November 9, 1862; disability.

Samuel Uhl,

Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; died December 5, 1863, on furlough.

CORPORALS.

Alexander Pitts,

Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted sergeant, first-sergeant, reduced sergeant; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Edwin A. Snow,

Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted sergeant; discharged April 27, 1862; disability. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

Dwight Heaton,

Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

James M. Shaw,

Lee Center, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged February 28, 1863; disability,

Henry H. Palmer,

Grand Detour, mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted sergeant; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Lowell, Mich.

Martin C. Auld,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 2861; transferred to Bowen's cavalry (now Tenth Missouri) August 1, 1861.

Henry M. Dumphery,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged March 17, 1863, to accept position as hospital steward. Present address, St. Louis, Mo.

Richard B. Young,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged October 10, 1861; disability.

PRIVATES.

Cyrline B. Ayers,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged March 19, 1863.

Henry A. Anderson,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864, as corporal.

Martin Abels,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864, as corporal.

Palmer Atkins,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Springfield, Ill.

DeGras W. Britton,
Paw Paw, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged August 24, 1861; disability. Age 23.

Charles A. Becker,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; died of wounds received near Vicksburg, December 28, 1862.

Charles Boucher,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Invalid corps, September 1, 1863.

Samuel Boyer,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

James H. Boyd,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged September 19, 1861.

Dennison Brandon,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; veteran, transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry; age, 21. Present address, Valley Falls, Kan.

John H. Brubaker,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1861; first sergeant. Present address, Anthony, Kan.

James Brennan,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; killed at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862, age 28.

Horace W. Beal,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged April 12, 1863; disability.

Martin Blair,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

Charles A. Benjamin,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

George Bass,
Ogle Station, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged September 8, 1863, disability.

Amos P. Curry,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Bowen's battalion cavalry (now Tenth Missouri cavalry) August 10, 1861. Present address, Spokane Falls, Mont.

William H. Casterline,
Lane Station, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged September 1863, disability. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

Amzi Crane,
Grand Detour, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Invalid Corps September 1, 1863.

John D. Crabtree,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Bowen's Battalion cavalry October 1, 1861. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

Zebulon Crane,
Grand Detour, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, What Cheer, Iowa.

Jonathan H. Crabtree,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted corporal. Present address, Rogers, Ark.

William H. Cheeseman,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged February 17, 1864; disability.

Osborne Cheney,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; died March 21, 1864; born in Illinois; age 20. Present address, Woodville, Ala.

James E. Covell,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

William Coffey,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

Henry A. Davlin,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; in general hospital, Memphis. Present address, Plankington, S, D.

Arthur J. Driver,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to invalid corps September 1, 1863. Present address, Sycamore, Ill.

George F. Dunwiddie,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Mark Evans,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted to first-lieutenant.

Henry W. Glassey,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to invalid corps February 1, 1863.

Charles J. Goble,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; died from wounds received at Black River Bridge, August 17, 1863; age 20.

William H. Griffin,
Mustered in May 24, 1861.

Lewis Greogor,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; drowned July 7, 1862.

John H. Gilgan,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; in general hospital, Memphis.

Milton Giles,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Olympia, Wash.

Austin Gallup,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Robert Hadley,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Kanopolis, Kan.

LeRoy Hallowell,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John Hamil,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Sumner, Iowa.

Orville Hamilton,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Invalid Corps September 1, 1863.

James A. Hill,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged December 23, 1861; disability.

John A. D. Heaton,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to non-commissioned staff November 20, 1863, as drum major. Present address, Elsmore, Cal.

Edward M. Heaton,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged February 14, 1863; wounds. Present address, York, Neb.

George W. Harkness,
Dixon, mustered in May 24. 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Clinton D. Harrison,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; died November 11, 1862, at Benton Barracks.

William Irwin,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864, as sergeant.

Albert Kelly,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Chicago, Ill.

Mark W. Link,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1661; died September 16, 1863, at St. Louis of congestion of the brain.

David H. Law,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to non-commissioned staff, May 24, 1861, as hospital steward.

William M. Mann,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Joseph R. Morrill,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

George F. Mann,
Dixon, mustered in May 24. 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Sterling, Ill.

Henry Mosely,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

William H. Mead,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged December 23, 1861: disability. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

John Oakley,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged April 5, 1863; disability. Present address, Shubert, Neb.

Benjamin F. Pratt,
Lee Center, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Oscar H. Philbrick,
Dixon, mustered in May 24. 1861; died August 14, 1863, at Vicksburg, of chronic diarrhœa, age 29.

Charles W. Reynolds,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 8, 1865. Present address, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Ed. V. E. Remington,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1862 ; veteran transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, age 21.

Milton Santee,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1862; transferred to to Bowen's Battalion cavalry, October 1, 1861. Present address, San Diego, Cal.

Rollin H. Stearns,
Lee Center, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; died January 1, 1864, at Benton Barracks, Mo.

Egbert D. Shaw,
Lee Center, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged February 24, 1863; disability. Present address, Shaw Sta., Lee Co., Ill.

Thomas H. Smurr,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Elkhart, Ind.

Charles H. Sutton,
Mustered in May 24, 1861.

Cyrus Peckards Smith,
Paw Paw, mustered in May 24, 1861. Present address, Parker's Prairie, Minn.

Charles W. Snyder,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; transferred to Forty-ninth United States, colored infantry, sergeant-major. Present address, Red Oak, Iowa.

Jedediah Shaw,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864, as corporal. Present address, Washington, D. C.

Norman P. Sterling,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Wesington, S. D.

David N. Slearry,
Dixon, mustered in, May 24, 1861 ; veteran, transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Andrew Voorhees,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; in general hospital at St. Louis. Present address, Elmira, N. Y.

George W. Wells,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged September 1, 1861 ; disability.

Joshua W. Wood,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Jacob R. Wolverton,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged December 23, 1862 ; disability.

Hugh Wilson,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; deserted September 20, 1861.

Martin H. Williams,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Bowen's battalion cavalry, October 1, 1861.

Charles A. Williams,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Bowen's battalion cavalry, October 1, 1861.

William H. Woodyatt,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged September 20, 1863; disability. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

Patrick Walsh,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; veteran, transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

John M. Welty,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 1861, 1864. Present address, Washington, D. C.

VETERANS.

Lyman M. Cole,
Dixon, mustered in January 29, 1864; corporal, transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, age 23. Present address, Geneva, Ohio.

Dennison Brandon,
Dixon, mustered in January 29, 1864; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Present address, Valley Falls, Kan.

Joseph S. Potter,
Dixon, mustered in January 29, 1864; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, age 24.

E. V. E. Remington,
Dixon, mustered in January 29, 1864; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

David N. Stary,
Dixon, mustered in January 29, 1864; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, age 23. Present address, St. Louis, Mo.

Patrick Walsh,
Dixon, mustered in January 29, 1864; tranferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, age 26.

RECRUITS.

George D. Burton,
Dixon, mustered in June 1, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Seth D. W. C. Britton,
Paw Paw, mustered in August 24, 1861; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

William Cook,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged December 23, 1861 ; disability.

James E. Edson,
Dixon, mustered in March 1, 1862, transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry ; mustered out February 28, 1865, age 25.

Sherman A. Griswold,
Lee Center, mustered in July 10, 1861 ; discharged December 17, 1863 ; promoted to second-lieutenant in Eleventh Missouri cavalry.

Norman Gaylord,
Canton, mustered in March 26, 1864 ; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry, age 27.

Joseph Hill,
Dixon, mustered in September 15, 1861 ; died November 15, 1863, at Paduca, age 18.

Seth J. Heaton,
Dixon, mustered in September 15, 1861 ; died December 5, 1861,

John W. King,
Dixon, mustered in August 15, 1862 ; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry. Present address, Dixon, Ill. Age 28.

Peter Jr. LaForge,
Franklin, mustered in June 1, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Bronco, Cal.

William G. McGinnis,
Dixon, mustered in September 15, 1861 ; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry, age 24. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

Patrick McKever,
Dixon, mustered in November 18, 1863 ; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry, age 28. Present address, Watseka, Ill.

Charles H. Noble,
Dixon, mustered in September 15, 1861 ; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry, age 18. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

William A. Palmer,
Chicago, mustered in December 21, 1863 ; trrnsferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry, age 28.

Charles F. Sawyer,
Lee Center, mustered in, June 1, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Bunker Hill, Kan.

John Schwabe,
Dixon, mustered in February 4, 1864 ; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry, age 25.

Jacob Spencer,
Canton, mustered in March 26, 1864 ; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry, age 36.

Oscar A. Webb,
Dixon, mustered in September 15, 1861 ; transferred to company I. Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry, age 17. Present address, Dixon, Ill.

Hobart P. Wicks,
Dixon, mustered in May 24, 1861 ; transferred as principal musician, 1861, to non-commissioned staff. Present address, St. Louis, Mo.

Edward White,
China, mustered in December 30, 1863 ; transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry, age 28.

COMPANY B.

Fort Sumter was fired upon by the rebels at Charleston, S. C., on Friday, April 12th, 1861. On Tuesday, April 16th, W. H. H. Hagey and Prince J. King, two young men who afterwards joined Company B, issued a call for a war meeting in Sterling and procured a hall for that purpose. Interest was at once aroused and on Saturday evening, the 20th, there was a meeting in Wallace Hall to organize a company and elect officers. Over fifty men signed the roll, when the following were elected as officers : Captain, D. R. Bushnell. The contest for First-Lieutenant was between Cooper Berry and G. P. Brown. As Brown was not known to many of the boys the choice fell upon Berry, but with some misgivings. W. M. Kilgour was elected Second-Lieutenant, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel in the Seventy-fifth Illinois. Old Captain Beatie, who had been in the Mexican War, was chosen Drill Master. All the military spirit in him took fire, and he could hardly get the consent of his mind not to rush in with the boys. When the company was about to leave Sterling they voted thanks and a fine cane to the old man. It broke him all up.

Captain Bushnell was sent to Springfield to offer our company for service, but the rush was so great, that he failed to get us into the six regiments called for three months. But we were accepted for thirty days State service, subject to the call for United States service. Young men came from Como, Erie and other places, making in all about ninety men. The

drill went on each day on the commons and in the evening in the hall. The citizens proposed to send the company out in good shape and at once sent for blankets and material for uniforms. These were secured, and many hands put at work to have the suits made up in short order. The work was all done when the order came to go into camp at Dixon. In fine rig and fine spirits the company left Sterling, Thursday, at 2 p. m., May 9th, 1861. Having left the train, a march of a mile brought them to the Fair Grounds, East of the town, which was to be the place of encampment. But one company was on the ground when we arrived, yet ere night, the ten companies that were to form the regiment had all arrived. No provision having been made on the ground to feed the men, the officers of our company took the men to the Nachusa House for supper. Returning to camp, we were quartered in the Fair Grounds buildings. Before morning, were awakened by a heavy rain that found its way through the roof, much to our discomfort.

The next morning brought plenty to eat, and an assignment to some of the duties incident to the camp life. The life that was to bring us all into serious experience, and to be the last of earthly life to so many. General Dennio, just from Washington, addressed us in a most patriotic strain. An election for regimental officers was held which resulted in the choice of J. B. Wyman for Colonel; B. F. Parks for Lieutenant-Colonel and A. B. Gorgas for Major.

The Company was now a part of the larger organization and much of its history was the history of the regiment. On the 14th of May the Company was honored by about one hundred friends from the vicinity of Sterling and of course feasted and fed in fine style. On the 15th Rev. Miller, a Baptist minister, from Amboy arrived as chaplain for the regiment and held his first religious service with us. In the evening Company B was detailed to draw out and fire the cannon, and as this was the first time it was done, it was accounted an honor. By the 19th, the company had become satisfied that Cooper Berry was not acceptable as First-Lieutenant, and they asked him

to vacate. He did so, when Sergeant G. P. Brown was elected to the position. A few days later Cooper Berry was shot and killed by one of the guards. The company received its first guns on the 23rd. Three recruits joined the company on the 24th. Captain John Pope arrived to muster the regiment into the United States service for three years or during the war. It was carried on amid great dissatisfaction. Most of the men were mustered, but some from each Company, except Company I, including several from Sterling backed out. The regiment was now fairly started on its career as soldiers for fun, work, hardships, strife, and, to many, death. Of all the companies in the regiment, the Sterling company came through the three years with the least loss, though she ever was in her place to do her whole duty. Of the one hundred and four men who enlisted, ninety were living when the three years were ended.

ROSTER.

Mathew R. Adams,

Enlisted at Sterling; at organization as sergeant promoted to first-sergeant, mustered out June 18, 1864. Had been a farmer and deputy-sheriff of Whiteside county. Present address, Rock Falls, Illinois.

Albert W. Adams,

Mustered May 24, 1861, at Dixon, Illinois. Transferred to invalid corps. Mustered out. Prosperous farmer. Present address Almond, Wisconsin.

Richard Arey, jr.,

Enlisted at Sterling. Mustered in at Dixon May 18, 1861. Served well. Mustered out June 18, 1864. Has lived in Rock Falls, Illinois, and Tennesee. Machinist. Present address, Rock Falls, Illinois.

James C. Arey,

Born in Massachusetts February 9, 1837. Came from Sterling, and mustered in June 7, 1861. Taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862. Served well. Mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address Rock Falls, Illinois.

John Aument,

Sterling, Illinois. Mustered in May 24, 1861. Mustered out June 18, 1864. Business, wagon maker. Present address, Sterling, Illinois.

Adam C. Anderson,

Enlisted from Sterling June 13, 1861. Mustered out June 18, 1864. Died at Davenport, Iowa, in 1871.

Douglas R. Bushnell,

Came from Sterling. Captain at organization; promoted to major December 29, 1862. Instantly killed by a bullet through his brain, November 27, at Ringgold, Georgia. Buried at Sterling. A fine soldier.

George P. Brown,

From Fulton. Mustered as sergeant; promoted to first-lieutenant; to captain December 29, 1862. Served on staff of General Carr. Mustered out June 18, 1864. Address Sterling, Illinois.

N. Cooper Berry,

Elected to the position of first-lieutenant at the organization of the company in Sterling. For reasons, another was commissioned, and Mr. Berry assigned to the position of sergeant-major. On the night of June 12, he was killed by a guard. Buried at Sterling.

Gideon Bowers,

From Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861, as sergeant; wounded December 29, 1862; died in hospital February 1, 1863. Buried at Sterling.

John Byers,

Empire; mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted corporal; discharged for disablement September 23, 1862; farmer. Address Sterling, Illinois.

Warner P. Banes,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; served as clerk; mustered out June 18, 1864; was in government employ at Washington, District Columbia. Deceased.

Howard L. Burkil,

Lyndon, Illinois; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; business, real estate and insurance. Present address, Omaha, Nebraska.

David Brink,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Melvern, Osage county, Kansas.

George A. Blinn,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Nothing further known of him.

John Bartholomew,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted to corporal; discharged for disablement December 19, 1862.

Samuel Chamberlain,

Erie; mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John D. Cota,
Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Has since died.

William Cross,
Erie; mustered in November 16, 1861. Died July 14, 1863 at Vicksburg, Mississippi. Born in Ohio; age nineteen. Chronic diarrhœa.

William P. Carpenter,
Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861. Died August 8, 1863; buried at Memphis, Tennessee. Born in New York; age thirty-five.

John Cahalon,
Sterling; father lived at Waukegan, Illinois; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Whereabouts not known.

John D. Davis,
Como; mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded at Ringgold, Georgia, November 27, 1863; re-enlisted January 29, 1864; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, June 1864; age twenty-seven. Address, Rock Falls, Illinois.

Edward E. Dunham,
Geneva; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Present address, Aurora, Illinois.

Edward S. Dickenson,
Prophetstown; mustered in, May 24, 1861, as corporal; promoted to lieutenant in Tenth Missouri Cavalry, August 1, 1864.

August S. Dickenson,
Prophetstown; mustered in, May 24, 1861. Mustered out, June 18, 1861. Died at Nashville, Tennessee, 1880.

Ira Dota,
Sterling; mustered in, June 11, 1861. Mustered out, June 18, 1864. Later history not known. A good soldier.

Richard Evans,
Sterling; mustered in, May 24, 1861. Deserted, March 21, 1862. Returned to regiment and was re-instated. Mustered out, June 18, 1864. Re-enlisted in Regular Artillery. Stationed at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. Present address, Stanton, Virginia.

John A. Euson,
Sterling; mustered in, May 24, 1861. Discharged for disablement, December 29, 1862.

Noble F. Eddy,
Erie; mustered in, November 4, 1861. Re-enlisted as Veteran and transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Present address, Erie, Illinois. Farmer.

Abram B. Endeston,
Sterling; mustered in, September 20, 1861. Re-enlisted as veteran, transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Salesman. Present address, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Michael W. Finneran,
Sterling; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Re-enlisted. A lively Irishman.

Martin B. V. Farington,
Erie; mustered in, May 24, 1861; wounded at Chickasaw, Bayou, December 29, 1862; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Present address, Norway, Kansas. Farmer.

Charles L. Fessler,
Princeton, Iowa; mustered in, June 11, 1861; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Reported died, 1890.

William H. Gavit,
Como; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Present address, North Scituate, Rhode Island.

Roscoe F. Green,
Sterling; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 18, 1864. In railroad employ. Present address, Rock Island Depot, Chicago, Illinois. Fine soldier.

Fletcher C. Galloway,
Sterling; mustered in, May 24, 1861; transferred to Naval Corps. Further history lost.

James Guild,
Sterling; mustered in, May 24, 1861; taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; starved and died soon after his release at New Orleans, Louisiana; age, 24; a Canadian.

Moses M. D. Hubbard,
Sugar Grove; mustered in, May 24, 1861; discharged disabled, February 6, 1862. Farmer. Present address, Gap Grove, Lee county, Illinois.

Frederick Hill,
Sterling. German. Mustered in, May, 24, 1861; deserted, March 21, 1862; joined a Guerrilla band near Helena, Arkansas; was captured by Union Cavalry and in trying to escape was killed by a guard at Helena. A most desperate character.

William H. H. Wagery,
Sterling; mustered in, May 24, 1861; discharged disabled, July 1, 1862. Physician; has practiced in Sterling.

John Henry,
Princeton, Iowa; mustered in, June 11, 1861; lost his right arm at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; transferred to Invalid Corps Home, Omaha, Nebraska. Business, harness maker. Successful in business.

Henry Hanson,
Princeton, Iowa; mustered in, June 11, 1861; died, October 5, 1861.

John J. Hostlander,

Sterling; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Machinist. Present address, 525 Braman street, San Francisco, California.

Oliver C. Hamlin,

Erie; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 18, 1864. In employ of Telegraph Company. Present address, Erie, Illinois.

Andrew Haberer,

Sterling; mustered in, May 24, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Constable. Present address, Sterling, Illinois.

Newton P. Howe,

Prophetstown; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Further history not known.

Lucius E. Hawley,

Sterling, mustered in May 24, 1861. Re-enlisted. Transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, soon after came out of service lost his arm in a threshing machine. County clerk. Present address, Ludington, Mich., age twenty-five.

Samuel C. Harvey,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861, as corporal, promoted to sergeant January 1, 1862; mustered out as sergeant, June 18, 1864. Died at Sterling, 1885.

Reuben Heffelfinger,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861, as corporal; mustered out as sergeant June 18, 1864. Has been in banking business. Present address, Denison, Iowa.

Geo. A. Hall,

Batavia; mustered in May 24, 1861, as drummer; transferred to Invalid Corps. Later history not known.

William Irons,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; became fifer; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Benjamin Judd,

Sterling; May 24, 1861. Died at Rolla, Mo., September 21, 1861. The first death in the regiment; buried at Sterling.

Edward R. Joslyn,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; taken prisoner at Madison Station, Ala.; May 17, 1864; was held till the close of the war and died at St. Louis on his way home.

Prince J. King,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged for disablement July 1, 1862. Latest address, Rockford, Ill.

Edward Kimball,

Sterling; mustered in June 9, 1861; discharged for disablement September 7, 1863.

William M. Kilgour,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861, as second-lieutenant; resigned February 3, 1862; raised a company for the Seventy-fifth Illinois Infantry; promoted to major, then to lieutenant-colonel and to brevet brigadier-general; was badly wounded at Perryville, Ky.; lawyer by profession; resided at Sterling, Ill. Died in California May 30, 1885.

Warren Lukins,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged disabled March 1, 1863; has lived at Rock Falls, Ill. Present address Passadena, Cal.

Charles Mann,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861, as corporal; mustered out June 18, 1864; express agent. Present address, Milwaukee, Wis.

Henry J. Maddison,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; deserted October 1, 1861; enlisted in Thirteenth Illinois Cavalry; deserted from there and enlisted in Seventeenth Regular United States Infantry and was killed in a charge at the Second Battle of Bull Run. His conduct showed he he was loyal to the cause, though not wise in leaving his regiment.

John G. Manahan,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861 as corporal; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou; promoted to sergeant September 13, 1863; transferred to Company I; lawyer. Present address, Sterling, Ill. Member of Illinois legislature.

Amos H. Miller,

Sterling; born October 20, 1840; mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted to corporal October 1, 1861 and to sergeant March 26, 1863. mustered out June 18, 1864 as sergeant; minister in Methodist church. Present address, Lockport, Ill. Served one year in Company F, Second Regiment Hancock's Veteran Corps.

William H. McMillin

Erie; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; barber. Present address, Lake City, Minn.

Joseph Mickle,

Sterling; mustered in June 6, 1861; promoted to corporal December 19, 1862; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Marshalltown.

William D. Morgaridge,

Como; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Postmaster, Galt, Ill.

Frank McCarty,

Erie; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Sterling, Ill.

Charles M. Mack,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862 and carries the lead yet; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; a printer. Present address, 157 West Madison St., Chicago.

John M. Marble,

Chicago; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged August 22, 1861; promoted to captain in Forty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Died 1880.

James M. Moore,

Princeton, Iowa; mustered in June 11, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio.

John S. McClary,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant, and to Quartermaster, September 12, 1863; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Norfolk, Neb.

William O. Newton,

Sterling; born in England, 1843; mustered in June 6, 1861; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; discharged September 7, 1863; disabled; machinist. Present address, Belle Plain, Iowa; the first projector of this history.

Henry C. Osgood,

Sterling; born in Vermont, age 26; mustered in May 24, 1861, as Corporal. Died at St. Charles, Illinois, March 22, 1862.

David Hickman Over,

Erie; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged August 11, 1863; disability. Died soon after; buried at Memphis, Tennessee.

Henry C. Plant,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; served in pioneer corps; mustered out June 18, 1864; carpenter. Present address, Sterling.

Joseph M. Patterson,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861 as First-Sergeant; promoted to Second Lieutenant February 3, 1862; to First-Lieutenant December 29, 1862; wounded at Ringgold, Georgia, November 27, 1863; mustered out June 18, 1864; has been at banking at Sterling, Illinois, and State Senator in Illinois. Present address, 1317 West Thirteenth Street, Kansas City, Missouri, in agriculture business and is City Alderman.

David P. Parsons,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; February 1, 1863, promoted to Adjutant Eleventh Missouri Cavalry. Died in Sterling soon after the war.

Gordon M. Pierce,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted to Corporal September 13, 1862; mustered out June 18, 1864; carpenter. Present address, Sterling.

JOHN W. RHODES.

Company B.

William H. Pollington,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged September 7, 1863; disability; it was understood that his right name was "Wright." He died suddenly while going into a store at Marion, Illinois, just after the close of the war.

Arthur Patterson,

Princeton, Iowa; mustered in June 11, 1861; promoted to Corporal June 27, 1862; mustered out as Corporal June 18, 1864; carpenter. Present address, Tomales, California.

George Russell,

Como; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged September 7, 1863; disability. Died soon after at his home.

John W. Rhodes,

Erie; born in Wilmington, Indiana, 1842; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged June 8, 1863 and commissioned Second-Lieutenant Third Mississippi Colored Troops; promoted to First-Lieutenant October 10, 1863 and to Captain September 20, 1864; discharged March 8, 1866; manufacturer. Present address, Havana, Illinois.

Orin D. Reed,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged July 1, 1862; disabled. Died in Rock Falls, Illinois, 1884.

Thomas Randall,

Princeton, Iowa; mustered in June 11, 1861; killed at Helena, Arkansas, September 8, 1862, while in liquor. This was the cause of the death of many a good soldier; age 27.

Jesse Rood,

Coloma; mustered in May 24, 1861; left the regiment March 22, 1862. It is supposed was soon after killed.

John J. Russell,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861 as Sergeant; promoted to Second-Lieutenant December 29, 1862; mustered out June 18, 1864, as Second-Lieutenant; is a lawyer at Jefferson, Iowa; has been State Senator. Is now one of the trustees of the Soldiers' Home in Iowa.

Andrew J. Stowell,

Erie; mustered in May 24, 1861 as Sergeant; discharged July 1, 1862, for disability.

Cyrenus Stewart,

Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; lived in Rock Falls, Illinois. Died in 1874.

Nathaniel Sipes,

Como; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; a good and faithful teamster. Present address, Albany, Illinois.

Herman L. Smith,

Sterling; mustered in June 6, 1861; discharged March 10, 1864; disability. Supposed to have been killed a few years ago in Texas.

Sherman S. Smith,

Sterling, mustered in June 2, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; served one year in Company F Second Regiment; Hancock's Veteran Corps. Present address, Ottawa, Kansas.

James R. Smith,

Born in Canada December 15, 1840 Prophetstown; mustered in May 24 1861; mustered out June 18 1864. Present address Prophetstown, Illinois.

Charles H. Sanford,

Born October 6, 1837, Pittsford, Vermont; Round Grove; mustered in August 17 1861; promoted to corp. and sergeant; Transferred to Company I Fifty-six Illinois Infantry, first sergeant. Present address, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; has lived in Illinois, Michigan and Iowa; worthy of higher position.

Calvin W. Smith,

Sterling, mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862 and taken prisoner; transferred to Company I Fifty-sixth Illinois, January 15, 1864. Present address, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

John H. Stolb,

Sterling, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; shoe-maker. Present address, Rock Falls, Illinois.

Homer B. Silliman,

Como; mustered in May 24, 1861; died September 16, 1861 at Rolla, Missouri.

Abiathur Sutliff,

Como; mustered in June 6, 1861; died at Vicksburg, August 8, 1863; born in Ohio, age twenty-three; general debility.

John A. Stackhouse,

Empire June 6, 1861; promoted to corps and sergeant June 1, 1863; died at Youngs' Point Louisiana, March 25, 1863; buried on the Levee; born in Pennsylvania, age twenty-seven.

Luke L. Tuttle,

Erie; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address New Britton, Connecticut.

William A. Thomas,

Como; mustered in January 24, 1861; promoted to corp. June 1, 1863; mustered out June 18 1864.

George F. Tobey,

Erie; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Reported died 1889.

David W. Utts,
Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864 as corp. Present address, Lyons, Iowa; tinsmith.

Henry W. Weaver,
Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Stockton, California.

Horatio Wells,
Round Grove; mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded December 29, 1862; mustered out June 18, 1864, as corp. Present address, Aledo, Illinois; marble merchant.

Francis Willard,
Sterling; mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, New York City, care of *Clipper*.

Barent E Van Buren,
Sterling; mustered in June 13, 1861; wounded December 29, 1862; re-enlisted and transferred to Company I Fifty-sixth Illinois. Present address, Theressa, Bradford county, Florida; he is Postmaster at that place; discharged from Fifty-sixth Illinois August 12, 1865. Has lived in Chicago, (Illinois,) and Florida.

COMPANY C.

Organized at Amboy, Lee county, Illinois, April 25, 1861, under supervision of William E. Ives, Esq. Went into camp on the same day at the County Fair-grounds and used Floral Hall for sleeping quarters, and built small houses outside for cooking. Company officers were elected and non-commissioned officers were appointed.

Drilling awkward squads was the order of each day to the extent of knowledge at the command of our commissioned officers.

Lieutenant Neff's comprehensive command when marching the company by flank up to the tight, high, board fence, was, "Whoa;" and we had to stand there facing the fence until he could think of some command to give to get them about-faced.

Remained at this camp until May 9th, 1861, when we moved to Dixon, Illinois; by order of J. B. Wyman, then Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the State, saying we

had been accepted by the State for thirty days, for the purpose of drill.

Before leaving Amboy, the company was presented with a beautiful silk flag by the ladies of the place. This was accepted by the company in an appropriate speech delivered by Remington Warriner. Arrived at Dixon, May 9th, and during same day and day following, were joined by nine other companies from different parts of the State, making what was afterwards the Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers' Infantry.

ROSTER.

Henry M. Messinger,

Captain; born in Friendship, Alleghany county, State of New York; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; discharged November 3, 1863, for physical disability; has since resided at Centralia, Illinois, and in Kansas. Present address, 1824 Holly street, Kansas city, Missouri.

George B. Sage,

Second-lieutenant; mustered with the regiment; promoted first-lieutenant, November 15, 1862; promoted captain, November 3, 1863; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Denison, Texas.

Nathaniel Neff,

First-lieutenant; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; resigned November 15, 1862. Railroad engineer by profession, and has since died.

Simeon T. Josselyn,

Sergeant; enlisted from Amboy, and was mustered with the regiment; promoted second-lieutenant, November 15, 1862; promoted first-lieutenant, November 3, 1863; discharged June 18, 1864. Occupation, Railroading. Present address, Omaha, Nebraska, where he is engaged in Insurance business; Lieutenant Josselyn was born in Buffalo, New York, January 14, 1842.

John A. Shipman,

Sergeant; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois; was mustered with the regiment; mustered out as first-sergeant, November 4, 1864. His present address is Sioux City, Iowa.

David L. Kinninment,

Sergeant; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; promoted sergeant-major, October 11, 1861; discharged for promotion December 1, 1863, by reason of promotion to first-lieutenant, Sixth United States Colored Heavy Artillery; promoted

LIEUT. S T. JOSSELYN

Company C.

SERGT. WILLIAM H. HALE.

Company C

captain Company L, same regiment, February 11, 1865; mustered out at Natchez, Mississippi, May 15, 1866. Comrade Kinninment was born in Scotland; present address is 338 Harvey avenue, Ridgeland, Oak Park, Cook County, Illinois. At Natchez, Mississippi, he served as captain and aide-de-camp on the staff of Major-Gen. J. W. Davidson, also as judge-advocate of the southern district of Mississippi. From October 5, 1866, to May, 1868, was inspector in the Internal Revenue Department of Illinois.

William H. Hale,

Sergeant; was born in Harmony, Pennsylvania; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois; mustered out June 18, 1864; present residence Amboy, Illinois. Comrade Hale has been conductor on the Illinois Central Railroad ever since his discharge from the army, and is so employed now.

Frank A. Wood,

Sergeant; enlisted from Sublette, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment; died January 3, 1864, of chronic diarrhœa, at Nashville, Tennessee; born Massachusetts, age twenty.

Frederick W. Cooper,

Corporal; enlisted from Melugin's Grove, and was mustered with the regiment; was made a sergeant, but was mustered out as a private, on June 18, 1864.

William H. Ripley,

Corporal; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864, as a private.

Alexander Rolto.

Corporal; enlisted from Amboy, and mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864, as a private.

Alexander McNaughton,

Corporal; was born in Salem, New York, April, 1829; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment; discharged at Helena, Arkansas, September 28, 1862, on account of disability; present address is Janesville, Wisconsin.

Albert B. McKune,

Corporal; enlisted from Sublette and mustered with the regiment as private; was mustered out with the regiment.

Joseph T. Sackett,

Corporal; enlisted from Heyworth, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; mustered out as color-sergeant, June 18, 1864.

Herman G. Huster,

Corporal; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, and mustered out with the regiment as sergeant; present residence is sterling, Illinois.

George M. Berkley,

Corporal; enlisted from Sublette, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, and mustered out as sergeant, with the regiment; has been sheriff of Lee county; present residence is Dixon, Illinois.

Tracy F. Marshall,

Fifer; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; he was discharged February 5, 1862, for disability; his last known residence was at Marshalltown, Iowa.

Frank Lee,

Drummer; was enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment; as "musician" he was mustered out with the regiment; present address is Gara, Missouri.

Richard Atkinson,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; was promoted corporal, and as such, was mustered out with the regiment.

William H. Adams,

Private; enlisted from Lena, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, but deserted January 30, 1863.

Edward A. Barnard,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; he is said to have been killed in Texas, since the close of the war; but served the full term, and was mustered out with the regiment.

Otis B. Bridgman,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; died May 28, 1864.

Pierre Bushnell,

Private; enlisted from Heyworth, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; transferred as lieutenant to the Tenth Missouri Cavalry.

John F. Banister,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois and mustered with the regiment; discharged January 15, 1864, for disability.

Willis Bronson,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois and mustered with the regiment. Comrade Bronson was born in New Britain, Connecticut; served the full term and was mustered out with the regiment, as corporal.

John Creamer,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois and mustered with the regiment; deserted Feburary 28, 1863.

Henry Christie,

Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois and mustered with the regiment; deserted June 15, 1862.

Valentine Cortz,
Born in Germany, age twenty-one; private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; killed in action at Vicksburg, May 22, 1863.

James Christeance,
Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; promoted corporal; served until, January 1, 1864, when he veteranized and was sworn in as such on January 29, 1864, and was assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Age twenty-two.

Michael Casey,
Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Henry Clay,
Private; enlisted at Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment. He was on detached service in Alabama; captured March 3, 1864, and confined at Andersonville; mustered out January 10, 1865.

Sylvanus Cole,
Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; age twenty-five; veteranized January 19, 1864, and was sworn in as such on January 29, 1864, and assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Dennis Donahue,
Private; enlisted from Heyworth, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; promoted corporal, and mustered out with the regiment.

William H. Deardorff,
Private; enlisted from Jonesborough, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; discharged August 19, 1863, for disability.

John Dykeman,
Private; age eighteen; born in Amboy, Illinois; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; died January 10, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tennessee, of wounds.

Andrew DeWolf,
Private; enlisted from Lee Center, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; discharged June 12, 1863, for disability.

Frederick P. Fox,
Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; promoted commissary-sergeant June 1, 1863, and mustered out with the regiment; present residence, Republican, Nebraska.

Samuel C. Fairchild,
Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; mustered out with the regiment; present residence, Oak Dale, Nebraska.

Joseph C. Fishell,

Private; enlisted from Sublette, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; died June 16, 1864, two days before he would have been mustered out; his disease was pneumonia.

Mills J. Gifford,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; served the full term and was mustered out with the regiment.

James E. Gray,

Private; enlisted from Lee Center, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; Comrade Gray was born in London, Canada West, on the 15th of December, 1841; was wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, and left on the field for dead; afterwards served one year in the Seventh Illinois Cavalry, and was mustered out at the same time of his old regiment. In the passing years since the war, Comrade Gray has been a busy man; he has held the office of Township Tax Collector for a term of nine years, and on March 27, 1889, he was appointed postmaster at Lee Center, Illinois, where he now resides.

Josiah K. Goodwin,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; promoted hospital steward, May 24, 1861; born in Pennsylvania; died August 5, 1863, at Vicksburg.

Edward Clarence Hubbard,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; was promoted sergeant-major December 1, 1863.

[Comrade Hubbard's death is noticed in the *National Tribune*, as follows:

"DECEASED.—In Chicago, Illinois, June 27, 1887, Edward Clarence Hubbard, aged forty-four, of Hartford, Kentucky. Comrade Hubbard was well known to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, having been Adjutant-General of that organization for the State of Kentucky. At the time of his death he was Commander of Preston Morton Post, of Ohio county, Kentucky. He was also one of the leading members of the bar in western Kentucky, and honored as a prominent Republican politician all over the State, having been a delegate from his district to the Presidental Convention held in Cincinnati in 1876, to a similar one in Chicago in 1880, and elector-at-large for the State of Kentucky in 1884. He was born in Cook county, Illinois, and was a graduate of the Chicago High School. Just after leaving the High School, he enlisted in the Thirteenth Illinois, serving through to the end of the war. While in the service he contracted throat trouble that carried him off in the prime of life."

The San Francisco *Daily Alta* says that: "Hon. E. Clarence Hubbard, a leading citizen and lawyer of Kentucky, died early yesterday

morning, at the home of his mother, in Chicago, whither he had been removed for the benefit of his health. Mr. Hubbard's parents emigrated to Illinois when Fort Dearborn, now Chicago, was an Indian trading post, near which place, February 24th, 1843, he was born and grew to manhood. He was a graduate of the Chicago High School, of the class of 1859, and was a class-mate with Mr. John R. Scupham, of San Francisco. When the first call for troops was made, in April, 1861, the deceased enlisted in the Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers, and was appointed Sergeant-Major of the regiment, of which regiment Mr. Frank W. Cushing of the United States Customs of this city, was a member. After three and a half years' service Mr. Hubbard returned to Chicago and assisted in the formation, and was an officer of the first Army and Navy Club organized in the Northwest, of which Charles A. Dana, now editor of the New York *Sun*, was the President, and Col. Lyman Bridges, of San Francisco, was vice-President. Having married the daughter of Col. Q. C. Shanks, a Union cavalry officer of Kentucky, that State afterwards became his home. In politics he was an ardent Republican, and as such he presided in the councils of his party, was a delegate to the National Convention that nominated ex-Presidents Hayes and Garfield. He opposed the nomination of Grant for the third term, and made the principal address at the anti-third term convention held in St. Louis in 1880, and was the orator on Memorial Day at Louisville three years ago. He was in his forty-fifth year at the time of his death, and was a brother of Col. A. S. Hubbard of this city. His many friends of this coast will learn with regret his untimely death.]

John Hoctor,

Private; born in Ireland; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; a prisoner of war, at Madison, Alabama, sent to Cahaba, and Meridian, Mississippi, and mustered out June 8, 1865.

Alfred Hastings,

Private; enlisted from Sublette, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; discharged August 19, 1863, for disability.

Alexander Hamilton,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; age twenty-three; mustered out, June 9, 1865. Present address, Amboy, Illinois.

Theodore Hyde,

Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; age, twenty-one; veteranized on January 1, 1864, and mustered for veteran service on January 29, 1864, and assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Simeon C. Huff,

Private ; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment ; mustered out with the regiment.

Willard Jones,

Private ; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment ; killed at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862. Born in Maine ; age, twenty-four.

Augustus Judd,

Private ; enlisted from Wapella, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment ; mustered out with the regiment.

James A. Keat,

Private ; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment ; deserted December 2, 1862.

Charles D. Keene,

Private ; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment ; discharged September 28, 1861, for disability.

Nelson Lane,

Private ; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment ; mustered out with the regiment. Present address, Philips, Nebraska.

William J. Lynch,

Private ; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment ; mustered out with the regiment.

Nathan Meggarry,

Private ; enlisted from Amboy, Ill., and mustered with the regiment ; mustered out with the regiment.

Zack Mathuss,

Private ; enlisted from Amboy, Ill., and mustered with the regi ment ; discharged October 19, 1862, for disability. His present address is Los Angeles, Cal.

[By mistake, this comrade's name has been spelled wrong ; and it deserves righting by saying that Comrade Zachariah D. Mathuss was born November 12, 1841, at Ashton, N. C. Since his discharge from the army, Comrade Mathuss has resided eighteen months in Dixon, Ill., five years in Virginia City and Helena, Mont., two years in Chicago, five years at Cairo, Ill., ten years at Shenandoah, Iowa, and four years at Los Angeles, Cal., where he now resides. Comrade Mathuss is an enthusiastic Grand Army man, and delights to bring up the reminiscences of thirty years ago.]

James McCollum,

Private ; enlisted from Amboy, Ill., and was mustered with the regiment ; was captured by the enemy, at Chickasaw Bayou, and died of wounds received at Ringgold Gap, Ga., on November 28, 1863. Born in Indiana ; age twenty-four.

ZACK MATHUSS.

Company C.

James H. Montgomery,
Private; enlisted from Dixon, Ill., and mustered with the regiment. Died, August 7, 1863. Born, Canada West, age twenty-one.

Harry W. McKune,
Private; enlisted at Sublette, Ill., and mustered with the regiment. Died at Andersonville Prison, Ga., July 8, 1864. Grave No. 3050.

Jacob Nelson,
Private; enlisted at Amboy, Ill., and was mustered with the regiment. Served the full term, and was mustered out with the regiment.

Stephen T. Parker,
Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Ill., and mustered with the regiment. Transferred to the invalid corps, September, 30th, 1863.

Charles W. Rosbrough,
Private; enlisted from Freeport, Ill., and mustered with the regiment; age twenty-nine; veteranized January 1, 1884; and mustered as such, January 29, 1864, and assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Adam Roundenbush,
Private; enlisted from Amboy, Ill. Mustered with regiment, and in hospital September 20, 1862.

Frank T. Rosbach,
Private; enlisted from Amboy, Ill., and mustered with the regiment; mustered out September 10th, 1864; present address, Assumption, Ill.

Dorson A. Rosencranz,
Private; enlisted from Ogle, Ill., and mustered with the regiment; discharged September 8th, 1863, for disability.

Charles E. Runrill,
Private; born in Oswego, N. Y., December 6th, 1832; enlisted from Amboy, Ill., and mustered with the regiment; prisoner of war, mustered out May 20th, 1865. Present address, Woosung, Ogle county, Ill.

James Shultz,
Private; enlisted from Franklin Grove, Ill., and was mustered with the regiment; died September 30th, 1863, at Malugin's Grove, Ill., of chronic diarrhœa; born in Pennsylvania; age 22.

Tolman A. Seelley,
Private; enlisted from Amboy, Ill., and mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Amos E. Sweet,
Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Ill., and mustered with the regiment. Present address Compton, Ill.

Robert H. Thompson,

Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Ill., and mustered with the regiment; prisoner of war, and mustered out June 18, 1865. Present address, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Charles Thomas,

Private; enlisted from Shammock, Ill., and mustered with the regiment; mustered out with the regiment. Present address, Clinton, Iowa.

Edward Thompson,

Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Ill., and mustered with the regiment; age, twenty-five years; corporal, and veteranized on January 1, 1864, and on January 29, 1864, transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Present residence, Otumwa, Iowa.

Hudson R. Unks,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Ill., and mustered with the regiment; discharged October 17, 1861, for disability. Present address, Evanston, Wyoming.

William H. Varney,

Private; enlisted from Heyworth, Ill.; mustered with the regiment; mustered out with the regiment. Present address, Pleasanton, Kansas.

Thomas W. Willars,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, died at Helena Arkansas, September 23, 1862, congestive chill; Born in England, age twenty-four.

Charles C. Wilson,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, and with it mustered out. Present residence, Freeport Illinois.

[In addition to what Comrade Wilson has seen fit to furnish the historian, his record (which has been a good one) would not be complete without some few items which have cropped out, in spite of Comrade Wilson's intention not to praise himself. The historian has had occasion to examine papers recommending comrade Wilson, signed by General Grant's own hand, after he had become a Lieutenant-General. After the war, Comrade Wilson married and settled down to civil life. Has not sought civil honors, nor a sounding name, but has gone to work to procure the necessary wherewithal to make a comfortable home for the loved ones that God has placed in his charge. Comrade Wilson, with wife, son and daughter, are happily situated at No. 38 High street, Freeport, Illinois, and the veterans of the old Thirteenth, will find no difficulty in locating the right man, as the latch-string is hanging conveniently on the outside.]

C. C. WILSON.

Company C.

George P. Wood,

Private; enlisted from Sublette, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; killed at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; born in Massachusetts; age twenty-two.

Patsey Ward,

Private; enlisted from Ogle, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; mustered out with the regiment.

Rimmington Mariner,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, and with it mustered out.

Jackson L. Eels,

Private; enlisted at Sublette, Illinois, and mustered on May 25, 1861; was wagoner, and was mustered out with the regiment.

Richard E. Ash,

Private; enlisted from Sublette, and mustered on May 25, 1861; mustered out with the regiment.

P. F. Allen,

Private; enlisted from Lamoille, Illinois, and mustered May 30, 1861; promoted corporal, and mustered out with the regiment. Present address is 37 George Street, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

George H. Beebee,

Private; enlisted from Peru, Illinois, and mustered on May 25, 1861; was detailed on detached service, November 14, 1862.

Hugh Carr,

Private; enlisted from Sublette, Illinois, and mustered on May 25, 1861; absent sick, from November 1, 1863. Present address, Spirit Lake, Iowa.

Francis Cole,

Enlisted from Garrettville, Illinois, and mustered on June 16, 1861, and deserted July 10, 1861.

William H. Curley,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and mustered on September 23, 1861; discharged August 14, 1863, for disability.

George W. Dunbar,

Private; enlisted from Lamoille, Illinois; on June 14, 1861, was mustered into service, and died January 26, 1863, typhoid fever.

David Fairchilds,

Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and was mustered on August 22, 1861; age 21; veteranized on January 1, 1864, and mustered on January 29, 1864, and assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Present address is West Brooklyn, Illinois.

Albert H. Higday,

Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and mustered on May 25, 1861; discharged on February 9, 1863, for disability.

Henry A. Kirchner,

Private; enlisted from Lamoille, Illinois, and was mustered on June 14, 1861, and discharged on February 25, 1863, for disability. Present address, Lamoille Bureau Co., Illinois.

Hannibal Keene,

Private; enlisted from Paw Paw, Illinois, and was mustered on May 25, 1861; discharged September 28, 1861, for disability.

William H. H. Lane,

Private; enlisted from St. Louis, and was mustered on May 30, 1861; mustered out with the regiment. Present address, Columbus, Ohio.

Henry J. Lee,

Private; enlisted from Lamoille, Illinois, and was mustered on May 25, 1861; promoted sergeant, and mustered out with the regiment. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, February 22, 1864, and re-enlisted in the United States Eighth Veteran Volunteers. President address is Saratoga Springs, New York.

Daniel McCoy,

Private; enlisted from Franklin Grove, Illinois, and was mustered on May 30, 1861, and died August 3, 1863. Born in New York; age thirty-three.

William Morse,

Private; enlisted from Sublette, Illinois, and was mustered on May 25, 1861, and mustered out with the regiment. Present address, Amboy, Illinois.

Sheldon Marsh,

Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and was mustered on August 26, 1861; age twenty-five: veteranized, and was mustered on January 29, 1864, and assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Present residence, Hopkins, Missouri.

Fred. R. Nourse,

Private; enlisted from St. Louis, and was mustered on May 30, 1861, and died September 8, 1863.

Abram J. Rodabaugh,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and was mustered on May 25, 1861; age twenty-six; veteranized, and was mustered on January 29, 1864, and assigned to the Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, Company I. Present address is St. Louis, Missouri.

Benjamin F. Shinneman,

Private; enlisted from Malugin's Grove, Illinois, and was mustered on May 25, 1861; age twenty-four; veteranized, and was mustered on January 29, 1864.

Henry Scizer,

Private; enlisted from Sterling, Illinois, and was mustered on May 25, 1861; and mustered out with the regiment.

Norman Shaul,

Private; enlisted from Mendota, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment May 30, 1861, and deserted June 19, 1863.

George F. Thorn,

Private; enlisted from Daysville, Illinois, and was mustered on May 25, 2861. Discharged September 8, 1863.

Osgood Wyman,

Private; enlisted from Amboy, Illinois, and was mustered on May 30, 1861; was promoted corporal, and mustered out with the regiment. Residence, Amboy, Illinois.

Ogden Fairchilds,

Private; enlisted from Viola, and was mustered on May 30, 1861; age twenty-eight; veteranized, and was mustered on January 29, 1864, and assigned to Company I of the Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, and was mustered out on June 18, 1864. Residence, West Brooklyn, Illinois.

John H. Scott,

Private; enlisted from Lincoln, Illinois, and was mustered on February 8, 1864; age twenty, and veteranized.

COMPANY D.

Quincy McNeil writes in March, 1887, concerning the company raised at Rock Island and known in the regiment as D Company:

"On April 19th, 1861, one hundred and thirty-two men left Rock Island for Springfield, Illinois, that place having been declared the rendezvous for the six regiments just called by the Governor to meet the quota for the seventy-five thousand call of President Lincoln. These men were commanded by W. W. Williams, Captain; David Benson, First-Lieutenant; Quincy McNeil, Second-Lieutenant. At Decatur we heard that seventy-seven men, rank and file, were all that were allowed in a company. Williams selected those out of the men that he wanted for his company, but said nothing to the others until they arrived at Springfield. He was assigned with his men to the Twelfth Regiment as Company D. The

Legislature soon convened and authorized each Congressional District to raise a regiment. The men who were not wanted in Williams's company formed another company to belong to the regiment from the Second Congressional District. Quincy McNeil was elected Captain; James M. Beardsley, First-Lieutenant, and Albert T. Higby, Second-Lieutenant. An order was then made by the War Department to fill up each company to one hundred and one men. Williams then desired to draw enough men from the McNeil company to fill his own, but the men said that they had been counted out once, and now he could fill up his company from other men. This was easily done, as most men wanted a hand in the ninety days given to smash secession. The McNeil company was ordered to Dixon on May 9th, and were mustered in by Capt. John E. Smith, aid to Governor Yates. When they came to muster in to the United States service, some of the men refused to number, and the company was short of the requisite number to muster as a company. To meet the emergency, some men were borrowed from Company G, and the company was mustered, to the gratification of those who were anxious to go to the war. In making out the muster-roll, the names of all the men were placed upon it. As there were just lines enough for the one hundred and one names, those from Company G, which had been borrowed for this occasion were interlined. This was done in such a bungling way that Captain Pope, the mustering officer, returned the roll to Captain McNeil, who was given another blank and instructions to fill it up so that the names could be easily read. In the meantime enough of the troops had been secured from Rock Island so that the spaces could be filled up without the borrowed names. To rectify the roll the borrowed men were reported as having deserted. The large number of them was noticed, and the War Department called for an explanation. The Captains who had loaned men finally made a clean breast of it though, in fear of dismissal from the service. The company was now fairly in the service and made its record with the regiment.

ROSTER.

Quincy McNeil,

Born November 21, 1822, at Princeton, Indiana; enlisted April 14, 1861; mustered in as Captain Company B, May, 24, 1861; promoted May 2; Illinois Cavalry, July 11, 1861; promoted Lieutenant-Colonel August 30, 1862; served with Thirty-Ninth Regiment; colored troops from March 11, 1864; served under General Burnside in battle of Wilderness in forty-two engagements; returned to Rock Island May 15; has been in Rock Island most of the time since. Present address, Rock Island. He further writes: "I made ten thousand dollars in the army, 'six bits' in money and the rest in experience; was retired by a fool Court Martial April 4, 1865; returned home and was appointed whisky smeller to a distillery; have been the maker of abstracts of titles for twenty years; have lost the use of my right hand by writer's paralysis; wife died; children all gone; I want to go home."

[Early in the campaign of 1851, Captain McNeil resigned from Company D of our regiment to accept promotion as major of the Second Illinois Cavalry; and while serving as such, at Paducah, Kentucky, in January, 1862, the copperhead convention of Illinois, sitting at Springfield, ostensibly for revising the Constitution, *but really to be used as a political machine* assumed to control the soldiers in the field, passing the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on Military Affairs be instructed to inquire whether the soldiers sent into the field from this State have been and continue to be provided for in all respects as the troops sent into the field from other States have been provided for; and if the committee find that the Illinois troops have not been thus provided for, that they be instructed to inquire further whether the neglect is justly chargeable to any person or persons holding office under this state, and to report the facts to this convention.

The following reply to this resolution from the gallant McNeil was more than they bargained for:

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY, Feb. 16th, 1862.

James W. Singleton, Esq., Chairman Committee on Military Affairs, Springfield, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Your circular dated January 23d, 1862, including a resolution of the Illinois Constitutional Convention, came to hand to-day.

Should I give you the information the resolution calls for, I should make as great an ass of myself as the Convention has of you by asking you *to attend to that which is none of your business;* and which is also

not the business of the Convention. If I am rightly informed, you were elected to make a constitution for the State of Illinois. *Why in h—— don't you do it?* Comparing the equipments of the soldiers of the several states is about as much your business as it would be my business to inquire into the sanity of the members of the Convention. Suppose the facts were as your resolution would seem to imply—that we are not as well equipped and armed as soldiers from the other States—can you as a member of that Convention be of any service to us? But I know, and you know, that the resolution was offered for a different purpose—*a purpose for which every member of the Convention should blush for shame*—to make political capital.

If the Committee on Military Affairs are so very anxious to exhibit their ability in inquiring into war matters, I would suggest—as the resolution permits me to make suggestions—*that it inquire into the history of the Mormon war*, in which its venerable chairman played so conspicuous a part.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

QUINCY MCNEIL,
Major Second Illinois Cavalry.

Governor Yates, himself, flatly refused to answer like impertinent questions of this Convention.]

James M. Beardsley,

Born October 30, 1840, Ellington, N. Y.; mustered as first-lieutenant Company D, May 24, 1861; promoted to captain and major November 27, 1863; promoted by brevet to brigadier-general June 28, 1865; badly wounded November 27, 1863. Resides in Rock Island since the war; county clerk and attorney. Present address, Rock Island.

Albert T. Higby,

Mustered in as second-lieutenant May 24, 1861; promoted first-lieutenant August 10, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864.

George G. Knox,

Private; enlisted in Company D, from Chicago, and mustered in with the regiment at Dixon, Ill., May 24, 1861, and was promoted first-sergeant after a few weeks, serving as such until August 10, 1861, when he was promoted as first-lieutenant of his company; he was born in Rock Island, Ill., January 12, 1842, was nineteen years old, of medium stature, and would weigh about one hundred and forty pounds.

[George G. Knox came of good Revolutionary fighting stock, his lineage running back to Henry Knox, of Watertown, Massachusetts, of English pedigree.

When the War of the Revolution broke out, Henry Knox was made colonel of continental artillery, then brigadier-general of artillery, and Chief-of-Staff to General Washington, and when Washington laid down the sword, and went into private life, Congress made Major-General Henry Knox Commander-in-Chief of the Army; and on Washington taking the Presidental Chair, he called his old friend and army comrade, General Knox, to be his Secretary of War. The Order of the Cincinnati was formed in 1783, at the suggestion of General Knox.

General Knox was the largest man at the Headquarters of the Continental army. He weighed two hundred and eighty pounds, and Washington was next in size, being six feet two inches tall, and weighing two hundred and twenty pounds.

The pedigree of the gigantic old Revolutionary officer, in being handed down through the intervening generations, lost something of the old general's stature before reaching our comrade of Company D, but not a particle of the spirit of so many generations ago, was lost.

Lieutenant Knox served as second-lieutenant until March 6, 1862, when he was promoted first-lieutenant of Battery H, First Illinois Artillery. He reported to Benton Barracks for duty, and was at once ordered to Shiloh, and took an active part in both day's fighting.

On the first day of the fighting at Shiloh, General Sherman came to Lieutenant Knox and pointed out a position for the locating of his battery, and asked him if he had any supports so that he could hold the position, which was important, to which Lieutenant Knox replied that he had no supports, *but would hold the position without supports.* General Sherman passed on and Lieutenant Knox took the position indicated, while he observed some squads of demoralized troops in his rear to whom he went and urged to come forward and support his battery; but urging seemed to have no effect on them until the lieutenant got out of patience and gave them a vigorous piece of his mind; saying to them, "*Oh dear! if I only had the Thirteenlh Illinois here behind my battery, I could clean out all the rebs between here and the Gulf of Mexico.*" Upon which a little Irishman stepped out and said:

"Bedad Cap'n, I'll go wid ye."

That shamed the others so that the lieutenant got sufficient recruits for his needs, and held the position until ordered away.

Comrade Knox is far too modest to give any details of the amount, or value of his services at Shiloh, but that they were valuable, and highly appreciated, we have a right to infer from the fact that only about twenty days after that battle, he was detailed to act as A. D. C. on the staff of Major-General Thomas L. Crittendon, Commanding First Division of General Buell's army. He was in all the battles under General Buell until that army arrived in Nashville, Tenn.

General Rosecrans then took command, and Lieutenant Knox still

on the staff of General Crittendon was with that General at the battle of "Stone River,"

That Comrade Knox put in some good work at that battle will admit of no doubt, for on July 17, 1862, about two days after the rest of us, of the old Thirteenth, straggled into Helena, Arkansas, hungry, and in many other ways demoralized, Comrade Knox was made a captain by special act of Congress "for gallantry at Stone River," and was then and there appointed "Chief of Scouts" of the Twenty-first Army Corps, by General Rosecrans.

He took part in all the battles under General Rosecrans, up to, and including Chickamauga, and the battles about Chattanooga.

He then went with General Crittendon to the army of the Potomac, where General Crittendon took command of the First Division of General Burnside's Ninth Army Corps, and took part in all of the "Wilderness campaign," and the battles around Richmond, Virginia.

As Chief of Scouts, Comrade Knox was in the saddle most of the time, and had no end of small engagements. It was his duty to keep watch of the movements of the enemy, and for that purpose, he had to be outside of our lines most of the time, for "you know," he says, "the Johnies would not allow a 'Yank' to be fooling around without giving him trouble." And he was thanked, more than once, by General Rosecrans for giving him timely information.

The list of battles in which Captain Knox took part, include: Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Stone River, Chattanooga, Chickamauga. Seventeen days of battles of the Wilderness, Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania Court House, Shady Grove Road, and, "on to Richmond."

In conclusion of this splendid record, the writer will venture to quote Captain Knox's feeling allusion to his connection with the old Thirteenth regiment:

"I have always looked back to the Thirteenth regiment, as my 'home' in the army; and although I was with the regiment so short a time, I learned to love the 'boys,' and to-day, if asked where I was in the army, I always say: Company D, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry."

Captain Knox, apparently with reluctance, adds—"I can not say much of my own part in the war. *I always tried to do my duty*, had my share of good hard fighting, *and never ran away.*"

Captain Knox was mustered out of service December 17, 1864, returned to Chicago where he now resides. ASA B. MUNN.]

Elisha J. Beardsley,

Mustered in May 24, 1861, as first-sergeant, promoted to second-lieutenant March 6, 1862; killed in battle of Chickasaw Bayou, Mississippi, December 28, 1862.

Mark Boyer,

Mustered in as sergeant May 24, 1861; promoted second-lieutenant December 29, 1862. Died March 30, 1863.

Matthew McCullough,

Mustered in May 24, 1861, as corporal; promoted second-lieutenant, March 30, 1862; to captain, November 27, 1863; mustered out, June 22, 1864.

Theodore Schwartz,

New York City; mustered in as sergeant, May 24, 1861; deserted, Jan. 1, 1862.

Robt. N. Button,

Chicago; mustered in, May 24, 1861, as sergeant; mustered out, June 22, 1864.

John Taylor,

Port Byron; mustered in as corporal May 24, 1861; killed at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

Arnold T. Needham,

Mustered in as corporal, May 24, 1861; promoted to sergeant; taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; promoted to chaplain, June 14, 1863; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Has lived in Illinois and California; minister of the gospel. Present address, Sacramento, California, 1512 2d street.

Jonas C. Overmeyer,

Oakley; mustered in as corporal, May 24, 1861. Born in Indiana; age, 25; died January 3, 1864, at Batavia, Illinois, of chronic diarrhœa and general debility.

Malcolm Wiser,

Rock Island; mustered in as corporal, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 22, 1864. Was born at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, September 17, 1842; died at Laredo, Texas, August 25, 1888 of some disease of the liver.

Percy Hope,

Columbus; mustered in as corporal, May 24, 1861; re-enlisted January 1864; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Frank McDaniels,

Hampton; mustered in as corporal, May 24, 1861; discharged August 29, 1862, disabled.

Isaiah R. Bowen,

Palestine: mustered in as corporal, May 24, 1861; mustered out, May 8, 1865.

Thomas F. Abbott,

Moline; mustered in as musician, May 24, 1861; transferred to invalid corps July 15, 1863.

Theodore W. Reeves,
Rock Island; mustered in as musician, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 22, 1864.

Lewis V. Adams,
Chicago; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 22, 1864. Was born in Bradford county, Pennsylvania, February 17, 1840.

John Anthoine,
Portland, Maine; mustered in, May 24, 1861; died June 2, 1864, of wounds.

John W. Alcott,
Moline; mustered in, May 24, 1861; discharged, September 5, 1863; disabled.

Peter Byer,
Mendota; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 22, 1864. Present address, National Home, Milwaukee.

Geo. W. Barnett,
Rock Island; mustered in, May 24, 1861; discharged, January 19, 1862; disabled.

John W. Boyles,
Moline; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out, June 22, 1864.

Thomas M. Blair,
Edington; mustered in June 8, 1861; promoted to corporal, sergeant and first-sergeant; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Michael Cooney,
Chicago; mustered in May 24, 1861. Died March 2, 1862.

Henry R. F. Calautsky,
Moline; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864. Present address, Moline.

William Crooks,
mustered in May 24, 1861. Died December 30, 1862.

James L. Cook,
Port Byron; mustered May 24, 1861; age nineteen. Died September 20, 1863, at Port Byron, Ill., chronic diarrhœa, and general debility.

Hiram Conly,
Rock Island; mustered in June 11, 1861. Discharged February 1, 1862.

Thomas Cox,
Chicago; mustered in June 11, 1861. Deserted May 12, 1863.

John Cook,
Chicago; mustered in June 11, 1861; promoted to sergeant. Mustered out June 24, 1864.

Oliver J. Cook,
Davenport; mustered in June 8, 1861.

Joseph Cooper,
Rock Island; born in Ireland April 10, 1834; mustered in June 8, 1861; re-enlisted in Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, and served to the end of the war. Present address, Milan, Rock Island Co., Ill.

William B. Cooper,
Aledo, mustered in June 8, 1861; discharged July 13, 1863. Disabled.

Robert Cole,
Chicago; mustered in June 11, 1861; mustered out June, 1864.

John F. Casey,
Chicago; mustered in June 11, 1861; deserted December, 12, 1861.

Frederick A. Cramer,
Rock Island; mustered in June 8, 1861; discharged June 3, 1863.

Frederick L. Darling,
Mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Asa G. Darby,
Aledo; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864. Present address, Aledo, Ill.

Richard Dobson,
Born June 25, 1840, Lancashire, Eng., Rock Island; mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted corporal; mustered out June 22, 1864; has wandered wide; engineer. Present address, Salt Lake City, Dak.

James Dunham,
Coal Valley; mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted to corporal, veteran, transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois.

Anton Deisenworth,
Rock Island; born in Germany March 21, 1839, mustered in June 8, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864. Present address, Rock Island, Ill.

William P. Dumm,
Arlington; mustered in June 8, 1861; died January 27, 1863.

Lewis V. Eckert,
Born in Germany, October 15, 1841; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 24, 1864. Has been city marshal, deputy sheriff, etc. Present address, Rock Island, Ill.

William H. Elton,
Coal Town; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out—

Noyes B. Elliott,
Coal Town; mustered in May 8, 1861; promoted to corporal.

Thomas B. Gordon,
Geneseo; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 24, 1862, as corporal.

Joseph Graves,
Chicago; mustered in June 11, 1861. Deserted December 12, 1861.

Adam C. Hartzell,
Port Byron ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Orville B. Hazen,
Davenport, Ia.; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; Discharged August 22, 1861 ; disability.

William V. Hardenbrook,
Rock Island ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Calvin P. Harson,
Born October 15, 1841, Waldo county, Me.; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Has lived in Rock Island. Present address, Rock Island.

Christian Henni,
Dubuque, Ia.; mustered in May 24, 1861. Died April 24, 1863.

Edon C. Hill,
Mustered in May 24, 1861 ; —— May 29, 1861.

George Henderson,
Deanington ; mustered in June 8, 1861 ; discharged August 25, 1862 ; disability.

Henry Heisel,
Rock Island ; mustered in June 11, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864. Died at National Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee, about 1882.

John Icher,
Dubuque, Iowa ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged September 1, 1863 ; disability.

John H. Jones,
Springfield ; born in Franklin County, Ohio, age 19 ; mustered in May 24, 1861. Died at his home in Ohio of chronic diarrhœa and general debility, October 22, 1863.

Henry Johnson,
Rock Island ; mustered in June 11, 1861 ; disabled April 28, 1863.

Jacob B. Kleinfelter,
Rosemond ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; deserted August 9, 1862.

James Keenan,
Mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Hugh L. Kendall,
Rock Island ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864, as Corporal. Present address, Washington, Iowa.

John Kressler,
Mustered in May 24, 1861. Killed in battle Chickasaw Bayou, Mississippi, December 28, 1862.

Charles Lindborn,
Born in Eskjor, Sweden, age 31 ; mustered in May 24, 1861. Died December 14, 1863, at Bridgeport, Alabama.

Christian Lorenz,
Mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864. Present address, Dennison, Iowa.

George McCoach,
Bloomington ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 7, 1865. Present address, Kittanning, Pennsylvania.

Rodney T. Miller,
Roanoke, Missouri ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out January 22, 1864, as corporal. Latest address, Osceola, Iowa.

Henry B. Miller,
Born October 24, 1840, Lebanon, Pennsylvania ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864 ; has lived in Rock Island, Missouri, Ohio. Present address, Osceola, Iowa.

Anthony Murphy,
Born in Halifax, New Brunswick, age 22 ; occupation, cigarmaker ; enlisted from Springfield, Illinois. Died in General Hospital at Quincy, Illinois, September 6, 1863, of chronic diarrhœa.

Stephen B. Moore,
Rock Island ; born March 5, 1839, Burlington, Iowa ; mustered June 8, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864 ; has lived in Rock Island. Present address, Rock Island Guard, United States Arsenal, Rock Island.

Llewellyn Nash,
Rock Island ; mustered in June, 11, 1861.

George O'Connor,
Rock Island ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged August 29, 1862 ; disability.

William Payne,
Born March 8, 1841 ; Rock Island ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864, as sergeant ; has been sheriff of Rock Island county, two terms, and judge of a baby show. Present address, Rock Island.

Milton G. Parker,
Rock Island ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 22, 1864.

James Pugh,
Rock Island ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 24, 1864.

Robert Park,
Rock Island ; mustered in June 11, 1861.

Jacob Pearce,
Rock Island ; mustered in June 8, 1861. Present address, Earlton, Kansas.

Albert G. Schroder,
Rock Island; mustered in May 24, 1861.

John Sims,
Rock Island county; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Leander S. Schafer,
Rock Island county; mustered in May 24. 1861 · mustered out June 22, 1864, as corporal. Present address, Viola, Mercer county, Illinois.

John Shea,
Rock Island county; mustered in May 24. 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864.

George Schelcher,
Rock Island county; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Christian Schakeller,
Rock Island county; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864.

Mahlon Stearns,
Rock Island county; mustered in May 24, 1861. Died March 6, 1863.

Jacob J. Schafint,
Rock Island; born in Germany June 9, 1840; mustered in May 24, 1861. Wounded at Arkansas Post in left leg; in hospital six months; mustered out June 22, 1864, as fourth-sergeant. Present address, Muscatine, Iowa.

John Shaw,
Rock Island; mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Invalid Corps, March 15, 1864.

Thomas Salter,
Rock Island; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864.

George A. Seymour,
Rock Island; mustered in June 11, 1861.

William B. Saddler,
Rock Island; mustered in June 8, 1861; died May 9, 1862.

John Sanford,
Rock Island; mustered in June 11, 1861; deserted December 12, 1861.

Thomas Tole,
Rock Island; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 24, 1864.

Shipley H. Troville,
Rock Island county; mustered in May 24, 1861; died September 23, 1862.

Thomas J. West,

Rock Island; mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted to corporal and sergeant; mustered out October 6, 1864. Present address, Chicago.

Charles B. Whitson,

Rock Island; mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Company H Fifty-first Illinois and promoted to second-lieutenant. Present address, Topeka, Kansas.

William A. Woodring,

Born in Northampton county, Pennsylvania; enlisted from Rock Island; mustered in May 24, 1861; served with regiment until March, 1862; ordered to duty as telegraph operator; had some eventful and dangerous experiences; could not get mustered out until the summer of 1866. Present address, 104 Twelfth street, Kansas City, Missouri.

Joel Wright,

Rock Island; born in Vermont, age 28; mustered in May 24, 1861; died August 31, 1863, at regimental hospital at Black River, Mississippi.

Charles Weber,

Rock Island; Born in Prussia, January 8, 1839; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 22, 1864; has lived in Rock Island. Present address, 1128 Ninth Avenue, Rock Island.

William L. Walker,

Rock Island; mustered in May 24, 1861; disabled September 5, 1693; disability.

Jacob P. Williamson,

Rock Island county; mustered in May 24, 1861; killed at Chickasaw Bayou, Mississippi, December 29, 1862.

Jacob Witsel,

Rock Island county; born in Buchheim, Baden, age forty; mustered in May 24, 1861; died March 23, 1864.

COMPANY E.

In writing of the formation of Company E, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, after an lapse of thirty years, I think of nothing not in common with the formation of all other companies; the same enthusiasm and strife to be first in the field that attended other companies attended Company E.

There is one thing, however, that I remember more distinctly than all others—that was listening to part of *a speech that was never finished.* A war meeting was held in the south-

side schoolhouse in Sandwich soon after the fall of Fort Sumter. Elder Crawford was at the time pastor of the Congregational church. He had gone to the meeting early and occupied a seat in the rear part of the house, seemingly undecided whether a *minister* should take a part in war meetings or remain a silent spectator. As the evening advanced, and speakers one after another spoke of the necessity of immediate action on the part of the United States government, Elder Crawford was called for, and as he was in the rear part of the house and every part of it packed, making it almost impossible for him to come forward to the rostrum, he stood on a writing desk and looked over the audience and said:

"I am a peaceable man, a minister of the gospel of peace, but were I to preach a sermon to-night, my text would be —*He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.*"

That was all he was able to say; enthusiasm knew no bounds; speech-making was no longer the order of the evening, but gave way at the more stern realities of the commencement of civil war, viz., enlisting, and in a very short time a company was formed, and reported under command of Captain F. W. Partridge, at Dixon, Illinois, where the Thirteenth Illinois regiment was formed; and I am glad to know to-day that the same spirit manifested in the southside schoolhouse thirty years ago is found—not only in the heart of the veteran —but is also manifested by the sons and daughters of veterans when the flag is assailed. With this difference, the sword has given way to the Winchester rifle, as was the case in Indiana a few weeks ago.

F. M. Fox.

ROSTER.

Frederick W. Partridge,
Captain, Sandwich, Ill.; mustered May 21, 1861; promoted June 26, 1861. For further information refer to field and staff.

A. J. Brinkerhoff,
Sandwich, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; promoted to captain. Resigned March 14, 1863. Present address, Santa Marie, Cal.

Sanford W. West,
Somonauk, Ill.; musician, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Dighton, Kas.

George W. Atwood,

Little Rock, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged February 15, 1863. Disabled.

Henry Ankel,

Born in Germany, April 9, 1832; enlisted at Dixon, May 24, 1861; discharged at Springfield, Ill., June 18, 1864. Has since resided at Hinckley, Ill., which is his present home.

Total Antol,

Ottawa, Ill.; enlisted May 24, 1861. Born in France, age 22. Mustered in May 24, 1861, and died July 30, 1863, in camp near Black River, Miss., July 29, 1863, of chronic diarrhœa and congestive chills.

Lewis Bish,

Squaw Grove; enlisted May 24, 1861, mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864, as corporal. Present address, Hinckley, Ill.

Jacob B. Bagley,

Born November 5, 1838, in Crawford county, Pennsylvania; enlisted at Dixon, Illinois; private Company E, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry May 24, 1861; discharged June 18, 1864; has since resided at Serena, Illinois, Thawville, Illinois, and Buckley, Illinois. Now lives at Roberts, Ford county, Illinois. Was with the regiment from the time of muster in on its marches through Missouri and Arkansas, and in all battles in which the regiment took a part.

James M. Dobbin,

Freeland, Illinois; born in Jackson, New York; age twenty-five; mustered May 24, 1861, and died January 12, 1863, of his wounds received at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; disabled.

James R. Neer,

Little Rock, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and was discharged April 22, 1862; disabled.

Corporal Robert Skinner,

Northville, Illinois; born in Summerville, Pennsylvania; age twenty-four; mustered May 24, 1861, and died December 23, 1863, of his wounds received in action at Ringgold, Georga. November 27, 1863; taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou for three months and exchanged; wounds were received at Ringgold on November 27, 1863.

William E. Underwood,

Sandwich, Illinois; enlisted May 24, 1861; was mustered May 24, 1862, and was mustered ont June 8, 1865 as sergeant; died a few years after the close of the war at Sandwich, Illinois.

Effingham T. Bowers,

Somonauk, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Dighton, Kansas.

William Wallace,

Sergeant; born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November 5, 1834; enlisted at Sandwich, Illinois. Was sergeant the first year, second-lieutenant the second year and first-lieutenant the third year. Discharged June 18, 1864. Has since resided at Sandwich, Onarga, Desplaines, Illinois, and Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Now lives at Beaver, Beaver county, Pennsylvania.

Benjamin J. Gifford,

Plano, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; promoted to second-lieutenant, March 14, 1863; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Present address, Rantone, Illinois.

W. E. Dewey,

First Sergeant. Sandwich, Illinois; mustered in, May 24, 1861, and was dishonorably discharged June 18, 1864.

Zenas S. Harrison,

Sandwich, Illinois; mustered in, May 24, 1861; discharged, November 3, 1861; disabled. Present address, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

George Brownell Duvoll,

Born at Liberty R. I.; enlisted at Sandwich, Illinois, where he has resided since discharge; was elected second-lieutenant by the company; mustered May 24, 1861, at Dixon, Illinois. Was promoted June 24, 1861; resigned February 29, 1862, on account of sickness, having done first- and second-lieutenant duty nine months and twenty-seven days, having no second-lieutenant, as the law read, the adjutant should draw his pay as a lieutenant of a regiment. There being no other vacancy, he had to draw pay as second of Company E. Resigned March 31, 1862; could never rally from effects of sickness.

Henry T. Porter,

DeKalb county, Illinois; enlisted June 25, 1861; mustered June 25, 1861, and promoted to adjutant. Present address, 97 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Geo. H. Carpenter,

Sandwich, Illinois; enlisted January 29, 1862; promoted to captain, March 14, 1863. Present address, Griswoldville, Massachusetts.

William H. Alger,

Somonauk, Illinois; mustered in, August 25, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Benj. D. Courtwright,

Mission, Ill.; was mustered May 25, 1861, and was mustered out June 18, 1864, as sergeant.

Oscar J. Cone,

Chicago, Ill.; mustered in May 25, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Fall River, Mass.

Louis Clemmens,
Tonica, Ill.; mustered in May 25, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

William J. Chittendon,
Chicago, Ill.; born in New York 1833; mustered in May 27, 1861, taken prisoner of war at Madisonville, Ala., May 17, 1864; mustered out May 8, 1865. Present address, 516 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Philip Boyles,
Northville, Ill.; born in Thorn Hill, Canada; mustered in May 24, 1861, age twenty-three; died February 5, 1863, in hospital, at St. Louis, Mo., of chronic diarrhœa.

Joseph M. Bashaw,
Sandwich, Ill.; born in Milton, Vt.; age nineteen; mustered in May 24, 1861; died on steamer Adriatic, at Milliken's Bend, La., January, 21, 1863, of wounds received in action at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

John Burbank,
Little Rock, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged September 8, 1863. Disabled.

Jacob Brainerd,
Squaw Grove, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1863.

Thomas Darnell,
Little Rock, Ill.; born in Magnolia, Ill., age twenty-one; mustered in August 25, 1861; died July 1, 1863, of his wounds, in hospital, First Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, at Walnut Hills, Miss., of wounds received in battle June 30, 1863, during siege of Vicksburg.

Wallace Henry,
Little Rock, Ill.; mustered in August 25, 1861; died September 16, 1861.

Jared M. Hinkley,
La Salle, Ill.; mustered in May 25, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864, as sergeant. Present address, Delmar, Iowa.

William Laing,
La Salle, Ill.; mustered in May 25, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Fairmont, Neb.

John W. Livingstone,
Mustered in March 5, 1862; transferred to the Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Frank Colgrove,
Fox, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and deserted July 4, 1861.

Thomas Cooper,
Bristol, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; and mustered out June 16, 1864.

Marcus B. Doolittle,

Sandwich, Illinois; born in Theresa, New York, age 24; mustered May 24 1861. Died March 7, 1863, in General Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri, phthisis pulmonalis.

Jefferson J. Eastman,

Fox, Illinois; born in Cattaraugus county, New York, age 21; mustered May 24, 1861. Died November 7, 1862, in camp at Helena, Arkansas, of congestive chills.

Horace M. Ellsworth,

Fox, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 2, 1865. Present address, Midland City, Michigan.

Erick Erickson,

Adams, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Enoch B. Darnell,

Born in Marshall county, Illinois, December 9, 1837; enlisted at Sandwich; discharged at Springfield, June 18, 1864; has since resided in the township of Fox, Kendall county and Hinkley. Present address, Hinkley.

Edward C. Hinkley,

Born in 1843 in Brooklyn, Cuyahoga county, Ohio; enlisted at La Salle, Illinois; discharged at Springfield, Illinois, June 13, 1864; has since resided in Clinton county, Iowa. Present address, Welton, Clinton county, Iowa.

Charles Franklin Fairbanks,

Born February 25, 1843 at Farmington, Maine; enlisted at Dixon, Illinois, May 24, 1861; discharged June 18, 1864; lived in Tennessee four years, since then in Georgia. Present address, Atlanta, Georgia.

["Immediately after discharge I resided on a plantation adjoining the 'Hermitage,' near Nashville, and during Hood's raid was surrounded by Buford's Brigade Cavalry and met old 'rebs.' We had fought at Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, etc. Having picked up some information that might be of some value to give Thomas, I crossed the river on a plank. Reached Nashville safely and reported. The next morning the Nashville fight commenced. That service, if any, was my best war service, though I believe I have contributed in helping to 'reconstruct' our Southern brethren and sisters as I married one of the 'sisters.' Have occupied several unimportant civil offices and have been treated with all respect by my neighbors, all of whom were old rebel soldiers."]

Francis M. Fox,

Private; was born in the state of Pennsylvania 1841; enlisted at Dixon, Illinois, May 24, 1861; Discharged June 18, 1864; and has

since resided in Chicago, Illinois, and his present address is 3199 Archer avenue, Chicago, Illinois, where he is engaged in the retail drug business.

Jacob Fifer,

Yorkville, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and died September 29, 1861.

Charles O. Fuller,

Bristol, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and was transferred to invalid corps September 20, 1863.

William Fullerton,

Newark; mustered May 24, 1861, and was taken prisoner of war.

Albert C. Fitch,

Somonauk; mustered May 24, 1861, and was mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Hiawatha, Kansas.

Joshua Hough,

Northville, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and deserted May 1, 1862.

William B. Howe,

Enlisted from Chicago; mustered at Dixon, Illinois, May 24, 1861; discharged April 2, 1864; disabled, having lost most of his fingers at Ringgold, Georgia, November 27, 1863; resided in Chicago since discharge, and employed as a letter-carrier until 1889, when he was killed by railroad cars while on duty November 27, 1889.

Judson Grummon,

Born in Chautauqua county, New York, April 13, 1839; enlisted at Sandwich, Illinois; discharged June 18, 1864; has since resided in Fillmore county, Nebraska, most of the time, and now lives at Strang, Fillmore county, Nebraska.

Robert Holly,

Big Rock, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and deserted December 29, 1862.

Lewis Hermis,

Sandwich, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

William Joles,

Sandwich, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John H. Jordan,

Bristol, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Yorkville, Illinois.

Michael Judge,

Somonauk, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Michael Kouth,

Somonauk, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and deserted July 4, 1861.

James Kelly,

Born January 1, 1840, at Utica, New York; enlisted at Sandwich, Illinois, April 29, 1861; in State service May 9, 1861; United States service for three years, May 24, 1861; discharged June 18, 1864; has since resided at Sandwich and Earlville, Illinois, and now lives at Earlville, Illinois; profession, teacher of music. Has been very successful, and civic honors have been flattering, indeed.

John F. Iliff,

Born April 2, 1836, in New Germantown, Hunterdon county, New Jersey; enlisted at Sandwich, DeKalb county, Illinois; mustered at Dixon, Illinois, May 24, 1861; was discharged at Springfield, June 18, 1864; was taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; has since resided at Millington, Illinois; Chicago, Illinois; Kinsley, Kansas; Offerle, Kansas; Topeka, Kansas; and at present resides at Aurora, Kane county, Illinois.

Paul D. McGilvery,

Northville, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861, and deserted March 25, 1863.

James Dana Mattison,

Sandwich, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861, and was mustered out June 18, 1864; was regimental bugler.

Thomas Nicholas,

Somonauk, Ill.; born in England, age eighteen; mustered in May 24, 1861; died August 6, 1863, at Jefferson Barracks Hospital, of chronic diarrhœa.

Acquilian W. Noe,

Bristol, Ill.; born in Indianapolis, Ind.; age twenty-five years; mustered in May 24, 1861; died December 29, 1863, of wounds received in action at Ringgold, Ga.

Albert B. Orr,

Somonauk, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; was discharged September 8, 1863; disabled.

John William Neer,

Born December 25, 1840, in Pleasant Valley, Maryland; enlisted at Dixon, Ill., May 24, 1861; discharged June 18, 1864; has since resided in Nebraska and Kansas, now lives at Dunlap, Morris county, Kansas.

Stephen H. Marcey,

Chicago; mustered in May 24, 1861; deserted August 6, 1862.

John Mullen,

Sandwich, Ill.; mustered in October 1,, 1861; taken prisoner of war; mustered out April 21, 1865. Present address, Stockton, Kansas.

James McGuire,
Somonauk, Ill.; born in Chicago, Ill.; age eighteen years; mustered in August 25, 1861; died in hospital at St. Louis, Mo., February 7, 1863, of chronic diarrhœa.

William A. Mitten,
Sandwich, Ill.; enlisted August 25, 1861; taken prisoner of war; mustered out May 30, 1865, as corporal; supposed to have been murdered in Texas a few years after the close of the war.

George Morgan,
LaSalle, Ill.; enlisted May 26, 1861; mustered in May 26, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John Leitch,
Private; born July 30, 1840, in Falkland Fifeshire, Scotland; enlisted at Sandwich, Illinois; discharged June 18, 1864. Has since resided at Plano, Illinois, which is his present address.

Nicholas Liter,
Squaw Grove, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and was mustered out June 18, 1864.

Nicholas Miller,
Squaw Grove, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and was mustered out June 8, 1865; prisoner of war. Present address, David city, Nebraska.

Adrew Mullen,
Sandwich, Illinois; born in Watertown, New York; age eighteen; mustered May 24, 1861, and was killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

George Middlemas,
Bristol, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and was discharged September 20, 1861; disabled.

Martin McNett,
Northville, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, and was mustered out June 18, 1864.

William B. Patch,
Clinton, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; deserted March 5, 1862.

Thomas B. Potter,
Born in and enlisted from Somonauk, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; age nineteen; killed at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

Camillus L. Palmer,
Squaw Grove, Illinois; born in Chautauqua county, New York; age ninteen; died of chronic diarrhœa while home on furlough, June 12, 1863; mustered May 24, 1861; died June 16, 1863.

Alfred Benjamin Pierce,
DeKalb; mustered May 24, 1861; died June 27, 1862.

Rizziner Root,

Earle, Illinois; born in Fredonia, Illinois; age twenty-four; mustered May 24, 1861; killed at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

Patrick H. Quinlisk,

La Salle; mustered May 24, 1861; dishonorably discharged April 29, 1863.

Francis E. Reed,

La Salle, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Sillman H. Sherman,

Chicago, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; died August 3, 1863.

Frederick Trapp,

Somonauk, Ill.; born in Germany, age thirty-one years: mustered in May 24, 1861; died March 5, 1863, on board United States hospital steamer, D. A. January, of chronic diarrhœa.

Joseph Simpson,

Born at Yorkshire, England, October 23, 1839; enlisted at Sandwich, Ill.; discharged at Rolla, Mo.; resided at Sandwich, Ill., 1870; since then at Spring Hill, Johnson county, Kansas.

Abram B. Serene,

Northville, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 16, 1864 as sergeant; died in California, 1887.

Martin V. V. Sterns,

Fox, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 16, 1864.

Othello Smith,

Serena, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged September 8, 1863: disabled.

Harry J. Seaman,

Northville, Ill.; born in Northville, Ill.; age twenty-one years; mustered in May 24, 1861; killed in action at Ringgold, November 27, 1863.

John Seeley,

Fox, Ill.; mustered in at Dixon, May 24, 1861; deserted July 4, 1861.

Daniel Stewart,

Sandwich, Ill.; enlisted May 24, 1861; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; died in Canada a few years after the war.

Aaron Sheridan,

Northville, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864 as corporal; died at Marriton Island in 1870, where he had charge of a government lighthouse.

Perry G. Tripp,

Little Rock, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged September 8, 1863; disabled.

Daniel Trumble,

Earle, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged December 3; disabled.

John R. Swarthout,

Born in Newfane, N. Y.; age twenty-seven years; died August 3, 1863, of typhoid fever and diarrhœa.

Lucien L. Van Valzer,

DeKalb, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; deserted April 24, 1862.

Samuel H. Trowbridge.

Corporal; Company E Thirteenth Illinois Infantry; born in Chester, Ohio; died at Memphis, Tennessee, April 21, 1863, age twenty-two years, four months and twenty eight days, of small-pox, in hospital; of Northville, mustered at Dixon.

[His captain says of him: "I have lost a very valuable man, always ready for duty, and willing and anxious to do it. I valued him much, as a friend and companion. He was truly a noble young man. He was beloved and respected by all the company and we greatly feel his loss, both as a soldier and much valued friend."]

John Trowbridge,

Born in Chester, Knox county, Ohio; enlisted at Sandwich DeKalb County, Illinois; discharged with the regiment June 1864; has since resided at Montgomery Kane county, Illinois; next five years in Chicago; two and a half years in Nebraska; since then at Metz, Steuben county, Indiana.

Ole H. Valder,

Earl, Illinois; mustered in May 24, 1861, and was promoted to corporal.

Speed Van Order,

Northville, Illinois; mustered in May 24, 1861 and was discharged September 20, 1861.

Irwin J. Walker,

Fox, Illinois; mustered in May 24, 1861; taken prisoner of war and was mustered out June 2, 1865. Present address, Villisca, Iowa.

Otis Wilcox,

Sandwich, Illinois; mustered in May 24, 1861; deserted July 4, 1861.

Henry Wright,

Born in LaSalle county; enlisted at Sandwich, Illinois; has since resided and now resides at Somonauk, Illinois; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John Van Sickle,

Born October 19, 1837, in Iowa Territory; enlisted in Dixon; discharged June 8, 1865 by general order from War Department, since then has lived for eight years in Illinois, the remainder of the time at Scranton, Iowa, where he resides now.

COMPANY F.

Those who organized Company F, of our regiment, have left but meager data from which to write its history. From Captain E. F. Dutton, its second captain, we have the following :

There is not much of a history connected with Company F, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, before its muster into service.

"Zelotus B. Mayo was urged by the patriotic young men of Sycamore to organize a company. A paper was drawn up and signatures solicited. Captain Mayo was the first, and E. F. Dutton second to enlist, and they were the first to enroll in the defense of our country, from De Kalb county, Illinois. This was on April 17, 1861.

"There was a great scrabble to get in. It was not dreamed that it was more than an excursion ; a kind of a picnic we were enlisting for.

"The company was organized by electing Z. B. Mayo captain, and E. F. Dutton first-lieutenant, R. A. Smith second-lieutenant, and J. S. Harrison first-sergeant. Great fears existed throughout the company that we would not be accepted ; and delegates went to Springfield to interview the governor, and intercede for the acceptance of our company as a part of some regiment called by him for three months' service.

"We spent the time till May 9th, in drilling company drill, in a hall and through the streets. A hardware store kindly loaned us broom-handles which we used as a substitute for muskets.

"On *May 9th* we were notified by the governor to go into camp at Dixon, Illinois, there to be mustered into the State service for thirty days, and if not needed by the United States government within thirty days we were to be discharged.

"We remained at Camp Dixon, drilling and performing camp duty till May 24th, when we were called by the United States, and Captain John Pope, of the regular army, appeared

to muster us into the United States service. An opportunity was then given for those who declined the service, to drop out. A few availed themselves of this opportunity, but nearly all of the boys were true blue. There were no casualties and no desertions up to this time."

ROSTER.

Zelotus B. Mayo,

Original Captain; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and was mustered at Dixon, Illinois, with the regiment on May 24, 1861, and resigned July 25, 1861.

[Captain Mayo was getting rather old for service, which was the cause of his resignation.

It is said that he was a soldier in the Florida war; and at the outbreak of the rebellion, it was thought that any man who had seen service was competent for the command of a company, whether he had the faculty to command men or not. In the case of comrade Mayo, this rule failed to hold good. The men all liked "Bing," though they had no confidence in him as a military man. He died since the war, at his home in Sycamore.]

Everett W. Dutton,

Original first-lieutenant; born in Charlestown, New Hampshire; enlisted from Sycamore; mustered on May 24, with the regiment in 1861; he was promoted captain and mustered as such on August 6, 1862; vice Mayo resigned; was promoted major of the One-hundred and fifth Illinois Infantry, and to lieutenant-colonel of the same. Received a brevet as brigadier-general for gallant and meritorious services in the Atlanta campaign, and in North Carolina; has been circuit clerk of De Kalb county, Illinois for eight years, and clerk of the Supreme Court of Illinois, from 1878 to 1884. Is now engaged in banking at Sycamore, and is well to do as far as worldly possessions are concerned.

Comrade Dutton was well liked as an officer by the most of the company.

Richard A. Smith,

Original second-lieutenant; born at Geneva, Chenango county, New York, in 1828; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment; was promoted first-lieutenant in September, 1861, and captain in the summer of 1862; was discharged August 21, 1863.

[Captain Smith lost his right arm on the 29th of December, 1862, in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, Mississippi, and also received a severe wound in the right thigh at the same battle.

Comrade Smith was elected county treasurer of DeKalb county, Illinois, in the fall of 1863, and was re-elected, serving four terms in the office, or eight years altogether, as county treasurer. He was a farmer for ten years thereafter. In the year 1884 he removed to Lake City, Iowa, a town of two thousand inhabitants, and is postmaster of that town at the present time.

Captain Smith was liked by all the company, and when he resigned all felt that his place would be hard to fill.]

John S. Harroun,

Original First-Sergeant. Comrade Harroun enlisted from Sycamore and was mustered with the regiment. Under the head of "Remarks," the Adjutant-General's report merely says of him, "Absent on duty." Nothing further is before us.

Azro A. Buck,

Original Second-Sergeant. Sergeant Buck enlisted from Sycramore, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment. Sergeant Buck was promoted Second-Lieutenant, First-Lieutenant and Captain, and was mustered out June 18, 1864. Captain Buck was a very good officer, generally liked in his company, and looked out for the welfare of his men as well as any officer of Company F. After his muster out as Captain, he helped raise the One Hundred and Forty-Seventh Illinois Infantry, a one hundred day regiment, which he entered as Captain. After the war he went South and died in Kansas.

Lorenzo H. Whitney,

Original Third-Sergeant. Enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment. He was discharged the from service on September 10, 1861. Sergeant Whitney has resided most of the time since the war at Chicago. He is a lawyer by profession. After his discharge from Company F, he raised Company B for the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, then resigned and helped raise the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, Illinois Infantry, of which he was the Colonel.

Enos Churchill,

Original Fourth-Sergeant. Comrade Churchill was born in Erie county, New York, October 14, 1828; enlisted from Courtland, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment. He was mustered out June 18, 1864. Comrade Churchill, from his home in Tulare, Tulare county, writes that he is crippled with rheumatism, which unfits him for labor, but has great hopes, as he has patented, both in England and America, an "air-compressed washer and churn," an invention of his own which he thinks will supply him in place of the p nsion which we all should have.

Porter D. Hall,

Original fifth sergeant; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June, 18, 1864. He was reported absent; wounded since November 27, 1863; it was said that he deserted some time in 1862, and returned to the regiment under the proclamation of the President. Was reduced to the ranks on his return. Residence unknown.

Richard S. Davenport,

Original first corporal; enlisted from McDonough, Ill.; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864, as first sergeant; residence unknown; last heard from in Oregon or California.

Byron F. Wyman,

Original second corporal; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864, as sergeant.

[Comrade Wyman has been Secretary of the DeKalb County Agricultural Society, and supervisor of the town of Sycamore, Ill. He says, "Am a candidate for State Senator, and expect to get elected." He did n't. Is a large and prosperous farmer, and a good citizen. Resides at Sycamore, Ill.]

Ransom Burleigh,

Original third corporal; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864, as sergeant. Present residence not known. A jolly, full of fun soldier, always ready for duty.

William S. Smith,

Original fourth corporal; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment, but died September 19, 1861. He was the first man who died in our company, and is buried at Sycamore, Ill.

Edward W. Olney,

Original fifth corporal; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864, as sergeant. Comrade Olney was badly wounded at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. Has resided, since 1871, in Nebraska, where he took up a homestead and is engaged in farming. He says, "Had a visit from Cooper, of Company C; and while Cooper went away richer by a few shekels I was richer in knowledge." How many of the boys of the Thirteenth, can tell the same story? (They would about every one answer "Here," at such a roll-call.) Olney was as good a messmate as the writer well knows.

Thomas Hogan,

Original sixth corporal; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered with the regiment. He died May 25, 1863, from wounds received in assault on Vicksburg.

Wesley D. Russell,

Original seventh corporal ; enlisted at Sycamore, Ill. ; and mustered with the regiment, and died June 26, 1863.

William Allen,

Private ; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill. ; mustered with the regiment ; mustered out June 18, 1864. He served a part of the time as private and part as musician. Since being mustered out, he has been connected with the state militia, in which he has reached the rank of captain. His present address is not found.

Morris Atwood,

Private ; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill. ; mustered with the regiment, and discharged September 9, 1863, for disability. He re-enlisted in 1864, in the Seventh Illinois cavalry. He died near Sycamore, in 1889.

Samuel T. Bryant,

Private ; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill. ; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Isaiah Babcock,

Private ; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill. ; mustered with the regiment ; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Daniel Bradley,

Private ; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill. ; mustered with the regiment ; mustered out May 8, 1865. He was for awhile, a prisoner of war.

Cyrus C. Burkee,

Private ; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill. ; mustered with the regiment ; mustered out June 18, 1864. He was born in Sipersville, Somerset county, Pa. He was an odd sort of a character, but was always ready for duty, being on the sick-list seldom. Since the war he has been a wanderer over Uncle Sam's domain, but making Kingston, DeKalb county, Ill., his home most of the time.

Lewis Burgess,

Private ; enlisted from Courtland, Ill. ; mustered with the regiment ; discharged at Rolla, Mo., June 1, 1862.

Anthony Barton,

Private; enlisted from Syacamore, Ill. ; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 24, 1864. He was born in Ferrisburg, Vt., September 28, 1822. He has been in the detective service of the United States government for several years. He was a true soldier for his country. Present residence, Joplin, Jasper county, Mo.

Daniel A. A. B. Barnes,

Private ; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois ; mustered with the regiment ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Comrade Barnes was a good soldier, somewhat eccentric in his demeanor, but was liked by most of the boys in Company F, a great reader, and generally gobbled everything in the reading line that he could lay hands on.

John Coogle,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois; was mustered with the regiment, but deserted August 1861. Nuf sed.

George Carr,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois; mustered with the regiment. Comrade Carr—"Trip" was, for some time, a prisoner of war; mustered out June 6, 1865. He is said to be dead.

Cyrenius S. Courtright,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864. Residence at present, not known.

Leonard Clawson,

Private enlisted from Sycamore Illinois; born in Illinois, age 19; mustered with the regiment, and died March 15, 1864, of disease, in camp at Woodville, Alabama.

Harlan Culver,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; mustered with the regiment, and discharged January 1, 1862. Said to be dead.

George Campbell,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois; mustered with the regiment. Was a prisoner of war, and discharged June 18, 1865.

Charles H. Caswell,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864. Comrade Caswell was born at Belvidere, Illinois. He was a good soldier, knew no fear, apparently, always ready for duty, and always well until the march to Jackson, Mississippi, in July, 1863, when he was sun-struck. He was sent to the hospital at Paducah, Kentucky, where he caught the small-pox. He returned to the regiment, when at Madison Station, Alabama, a physical wreck, and is, as far as known, still in very bad health. He lives at Republic, Chickasaw county, Iowa.

Wilson E. Chapel,

Private; enlisted from Malta, Ill.: mustered in with the regiment.

[Comrade Chapel was born in Massachusetts, and came to Illinois sometime in 1860, locating at, or near, Malta, DeKalb county; his occupation was that of a school teacher. The writer became acquainted with him in the winter of 1860–1, and he was as true a friend as it falls to the lot of men to have. His devotion to country was not of the spasmodic order; but was of that kind to be found in the descendants of hardy old Massachusetts stock. Together with the writer, he commenced to drill in a company organized at DeKalb, Ill., on the 18th day of March, 1861. That company not being accepted, he went to Sycamore and joined Company F, on the 9th of May, 1861.

Comrade Chapel was taken prisoner near Tuscumbia, Ala., in the fall of 1863, and died in Danville prison in the fore part of 1865.]

Charles R. Crosby,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John Clark,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; discharged December 10, 1861.

Nicholas Depue,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; mustered out as corporal, June 18, 1864.

Jacob S. Deiley,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment. Comrade Deiley was badly wounded at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, and died from his wounds soon after. A good soldier, and a good messmate.

Thomas Dolan,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; discharged July 1, 1862. Present residence not known.

Samuel Feidermont,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864. Residence unknown.

Wayne Gaudy,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; discharged for disability, May 4, 1863.

Andrew J. Green,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment: died October 2, 1861.

Philo D. Hartman,

Private. Enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864. He re-enlisted February 9, 1865, in Company F, One Hundred and Forty-seventh Illinois Infantry, and was discharged at Savannah, Georgia, January 24, 1866. Since discharge Comrade Hartman has resided in Illinois, Iowa, and his present address, is Marysville, Kansas.

Charles J. Harrison,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; mustered out July 25, 1864. Comrade Harrison, since the war, has resided, at different times, in Minnesota, Iowa, and Nebraska; and from the latter he was sent to its Legislature, and President Cleveland appointed him Postmaster of Wahoo, Nebraska, which is his present address.

Alonzo Houghton,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, from which he veteranized; captured by the rebs at Madison Station, Alabama, and taken to Cahaba Prison where he died.

John Humphries,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, from which he was discharged, April 30, 1863, for disability. Is presumed to be living at present in Kansas.

Reuben M. Hevenor,

Musician; enlisted from Malta, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Those who thoroughly know Reub. Hevenor, well know that he would never toot his own bugle to any extent; but an associate musician whose good fortune it was to be his messmate during some of those times when we not only wore the blue, but were blue all through, says that Reub. Hevenor was one of those rarely grand comrades who would start out hungry in the morning, all hands being on quarter rations, and those rations in the Commissary-wagon three miles back, stalled in the mud, tramp all day through deep mud and perhaps soaked through-and-through in an all day's downpour of rain, wearily reach camp after dark, then scour the vicinity for something to make a fire with, coax the wet wood into burning, and if perchance there was half of a hardtack left in his haversack, break it in two and divide with a more unfortunate or imprudent messmate, sip to the very dregs, as if it were nectar (and it was), every drop of his tin-cup of muddy coffee, cheerfully tell camp-fire stories, with perhaps the prospect of a great battle on the morrow, hopefully jot down in his diary the day's happenings of the march, then lay down on the wet ground, heaving a sigh of tenderest solicitude as to whether the loved ones at home were comfortable. The only times that he would show anger would be when some copperheadish grumbler would declare the effort to put down the rebellion a failure.

[That such a man would make a good soldier, and that such a soldier would make a good citizen, goes without saying.

After muster out, Comrade Hevenor resided in Malta, his old home, where he held the offices of justice of the peace, and of collector; after which he removed to Creston, Ill., where he holds the office of justice of the peace, and is Adjutant of Post 124, Department of Illinois.

Comrade Hevenor now resides at the latter named place, in the midst of a loving family who will never drop any stitches from the loyalty to the old flag which he so nobly supported on many a deadly field, and by a faithful presentation of precept, through all the later years.]

John Hill,

Private; enlisted from Malta, Ill.; mustered with the regiment.

Comrade Hill is *falsely* reported in the Adjutant-General's Report, as a deserter. The facts are, he was sent to the hospital from Helena, Ark., and his descriptive roll given him; he lost this. He died in 1864.

George Goodrich,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; mustered with the regiment He died February 16, 1863.

William J. Jones,

Private; enlisted from Malta, Ill.; mustered with the regiment, and discharged December 14, 1861. Last known residence, Kalamazoo, Mich.

William C. Kerr,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered with regiment. Died January 5, 1863, of wounds.

Isaac Keppel,

Born in Morgan County, Ohio, age twenty-five; enlisted from North Kingston, Ill.; mustered with the regiment. Died May 17, 1862, in Post Hospital at Batesville, Ark., of disease.

George Louden,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered with regiment; discharged January 1, 1862.

Theodore Loring,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; mustered with regiment.

Comrade Loring was promoted first-sergeant, then to second-lieutenant October 25, 1862, and to first-lieutenant, November 19, 1863. Was mustered out June 18, 1864.

After his muster out, he re-enlisted in a battery, but no autobiography of his services and subsequent history has been procurable He was a very good officer, attending to all his duties promptly. He now resides at Courtland, Ill., where he has been postmaster, and justice of the peace.

Joseph W. Locy,

Private; enlisted from DeKalb, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; and was mustered out June 6, 1865. .

Comrade Locy was captured at Madison Station, Alabama, and sent to Castle Morgan, Alabama, until March 17, 1865, when he was paroled and sent to Parol Camp at Black River Bridge, from which he was sent to Benton Barracks, and from there to Springfield, Illinois where he received his discharge. He is now farming at Firth, Lancaster County, Nebraska, where, also, he has been connected with the State Militia.

Frederick C. Mieres,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; veteranized, and captured at Madison Station, Alabama, served a term in rebel prisons, but finally mustered out June 6, 1865.

Thomas McLaughlin,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment and deserted February 28, 1863; don't know his present residence and don't care.

Robert Milligan,
Enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, as a private and deserted April 28, 1863.

Albert Mulligan,
Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, and mustered out June 18, 1864. Present residence, Atchison, Kansas.

Joseph Nagreen,
Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, and mustered out May 5, 1864. Comrade Nagreen was a good man. Since the war he has been engaged in the furniture business and resides at Leeman, Outagamie County, Wisconsin.

Sylvester W. Norris,
Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, and mustered out June 18, 1864. Since dead.

John W. Nichols,
Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment, and mustered out May 30, 1865; was made a prisoner at Madison Station, Alabama, and sent to Cahaba, Alabama; has been a farmer near Sycamore, Ill. He was mustered out as sergeant.

Thomas J. Orr,
Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; mustered out July 19, 1864. Residence unknown.

John Ovitt,
Private; enlisted from Malta, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; discharged for disability November 24, 1862; has since died.

Hans Oleson,
Born in Norway; age, thirty-four; private; enlisted in Courtland, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; died November 2, 1863, in General Hospital, Memphis, Tennessee, of chronic diarrhœa.

Charles V. Peck,
Born in Delaware County, Ohio; age twenty-one; private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; killed in action at Ringgold, Georgia, November 27, 1863.

Zelotes B. Partridge,
Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; discharged May 6, 1863, for disability; but re-enlisted in Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry; now resides in Nebraska.

William A. Phelps,
Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864; killed by the cars at Courtland, Illinois, in the fall of 1884.

Seneca Potter,
Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois; mustered with the regiment; discharged for disability July 23, 1862. Said to have died.

Alfred Robbins,

Private ; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois ; mustered with the regiment ; discharged October 20, 1862.

Gustavus F. Russell,

Enlisted from Courtland, Illinois ; mustered with the regiment, as private ; mustered out June 18, 1864 ; now resides in Kansas.

Henry Ramer,

Private ; enlisted from Pierceville, Illinois ; mustered with the regiment ; mustered out June 18, 1864. He now resides at Maple Park, Kane County, Illinois.

Jacob Sigline,

Private ; enlisted from Sycamore, Illinois ; mustered with the regiment ; discharged September 10, 1861 ; he re-entered the service as a lieutenant in the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Resides somewhere in the State of Oregon.

James M. Smith,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore Ill.; mustered in with the regiment, deserted May 31, 1862. This charge, however, *is said to have been removed* on his claim that he was taken prisoner at, or near Searcy, Ark., while we were campaigning in that region. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt.

William H. Stark,

Musician; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment.

[Comrade Stark and the writer of this were the two old men of the drum corps; and on that account probably fraternized more closely than any other two of our mess ; and Comrade Stark, under all circumstances and conditions showed so many good qualities as to make him a general favorite; his quaint humor, expressed in such inimitably droll utterance, usually kept the boy drummers in a roar, and the rest of us in good humor; and those boys in their early teens, now thatched with silvery hair, will hardly recall the droll old fifer without a sympathetic tear to moisten the sod over the old man's grave.

The exposure of that wearying counter-march from Rolla to Springfield and return, in the Fremont campaign, proved too much for Comrade Stark, and he died at Rolla soon after our return there, on December 15, 1861.]

John H. Spiking,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864. Resides somewhere in California.

Henry Smith,

Born in Germany; age thirty-three years; private; enlisted from Pierceville, Ill.: mustered in with the regiment; killed in action at Ringgold, Ga., November 27, 1863.

Seymore Stafford,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.: mustered in with the regiment; transferred to the invalid corps, September, 1, 1863. mustered out at Rock Island, Ill., June 18, 1863; is a prosperous merchant at Coal Valley, Ill.

Julius Thompson,

Private; enlisted from South Grove, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864; disability kept him in hospital much of the time, and he died soon after being mustered out.

Francis Secord,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; absent sick from October 1, 1863.

Oliver W. Smith,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore; mustered in with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John Walkron,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; discharged for disability, December 16, 1862; since died.

Asa P. West,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; wounded in the right lung at Chickasaw Bayou, and suffered a great deal from his wound; discharged June 6, 1863. His address is Geneva, Kane county, Ill., and is a lawyer.

Vinter B. Wing,

Private; enlisted at Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; died September 6, 1862.

Moses M. Willis,

Private: enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; discharged for disability August 11, 1863; he re-enlisted in Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry; was killed near Leavenworth, Kansas.

John Young,

Born in Germany; age twenty-five years; private: enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; died from wounds received at Ringgold, January 13, 1864, in hospital No. 3, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

John Adams,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in May 30, 1861, at Dixon, Ill. Comrade Adams was born in the State of Maine in 1828; was promoted corporal July 5, 1863.

Comrade Adams has resided most of the time since the war, in Fair View, Jones county, Iowa, where he has held the office of Justice of the Peace.

Horace C. Burbank,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in June 3, 1861; transferred to the invalid corps September 1, 1863. Present residence unknown.

Elbert Burbank,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in June 3, 1861; mustered out June 3, 1864. Residence unknown.

John Berogan,

Private; enlisted and mustered in May 24th, 1861; mustered out June 19, 1864; born in Belgium. His address is Webster City, Iowa.

George Brown,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; mustered July 6, 1861; was a prisoner of war; mustered out June 6, 1865. Present residence not known.

Charles Cook,

Private; enlisted from Dixon, Ill; mustered in December 16, 1863, and transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry. Present residence unknown.

William Freeman,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered July 2, 1861, and deserted July 31, 1861.

Benjamin L. Gould,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; mustered July 2, 1861, and discharged for disability, July 26, 1863. Resided in Illinois for five years after the war, and since then in Kansas, where his present address is Ottawa, Kansas.

Nelson R. Harrington.

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered September 3, 1861. He veteranized and was transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois infantry. Comrade Harrington resided for some years in Minnesota, where he held the offices of justice of the peace, town clerk, assessor and constable; showing that he was as good an all-around citizen, as he had been a soldier wearing the blue. Has been city marshal of Sycamore, Ill., for several years, where he can be found at this present writing.

James Humphries,

Private; enlisted from Peoria, Ill.; mustered September 3, 1861. He veteranized and was made prisoner of war, and mustered out as corporal, May 8, 1865. Lives somewhere in Kansas.

Albert F. Kingsley,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in June 18, 1861, mustered out June 18, 1864 as corporal. His residence is Washington, D. C.

John M. Lawrence,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; mustered in June 10, 1861. No date of muster out, and present residence unknown.

Abbott Merrill,

Private; enlisted from Kaneville, Ill.; mustered May 30, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Was wounded in the thigh, at Chickasaw Bayou. Since muster out, he has resided mostly in Orland, Colima county, Cal., following the occupation of farming, residing at the above address.

Stephen Nichols,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in September 3, 1861, and discharged for disability, February 21, 1863, and has since died.

Charles W. Orvis,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in July 26, 1861. He re-enlisted as a veteran, but where and when he was mustered out, there are no records to show.

David H. Patten,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in May 30, 1861, and mustered out June 18, 1864.

Alphonso Russell,

Private; enlisted from Courtland, Ill.; mustered in September 3, 1861. He was killed at Chickasaw Bayou.

Edward F. Sprague,

Private; enlisted from Sycamore, Ill.; mustered in September 3, 1861. Transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Date of place and muster out not given.

[Comrade Sprague is in the lumber business at Emporia, Kansas. Has been honored with several offices by his fellow citizens, and is held in high esteem by all who know him.]

COMPANY G.

According to Captain George M. Cole, a company of cavalry, formed in the western part of Whiteside county on April 4th, 1861, in anticipation of the war that so soon broke upon the country, was used as a nucleus for the company that was formed shortly after, at Morrison, and known as Company G, of the Thirteenth Illinois Infantry; and over which, Mr. Cole was elected captain. The usual methods were adopted to attract the attention and arouse the military and patriotic spirit of the town and surrounding country.

The noise of drums and fifes and drills and parades called men together until there were enrolled, one hundred and fifteen names.

William M. Jenks, was elected first-lieutenant, and Silas Jackson, second-lieutenant. M. C. Goodwin was made orderly sergeant, with George H. Drake, Abram P. Anthony, Frederick M. Cole, and James W. Gilmore, the other sergeants.

The company went to Dixon, on May 9th, and was soon in its place and at work. It suffered more than any company in the regiment, and left more dead men behind it than any company. It went into the battle of Chickasaw Bayou with forty-seven men in the ranks, and of these, twenty-seven were killed or wounded and twelve killed.

Captain Cole was wounded at this time. He resigned his position August 10th, 1863, and Lieutenant Jenks was promoted to the captaincy, and was with the company to the close of its service.

ROSTER.

George M. Cole,

Captain; enlisted from Fenton, Whiteside county, Ill.; and, with the regiment, was mustered into the service, May 24, 1861; was wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; resigned his position August 10, 1863. Has since lived in Illinois and Dakota. Latest address, Morrison, Ill.

William M. Jenks,

First-lieutenant; born February 20, 1834, at Warren, Pa.; enlisted from Morrison, Ill.; mustered with the regiment; promoted captain of Company G August 10, 1863; mustered out June 18, 1864 has since lived in Illinois and Kansas. Latest address is 1012 Twenty-first Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Silas M. Jackson,

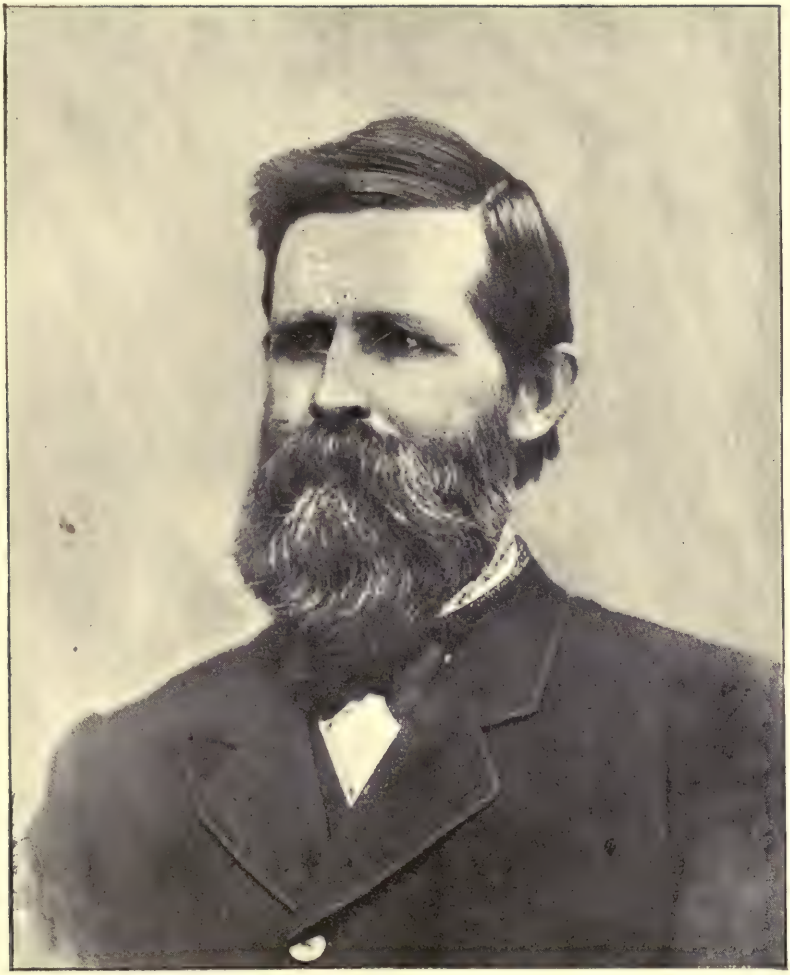
Second-lieutenant; enlisted from Morrison, Ill.; mustered with the regiment at Dixon, Ill., May 24, 1861; promoted first-lieutenant August 10, 1863, and mustered out June 18, 1864.

Marvin C. Goodwin,

First-sergeant; enlisted from Morrison, Ill.; mustered with the regiment at Dixon; promoted to quartermaster's sergeant September 12, 1863; mustered out February 2, 1864. There was no trouble to hear Goodwin when he called Company G to fall-in for roll-call.

George H. Drake,

Sergeant; enlisted from Fair Haven, Carroll county, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864, as sergeant. Drake was always on hand and heard from; is stiff in politics, and takes no man's sauce; has been deputy sheriff of Whiteside county. Present address, Sterling, Ill.



CAPT. WILLIAM M. JENKS.

Company G.

Abram P. Anthony,
Sergeant; enlisted from Morrison, Ill.; mustered with regiment at Dixon; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Frederick M. Cole,
Sergeant; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered with regiment May 24, 1861; promoted to adjutant of Wood's Cavalry June 1, 1862.

James W. Gilmore,
Sergeant; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered May 24, 1861. Discharged April 24, 1862, on account of disability.

Charles Stiles,
Corporal; enlisted from Morrison; mustered May 24, 1861; promoted to sergeant and transferred to Signal Corps, September 12, 1863.

William H. H. Jones,
Corporal; enlisted from Mount Pleasant; mustered May 24, 1861; promoted to sergeant; mustered out June 18, 1864; afterward commissioned in another regiment. At present doing business at Marshaltown, Iowa.

Thomas J. Kennedy,
Corporal; born in Greenwich, New York; age nineteen; enlisted from Mount Pleasant; mustered with the regiment; killed at charge at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1892.

Charles A. Montgomery,
Corporal; enlisted from Garden Plains; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18 1864 as corporal.

Edward A. Watson,
Corporal; enlisted from Unionville; mustered with the regiment at Dixon; deserted February 1, 1863.

Aaron B. Jackson,
Corporal; enlisted from Morrison; mustered with the regiment May 24, 1861; died November 30, 1861.

John Niblock,
Corporal; enlisted from Fulton; mustered May 24, 1862; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Samuel G. Johnson,
Corporal; enlisted from Morrison; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

George W. Alexander,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered May 24, 1862; mustered out Febuary 2, 1865.

Robert S. Anthony,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered May 24, 1861; died December 19, 1861.

Ferdinand Angelope,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered with the regiment; mustered out June 18, 1864. Residence, Fulton, Illinois.

Stephen E. Austin,

Private ; born in Pine, Pennsylvania ; age eighteen ; enlisted from Dixon · mustered May 24, 1861 ; fought at Chickasaw Bayou, Mississippi ; wounded December 29, 1862, and died from his wounds January 23, 1863.

Henry D. Alden,

Private ; enlisted from Lane ; mustered May 29, 1861 ; died November 5, 1861.

Deloss W. Backhus,

Private ; enlisted from Lane : mustered May 26, 1861 ; mustered out June 19, 1864 ; died at his residence, 84 Park Avenue, Chicago, Feburary 14, 1891, aged fifty-four years.

Sylvester Boldry.

Private ; enlisted from Mount Pleasant ; mustered May 24, at Dixon ; died February 12, 1863,

Milan E. Bonney,

Private ; enlisted from Lyndon, Illinois ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; deserted January 12, 1863.

Alvin Bartholomew,

Private ; born in Morrisville, Ohio ; age eighteen ; enlisted from Mount Pleasant ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862.

Frederick Babcock,

Private ; enlisted from St. Charles; mustered June 6, 1861; promoted to corporal ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, not known. Has been commander of a Grand Army of the Republic Post in that city.

William Buckley,

Private ; enlisted from Morgan county Missouri ; mustered October 20, 1861, and deserted March 6, 1862,

Lewis H. Barter,

Private; enlisted from Lyndon ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; transferred to the Invalid Corps September 1, 1863.

Henry Calauska,

Private ; no further information given ; no report. Present address, Chanute, Kansas.

Frank J. Cole,

Private ; enlisted from Fenton ; mustered June 6, 1861 ; transferred to the Sixth Missouri Cavalry as adjutant, February 15, 1862.

Robert Cox,

Private ; enlisted from Morrison ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; Mustered out June 18, 1864.

Thomas Comstock,

Private ; born in Lockport, New York, age twenty ; enlisted from Lyndon ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

Leonard Chessley,

Private; born in Potstown, New York; age twenty; enlisted from Morrison; mustered May 24, 1861; died July 30, 1863, in camp at Vicksburg, of fever.

Edwin K. Chamberlain,

Private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered May 24, 1861, and mustered out June 18, 1864, as corporal. Latest address, Panama, Iowa.

William Griswell,

Private; enlisted from St. Louis, Missouri; mustered August 8, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

John E. Clark,

Private; enlisted from St. Charles; mustered June 6, 1861; deserted March 9, 1862.

John P. Chesley,

Private; Morrison; mustered May 24; deserter January 12, 1863.

Sewall Chamberlain,

Private; enlisted from Fenton, and mustered December 22, 1861, and transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, as corporal; mustered out June 8, 1865. Present address, Panama, Iowa.

Albert Duffin,

Private; Enlisted from Morrison, Illinois, and mustered May 24, 1861; deserted February 1, 1863.

Fayette DeGroot,

Private; born in Centerville, Ohio; age twenty; enlisted from Morrison, and mustered May 24, 1861; killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

Charles Daw,

Private; enlisted from Garden Plains and mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John Dennis,

Private; enlisted from Licking, Misouri; mustered August 3, 1861; Transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry as sergeant. Present address, Fresno, California.

Lewis Echhart,

Private; that's all we have.

Anthony M. French,

Private; enlisted from Mount Pleasant, and mustered May 24, 1861. Died March 17, 1864.

Benjamin Fry,

Private; enlisted from Clyde, Michigan, and mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out October 7, 1864. Latest address, Sabetha, Kansas.

Hiram C. Frisby,

Private; enlisted from St. Charles, and mustered June 6, 1861, and died September 25, 1863.

William Garlick,
Private; enlisted from Morrison, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 2, 1865. Present address, 600 Edwards street, Kansas City, Mo.

William Golden,
Private; enlisted from Prophetstown, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; veteranized and transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Thaddéus Graves,
Priva e; enlisted from Unionville; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Samuel Genung,
Private; enlisted from Dixon; mustered May 24, 1861; died April 3, 1863, from wounds.

Leroy Genung,
Private; enlisted from Dixon; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Warren Genung,
Private; enlisted from Dixon; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Address, Pine Hills, Wis.

Fennimore Hardy,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to invalid corps, September 1, 1863.

Frederick Hawes,
Private; enlisted from Unionville; mustered in May 24, 1861, at Dixon; mustered out June 18, 1864, as corporal. Latest address 178 16th street, Detroit, Mich.

George Humphrey,
Private; enlisted from Clyde; mustered May 24, 1861; discharged by order of court-martial. Latest address, Granada, Kansas.

James Harlan,
Priv te: enlisted from Fenton; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged by order of court-martial.

Samuel Huber,
Private; enlisted from Anamosa, Iowa; mustered in May 25, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John E. Hayes,
Private; born in New Orleans, La.; age eighteen years; enlisted from Dixon; mustered in May 24, 1681; killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

Adam C. Hartzell,
Private; no further information given in the adjutant-general's report.

James H. Holt,
Private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in June 6, 1861; transferred to Bowen's Cavalry, September 1, 1861.

Addison Jackson,
Private; enlisted from Mount Pleasant: mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded at Ringgold, Ga., November 27; died December 1, 1863.

Frank Johnson,
Born in Sweden; age nineteen years; private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in May 24, 1861; killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862.

Hugh L. Kendall,
Private: mustered in May 24, 1861. Address, Washington, Iowa.

Albert Kendall,
Private; Lodi, Ill.; mustered in, June 6, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Henry A. Kennedy,
Private; enlisted from Mount Pleasant; mustered in, August 29, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Latest address, Grand Island, Neb.

George A. Leiser,
Private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in, May 24, 1861; deserted November 21, 1862.

William H. Ladler,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Latest address, Morrison, Ill.

Charles Lewis,
Private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in May 24, 1861; veteranized and assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Latest address, West Gate, Iowa.

John Linguin,
Private; enlisted from Dixon; mustered in May 24, 1861; deserted October 27, 1862.

Richard McGee,
Private; enlisted from Unionville; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged October 29, 1862 for disability. Present address, Washington, Iowa.

George McIntosh,
Private; enlisted; mustered in May 24, 1861; deserted January 20, 1863.

Rodney S. Miller,
Private: no further record in adjutant-general's report.

James Markham,
Private; enlisted from Rhode Island; mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to invalid corps September 1, 1863. Latest address, Woodland, Kansas.

Charles Myers,
Private; enlisted from St. Louis; mustered in June 15, 1861; deserted July 10, 1862.

David Nichols,
Private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in May 24, 1861; died February 26, 1862.

George O'Conner,
Private; no more record found.

John O'Brian,
Private; enlisted from St. Charles; mustered in June 6, 1861; mustered out June 8, 1865.

Charles W. Potter,
Private; enlisted from Fenton; mustered in May 24, 1861; veteranized. Latest address, Ainsworth, Neb.

William Proll,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; died December 27, 1861.

Thurston D. Pratt,
Private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864 as corporal. Latest address, Harlan, Iowa.

John G. Penny,
Private; enlisted from Fenton; mustered in May 24, 1861. Latest address, Soldier's Home, Marshalltown, Iowa.

James A. Peck,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; drowned May 28, 1862.

Patrick Ponsonby,
Private; enlisted from St. Charles; mustered in June 6, 1861; mustered out June 2, 1865.

Samuel Pike,
Private; enlisted from St. Charles; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged for disability.

Charles O. Pratt,
Private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in August 29, 1861; discharged August 11, 1863, for disability.

Henry Russing,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; no further information available.

John C. H. Richards,
Private; born in Roses, Ohio; age twenty enlisted from Fair Haven; mustered in May 24, 1861; killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou December 27, 1862.

John Robins,
Private; born in Steuben Co., N. Y., age twenty-eight, enlisted from Delhi; mustered in May 24, 1861; died February 20, 1863, of fever, on Hospital Boat.

George Rogers,
Private; enlisted from St. Charles; mustered June 6, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1865.

Thomas Riley,
Private; born in Ireland, age twenty one, enlisted from New York; mustered June 20, 1801; killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

Peter Savage,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; died at Andersonville June 13, 1864. Grave, No. 1902.

Samuel H. Smith,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864, as corporal. Latest address, Marshalltown, Iowa.

John D. Sperry,
Private; born in Lyndon, Ill., age nineteen, enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in May 24, 1861; killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

William H. Shear,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Address, Morrison, Ill.

John Simms,
Private. No record in adjutant-general's report.

Jacob Shufurt,
Private; mustered in May 24, 1861. Blank record in adjutant-general's report.

Albert G. Scroder,
Private; mustered in May 24, 1861; no further record.

David Symonds,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Invalid Corps September 4, 1863.

Almon A. Stevens,
Private; enlisted from St. Charles; mustered June 6, 1861; no account of his discharge.

Isaac Shipman,
Private; enlisted from St. Charles; mustered in June 6, 1861; died October 13, 1863.

George H. Styles,
Private; enlisted from Lane; mustered in June 15, 1861; deserted October 13, 1863.

Jacob Snyder,
Private; enlisted from Maries county, Mo.; mustered August 3, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Orlin E. L. Thurber,
Private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in May 24, 1861; deserted December 24, 1861.

John B. Taylor,
Private; no further record in the adjutant-general's report.

William Vaugn,
Private; enlisted from Fulton; mustered in May 24, 2861. Discharged August 11, 1863, for disability.

George Wilson,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

William P. Wilson,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861. Deserted.

Almus A. Winters,
Private; enlisted from Morrison; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged August 11, 1863, for disability. Present address, Walnut, Ill.

David A. Whited,
Private; enlisted from Lyndon; mustered in May 24, 1861.

Charles Weaver,
Private; mustered in May 24, 1861, but no further record in adjutant-general's report.

COMPANY H.

Company H of the Thirteenth Regiment sprang into being, as a result of the spontaneous uprising of loyal men all through the Free States, in the spring of 1861.

It seems never to have existed in embryo, but to have organized in full panoply, and marched to the field direct from the homes of its brave men.

ROSTER.

Benjamin F. Parks,
Captain; Aurora; Mustered May 24, 1861; promoted lieutenant-colonel. Present address, Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A. H. SIBLEY and RANDOLPH MOSTOW.

Company H.

CAPT. ETHAN A. PRICHARD.

Company H.

George H. Gardner,

Captain; enlisted Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, dismissed September 3, 1862; no pay; reinstated; died January 5, 1863; presented with a fine sword by Company H; was universally liked and respected for kindness and fair treatment; was a brave, true soldier.

Edwin Wendt,

First-lieutenant; was mustered May 24, 1861, as first-lieutenant; promoted captain March 2, 1863; mustered out June 18, 1864; has since been in the barber business in various cities. Present address, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Ethan E. Pritchard,

Lieutenant; residence, Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; promoted first-lieutenant January 5, 1853; mustered March 2, 1863; mustered out June 18, 1864; was especially noted for good conduct in battle; died at his residence in Aurora from exposure in army and grief at loss of his little boy who was drowned in Fox River, in the winter of 1864 and 1865.

Jesse D. Pierce,

First-sergeant; promoted to ensign; date of muster May 24, 1861; promoted to second-lieutenant January 5, 1863; mustered out June 18, 1864; was stunned by a bursting shell and taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1863; was a generous, clever, and superior man; born in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, April 21, 1822. Address, Leavenworth, Kansas.

William Larabe,

Sergeant; residence Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

George B. Putnam,

Sergeant; Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; promoted first-sergeant June 5, 1863; mustered out June 18, 1864. A thorough little orderly; did his duty and always was obliging; particularly distinguished himself at Ringgold by keeping down the rebel cannoneers, by firing from a window in the log-house on the left center of the regimental line, with Milton, Sheer and several others; served in all battles.

John Woodard,

Sergeant; Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861. Known as "Cattaraugus"; discharged October 9, 1861,

Dexter L. Watson,

Sergeant; residence Lodi, Ill; mustered May 24, 1861; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862; died January 11, 1863 of wounds; was a bright soldier.

James B. Lowry,

Bristol, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; promoted to sergeant; was a good soldier, saw hard marching and all the battles of the Thirteenth; always ready for duty. Present address, Pullman, Illinois.

Eli H. Holly,

Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; promoted to sergeant; born August 28, 1830, at Big Flats, York State; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862; kind and obliging, universally liked by Company H; good soldier. Present address, Ottumwa, Iowa.

George Meyers,

Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861, as corporal; discharged March 25, 1864, disability; detached as clerk June 20, 1863, to quartermaster division headquarters. After an illness of two years he died at Aurora, Illinois, 1864, from injuries received in the service.

Lucius W. Smeadley,

Bristol, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; discharged January 27, 1863. Corporal Smeadley was always complaining, but was a good soldier.

Malcomb G. Clark,

Corporal; Big Rock; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; born 1826 at Williston, Vermont. "Old Mack" was somewhat on hunting good forage in the travels through Missouri and Tennessee. Mack wanted "good grub." He was a good soldier. Present residence, Lura, Russell county, Kansas.

Rodney Jay,

Residence Sugar Grove, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861. Corporal Jay was taken prisoner at Madison Station, Alabama, May 17, 1864; made a drawing of Castle Morgan Prison on oil-cloth blanket, which was afterwards photographed; never recovered the hardships of prison life. Was a prompt and active soldier. Died in California.

Henry K. Allison,

Corporal; residence Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; transferred to Invalid corps, January 15, 1864. Present address, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Frank G. Whipple,

Corporal; residence St. Charles; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; served as orderly for Wyman to December 1862; served in H Company with musket at Chicaksaw Bayou, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold; detailed as quartermaster clerk with quartermaster Flint, brigade Quartermaster;

taken prisoner at Madison Station, Alabama; escaped at Okalona, Mississippi, June 1. The boys were surprised to see him walk into Camp Butler June 17, dressed in an old rebel cavalry jacket and butternut pants. He also served one year in Hancock's Veteran Corps. Present address, Leavenworth, Kansas.

Edwin W. Loomis,

Musician; residence at St. Charles; mustered May 24, 1861; discharged January 10, 1863. All the Thirteenth remember Edwin and his clarionet. Present address, Prophetstown, Illinois.

Frank Brown,

Musician; residence, Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; deserted May 24, 1863.

Orrin V. Anderson,

Aurora, Ill; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. The boys will always remember Orrin with his pleasant ways and lively disposition. Anderson, Captain Everest and others furnished the camp with many pleasant songs.

Lendrum Armstrong,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; deserted May 4, 1863.

Benjamin F. Brisben,

Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; transferred Company I September 1, 1863; wounded and taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862; up to that time served with company; a gallant soldier. On December 29, 1862, while in file in rear rank, he said as regiment lay awaiting order to charge the Vicksburg Fort, "I would not go in there for one million dollars," and answered, said, "You don't think I am not going with the company, I mean I would not go for one million dollars, and would not stay back for a million." In forty minutes both his legs were broken, and he was a prisoner in rebel hands. Up to 1886 he received no pension. Residence, Churches Corners, Hillsdale county, Michigan.

George Beardsley,

Shabonna Grove; mustered May 24, 1861. Died October 21, 1861, at St. Louis, Mo.

Albert O. Beardsley,

Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; seriously wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, December 28, 1862; wounded again at Ringgold, Georgia, November 27, 1863; gallant soldier. Present address, Cascadeville, Essex county, N. Y.

Thomas L. Burt,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Tom could find fault with hard bread, beans, officers and the world, but was on hand for duty. Present address, Harrison, Mich.

Merrill F. Boomer,

Bristol; born in Charleston, Mass.; age 22; mustered May 24, 1861; seriously wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; promoted to corporal; sent to hospital on hospital boat from Vicksburg, and died on the way up the river, January 5, 1863.

Eugene A. Brownell,

St. Charles; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Detailed to a medical department. Was sunstruck at Fairview, Arkansas, 1862. A good soldier. Present address, St. Charles, Illinois. Since the war has been engaged in the manufacturing of paper, is married, has five children and is also called grandfather; in civil honors, he has not been overlooked, as the following enumeration will show: town commissioner, highway commissioner, school director, alderman and postmaster for six years.

Edwin H. Babcock,

Aurora, Ill.; born in Ravenna, Ohio; age 20; mustered May 24, 1861. Died June 6, 1863, of wound received at Jackson, Mississippi. A conservative, reliable soldier and good companion.

George Bankson,

Mustered May 24, 1861; discharged April 30, 1863.

Ebenezer B. Baird,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. A small puny fellow, but a good soldier and forager; occupied a berth behind a pig-pen at Ringgold in which one hog was killed and the other wounded, but Ebenezer never received a scratch.

Thomas Bexon,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Tom had several severe attacks of fever, weak and puny naturally, but in battle and on the march, a soldier. He would stand for an hour at White river, and shoot fish for his mess to which I belonged. It was great enjoyment for him, he being a good shot. At the battle of Missionary Ridge after we were ordered to charge the rebels, a six-foot rebel tried to run away; then faced us, and held up both hands to surrender, having passed through our lines by Tom—"Am I safe," he cried. "Can't you thee? Courth you are," said Tom, who lisped. It seemed to me remarkable, a giant and a dwarf, but the dwarf was a lion. At Madison Station, Tom hid in a tree top and escaped capture. He served in our hardest battles. Accidentally killed at Aurora, Illinois.

Alfred Barnes,

Sugar Grove; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 7, 1865; was taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; and again taken prisoner at Madison Station, Alabama, May 17, 1864;

EBENEZER B. BAIRD.

Company H.

EDGAR L. CURRIER.

Company H.

taken to Castle Morgan, Cahaba, Alabama, and at Meriden, Mississippi. A whole-souled comrade. Present address, Dows Prairie, Humboldt county, California.

James Cliggett,

Oswego ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864, as corporal ; wounded and taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862. Jim, four others and myself slept under the pilot house on the Warner going to Vicksburg, but going to Arkansas Post there were but three of us. Three were left on that bloody field wounded at Chickasaw. Present address, Chamberlain, South Dakota.

Geo. E. Conklin,

St. Charles; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 2, 1865 ; taken prisoner May 17, 1864 ; imprisoned at Castle Morgan, Cahaba, Ala. ; escaped from train, was fired on by guards and recaptured ; escaped from Castle Morgan, and again taken. He was a genial good fellow. Present address, De Soto, Mo.

Guy Clark,

Big Rock ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 16, 1864 ; Promoted to corporal ; Guy was Co. Commissary and a good one. Present address, Aurora, Ill.

Walter B. Corthell,

Big Rock; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Walt could always tell when he was well fed. He was a good soldier.

Philander C. Costar,

Aurora ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; rather too easy for campaigning, but a good soldier. Present residence, Bristol, Ill.

William Cheatham,

Aurora, Ill. ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864 ; easy and quiet but on hand for duty and hardship, he served in our hardest battles. Present address, Malta, Ill.

Frank W. Cushing,

Aurora, Ill. ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864; born 1843, Aurora, Ill. ; very efficient soldier; Commander of Farragut Post, No. 4, Department of California G. A. R., 1869, 1872; Deputy Postmaster of Oakland, Cal., 1876 to 1879 inclusive ; is now a clerk in the office of collector of customs, Port of San Francisco, Cal.

Edgar L. Currier,

St. Charles; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out Jane 8, 1865. Ed. was taken prisoner at Madison Station, Ala., May 17, 1864, imprisoned at Cahaba, Ala., and in other prisons. Ed. fought in every

engagement the Thirteenth participated in. No braver soldier served, and he was a good shot, cool and firm. Residence, Mallette, Spink county, Dak.

Noah Sharp Cramer,

Aurora, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged October 21, 1862; general court marshal. Sharp was a sport, many a trick he put up. He and wicked Eddy, when in Missouri, shaved Captain Wendt's pony's tail until it resembled the old sign in front of the captain's barber shop before he enlisted. Present address, Washington, N. Y.

Bartley Dein,

Aurora, Ill.: mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; born in Ireland; a reliable, number one soldier. He married and settled in Jeffersonville, Ind., in 1865. Was pleasant and in good humor all the time, wet or dry.

Peter Dougdale,

Aurora, Illinois, mustered May 24, 1861; discharged April 22, 1863, for disability. "Peter the irrepressible" little Irishman, a great sport that will never be forgotten by the Thirteenth, while any of them survive. All probably recollect our dog "Salem" for whom the Thirteenth, was so willing to stand up. How many of the boys know that when we marched out of the town of Salem, Arkansas, Pete made his exit with a pup carefully concealed in his blouse; the boys took turns in carrying him. In a day or two we got him in a wagon and he soon became the regiment dog. All the boys owned "Salem."

Watterman Da Lee,

Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Watterman was captain Wendt's clerk and a good soldier for duty when called upon; serving with musket all the time.

John M. Eddy,

St. Charles, Kane county, Illinois; born April 29, 1842; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; served with company until detailed January 1863, on medical staff; was in battles of Wet Glaze and marched to Pea Ridge and Helena; participated in every battle with regiment, including Chickasaw, Bayou and Arkansas Post. John was one of the boys. From date of muster out of service until March 1866, attended college; entered railway service in March 1866; from March 1866 to July 1872 was chairman, rodman, cashier and auditor engineering department, general town lot agent and assistant chief engineer Union Pacific Railway; July 1872 to November 1873, superintendent construction Texas and Pacific Railway; December 15, 1873 to December 14 1883, president Fort Worth and Denver City Railway Company; September 1877 to

January 1878, superintendent and chief engineer Omaha and Republican Valley Road; Jaunuary 1878 to November 1879, general agent, freight, passenger and land departments, Kansas, Pacific and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe roads; was in Chicago Illinois; November 1879 to November 1880; general superintendent construction Missouri Pacific, and Missouri, Kansas and Texas railways in Texas; November 1880 to July 1883, superintendent Missouri, Kansas and Texas railways in Texas; July 1883 to November 1883, superintendent, Texas and Pacific railway; December 1, 1883 to May 15, 1888, general manager Omaha Belt railway; May 15, 1888, to February 11, 1889, general manager International and Great Northern road; appointed receiver of International road, February 11, 1889. Died at Pasadena, California, January 1891 of hemorrhage of the lungs.

Edwin M. Emerson,

Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; transferred as second-lieutenant Tenth Missouri Cavalry.

Geo W. Fikes,

Montgomery; mustered May 24, 1871; mustered out June 7, 1885; Born 1837 in York State. Geo. was one of the men to be counted for duty. When Company H left camp, May 22, 1863 to charge the works at Vicksburg, Geo., who was that day Company Cook, said; "Well boys you will get your dinner to-day just on time." We laughed, but at noon Fikes appeared with a colored assistant who carried a kettle of coffee and one of soup on a pole; Fikes walking behind protesting against the darkey spilling the coffee. Few of the soldiers could say they had a warm dinner on May 22, 1863 at Vicksburg; but Company H did. George was taken prisoner at Madison Station, Alabama, May 17, 1864. With other prisoners at Cahaba, Alabama, he captured the rebel guards, but was found out and the prison guards came in. They turned the cannon on the prisoners and threatened to fire if the leaders were not given up, they tried starving them to terms but finally dropped the matter. Present address, Hoopstown, Illinois.

John E. Foster,

Big Rock; mustered May 24, 1861; discharged April 25, 1862, for disability.

John Fisher,

Big Rock; mustered May 24, 1861; missing January 20, 1863. Henry M. Harms talked with A. H. Sibley and wanted him to go with him and Huston, and some boys to get potatoes and country products, on that to them fatal day, I was guarding a horse on the bank of the river and could not go. This was at Griffith's Landing, Mississippi, January 20, 1863. I consider it was wrong to mark

them deserters. Fisher went with them. They had no idea of deserting. I would make affidavit to this any time. I don't want these three boys marked deserters in Company H's history.

A. H. SIBLEY.

James Goodale,

Montgomery; mustered May 24, 1861; discharged September 18, 1863, for disability. James was a good soldier. Present address, Oak Valley, Kansas.

Barney Hines,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862. A good fellow and was discharged for disability August 12, 1863. Present address, Fontanelle, Iowa.

Will. A. Hawley,

Oswego; mustered May 24, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois, January 15, 1864. Present address, Menlo, Guthrie County, Iowa.

Theodore C. Hayes,

Bristol; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; was a rustler for chickens. Present address, Dixon, Carbon County, Wyoming.

Walter S. Hunt.

Oswego, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; promoted to sergeant. Present address, Emington, Illinois.

Isaac P. Hunt,

Born in Litchfield County, Connecticut; age eighteen; Bristol; mustered May 24, 1861; died March 12, 1863, of wounds recieved at Chickasaw Bayou, Mississippi. There are some characters naturally attractive and their memory is sunshine. Such was Isaac's. The night of the 28th and 29th of December 1862, I passed on picket post with Isaac, Purdy and Thatcher; one watched, three cuddled together; we had no fire; what a time we had, the fellow in the middle was the warmest. How merry Isaac was. After daylight how we laughed over the scuffle for the warmest place that night; this was Isaac's last night without suffering, for he received a horrible wound from which he died March 12, 1863.

Henry M. Harmes,

Sugar Grove; mustered May 24, 1861; missing since January 20, 1863, Griffith's Landing, Mississippi. Harmes was a great boy to forage for country products, always ready for duty; undoubtedly captured and killed.

James H. Huntoon,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; missing since January 20, 1863 at Griffith's Landing; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou. He was undoubtedly murdered. He was a most agreeable companion.

John Hall,

Aurora; mustered May 20, 1861 ; discharged January 11, 1863, for disability. Address, Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Kansas.

William Irwin,

Kendall ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18. 1864, as corporal. Will could look stern ; he was gobbling some beans through a window, when in Tennessee, on the march for Chattanooga. The people were looking at the army pass in front of the house. Will was in the rear filling his haversack when the woman of the house walked into the room. Will wanted to run but we needed the beans, so he gave her a terribly fierce look. The woman, being scared, said nothing. I suppose she thought she got off cheaply.

John M. Jolley,

Aurora ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; transferred in Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois March 15, 1864. He was our stand-by teamster. A faithful comrade. John was transferred against his wish. It troubled him but he had to go.

Henry M. Johnson,

Big Rock ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; transferred to Invalid Corps, January 15, 1864.

Robert S. Johnson,

Aurora ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Not strong or large, but a good soldier.

Justus J. Ketcham,

Bristol ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 7, 1865 ; born in Addison county, Vt.; promoted to corporal ; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862. Served in every battle. Was captured May 17,, 1864, at Madison Station, Ala. Present residence, Sacramento, California. P. O. Box No. 510.

Eldorado Knight,

St. Charles ; born St. Charles, 1841 ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Was detailed as musician and was afterwards on medical staff ; served on the river and at Vicksburg. Ray was a favorite with Company H. Present address, Anniston, Ala.

Benjamin Morris,

Bristol ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. At shadow or snap of a cap, Ben was gone. He never died for his country.

Randolph Mostow,

Aurora, Ill.; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Served with regiment until detailed ; was in battle Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post, always ready for duty ; born Oswego, N. Y. Detailed engineer corps, February to August, 1863, detailed chief clerk, assistant adjutant-general's office first Division, Fifteenth,

army corps, September, 1863, to June, 1864. After muster out, entered quartermaster Department as chief clerk. Headquarters military division of Mississippi at Atlanta and Savannah, Ga., Moorehead City and Raleigh, North Carolina. Transferred to Freedman's Bureau Quartermaster Department, State of Florida. Headquarters at Tallahassee in January, 1865, ordered to Fort Garland, Colorado mil. post, under command of Kit Carson until January, 1867. In April, 1868, entered homestead in South Dakota, Assistant United States Marshall. 1869, member of legislature, 70–72. County commissioner 1873 to 1879. Resident of Kansas City, Missouri, since 1881. Engaged in real estate and loans, No. 702 Forest Ave.

James McGuire,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; discharged August 19, 1861.

John Martin,

Oswego, Ill.; mustered May 24, 1861; re-enlisted a veteran. Transferred to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry and served in the hardest campaigns.

John T. North,

Bristol; mustered May 24, 1861; deserted January 26, 1863.

Charles Pelan,

Aurora, Ill.; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864 as sergeant; served well, always ready for duty. At Madison Station, Alabama, May 17, Charlie said "I hate to run but if ever there was a time to run it is now." The bullets knocked the sand about his feet. He was getting to where the regiment was forming and came very near being cut off. Served one year in the Sixth regiment Hancock Veteran Corps with H. L. Thatcher and Lieutenant Bailey of K company. Address, Stockham, Neb.

Joseph C. Paulin,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; died December 8, 1861 at Rolla, Mo.

Lemuel Purdy,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. A jolly boy; wore number eleven shoes. Purdy scouted with Ben Harris in winter of 1863 and 1864; he made a comical figure crossing Flint river on the back of the large mule that used to draw our iron bake oven. Purdy was on his knees on the top of the saddle; he was dry; and laughed at us who were on small stock and got wet. That night rushing through the brush in the dark to get a position on the bank of the Tennessee river, a grape-vine let all who were on small horses pass under, but caught Purdy under the chin and swept him off over the "Elephant's" tail. We then laughed last. Purdy was an active, thorough soldier. Present address, Lewistown, Ill.

George B. Robinson,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; promoted hospital steward October 8, 1863; born in Wilmington, Vt., 1835. George was a natural nurse for the sick, and a kind-hearted steward. Served one year in Hancock's Corps; discharged February 1, 1866. Address, 632 Galloway street, Eau Claire, Wis.

Frederick Rink,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Corporal. Frederick served faithfully three years. I remember how he and I smelt powder May 18, 1863, on the hillside at Vicksburg. Born, Germany, 1837. Residence, Council Bluffs, Ia., 813 East Avenue.

Marcus Sherman,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1851; died December 30, 1862. Born in Remington, N. Y.; age 22.

Simon P. Schamp,

Oswego; mustered May 24, 1861; killed in action December 29, 1862, Chickasaw Bayou. Simon was a noble man. In appearance full six feet in height, a calm temperment, high forehead, black, curly hair, fine dark eyes. When the Thirteenth disembarked at the Yazoo river, December 26, 1862, the Thirteenth was deployed as skirmishers and advancing inland, drove back a confederate outpost. In the front of Company H there was left by a fire some dried beef which was quickly gobbled. I was so fortunate as to get a quart of butter. I shared with all. Simon said, "Sib, give me some for my hard bread." "All you want, I said." I did not think that I would never speak to him again.

Townsend A. Seeley,

Kendall county; mustered May 24, 1861; discharged August 12, 1863; disability. Born, Goshen, N. Y. Town, was a good soldier and good comrade. Present address, Yorkville, Ill.

Mathias Siegfried,

Aurora; mustered May 24. 1861; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862; died since discharge; leaves a widow. Was a good soldier.

George W. Smith,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861 discharged March 5, 1862 born Connecticut. Residence, Dubuque, Iowa.

John A. Sohnley,

Aurora; born in Würternberg, Germany; age thirty-four; mustered May 24, 1861; wounded December 29, 1862; died January 21, 1863, of wounds got in action, at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862. John was a quiet, orderly soldier, always ready for duty, a pleasant comrade with a smile for all. He was supposed to be only slightly

wounded in the arm. Well I recollect seeing him with his face pressed close to the glass of the hospital boat window, looking at a few of us who had been down to the Yazoo River to bid the wounded good bye before they were taken North; he nodded good-bye; it was forever.

Milton Sheer,

Montgomery; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Milton advanced too far in front of our line at Ringgold with Whipple and Ed. Wales. When called back they all walked, when asked why they did not run, Milton said he ran at Chickasaw and never was going to run again. He took position in a log house at a window at Ringgold, and served with coolness. Was reliable. Present address, Plano, Illinois.

Edwin Sheehe,

Aurora, Illinois; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; H Company's representative of "Ould Ireland." About the 1st of May 1864, while Thirteenth laid at Trienna, Alabama, we were watching close for the rebels, for they had sent word that they were going to take us in. Sheer, Sheehe and myself were watching a picket post. Sheehe made a great outcry. We all ran in expecting to find the enemy. Sheer said, "Where are they?" "Snake! snake!" was all we could get out of him at first; come to find out a snake had crawled over his hand while he slept. No more sleep for him that night. As a diplomate, Sheehe was bright; the cane brake or hills of Askansas were the same to him; he could find whisky when others could not. He took a nice pair of ladies' shoes from Rolla, traded to people in Missouri or Arkansas; watched his chance, stole them back again, and then traded again at the next town. Ed. is dead. Sheehe stood in the house at Ringgold gap, firing out of a window; someone did the loading and he fired the two guns; he would swear at the men for not loading faster; then shuffle his feet and sing, "We'el be gay and happy still." As death was all about us, I reproved him, but it did not seem to impress him.

Christopher C. Scrafford,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; discharged September 8, 1863.

Stewart B. Strong,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; dropped from roll June 8, 1863. Afterwards enlisted on a Mississippi "Iron Clad." I saw him at Grand Gulf when we crossed the river.

Christopher Schafer,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; detailed as blacksmith. Died at Louisville, Kentucky.

Emil Sier,

Aurora; mustered May 24, 1861. Died February 5, 1862.

Nelson Terill,

Aurora ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; died October 28, 1861.

Nelson L. Thatcher,

Mustered May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864 ; enlisted in Hancock's corps and served one year. Conducted a mercantile business in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and again in Nebraska City ; was financially successful at time of death. Thatcher was one of the boys. I forgive him and Walt Corthell for hiding a five gallon keg of whiskey under my bunk while they acted retail merchants. It worked fine with the first keg, but the officers got hold of it, and Thatcher said some one had to go in the guard house, and it was Sibley's turn.

[During the siege of Jackson, July 10, to 16, 1863. we were on duty. Thatcher and three others spread a blanket and started a game of draw poker. The rebels got our location and we had to hustle around occasionally, just to give our minds peace. Finally a shell came for that blanket. One called ; it took time to show the cards, they all wanted to get out, the winner took the money and a piece of shell went through the blanket, all were white as corpses ; but how could they lose the pot ?]

Peter Thompson,

Aurora, Illinois ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; discharged September 12, 1862.

Myron A. Wood,

Shabbona Grove ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864 ; detailed as clerk at General Sherman's headquarters ; a bright man.

John W. Williams,

Bristol ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; dishonorably discharged ; sentenced by general court-martial ; John, though the youngest in our mess, was "Father John" ; he fired his gun off carelessly, nearly hitting one of Company F's men for which he was court-martialled and dishonorably discharged. It was play with John, but could not be so considered by the officer in charge, Lieutenant Gifford.

George W. Walker,

Oswego ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; left sick at Paducah, Kentucky, probably killed there.

Arthur B. West,

Sugar Grove ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864 ; born New York state, 1839 ; was wounded at Ringgold, March 28, 1863 ; was a good soldier. Family residence, Dakota, Humboldt county, Iowa. He is in the insane asylum.

Edwin Wales,

Paw Paw Grove ; mustered May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 30, 1865 ; taken prisoner May 17, 1864, at Madison Station, Alabama ;

escaped from Castle Morgan, Cahaba, Alabama; captured near Marion, Alabama, with hounds; refused to come out of tree when ordered, under threats of instant death. After seeing Tom West bitten by the dogs, he told the guards to ride under the tree and let him drop behind the guard on a horse or shoot; they finally took him off; behaved with great coolness at the battle of Ringgold; made two desperate attempts to escape from the rebel prison.

John Martin,

Oswego; enlisted January 1, 1864; mustered January 9, 1864; transferred to Company I, Fifty sixth Illinois Infantry.

George W. Young,

St. Charles; mustered May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. George W. served with the regiment until detailed January, 1863; was in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; was on medical staff the last year; was a favorite with the Thirteenth. Present address, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Grove Arnold,

Paw Paw; mustered May 28, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Grove was a quiet, orderly soldier; did his duty. Present residence, Aurora, Illinois.

Henry Bonan,

Born in Chamble, Canada; age eighteen; mustered April 5, 1862; died April 19, 1864, at Aurora, Illinois, of disease contracted in the army. Henry was a good soldier.

Austin W. Ewing,

Neosha; mustered March 11, 1862; discharged August 3, 1862. Present address, Hersher, Kansas.

Joseph Everard,

Aurora; mustered May 28, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; regiment wagon master. Present address, Rochester, Minnesota.

Emil Kothe,

Aurora; born in Germany; age seventeen; mustered Feburary 22, 1862; died June 12, of wounds received at siege of Vicksburg. Kothe was wounded December 28, 1862 before Vicksburg; the Thirteenth was ordered to lay down. Kothe, Cliggett and others stood up to try and see our hidden foe. Kothe sunk silently to the ground struck in the thigh. "Lie down," said Colonel Wyman, in a loud, clear voice, "they will kill you and you can't see them." "We will," said Cligget, "if you will." "It is my duty to stand and see what is going on and yours to obey orders." The Colonel staggered, and I shall always think the same sharp shooter hit both these men. Kothe was again wounded in 1863, before Vicksburg, of which he died June 12th, of that year.

Orville B. Merrill,

Aurora; mustered in May 28, 1861; transferred as lieutenant to Thirty-sixth Illinois Infantry,

John H. Steel,

Aurora; mustered in March 8, 1862; wounded December 29, 1862; left in hospital.

Albert H. Sibley,

Born in St. Charles, Kane county, Ill.; mustered in September 28, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, when the Thirteenth was mustered out; was never hurt and was not much sick. Perhaps most service done in the shortest time was when detailed with Captain Harriss, Scout, in winter of 1863 and 1864 in North Alabama about three months. Residence 1117, Michigan Ave., Kansas City, Mo.; has superintended the construction of many of the largest buildings in Kansas City, Mo., from 1865 to 1891.

Abram Van Riper,

Aurora: mustered in June 15, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry; Abram served as private for a period, and was then mustered a musician; a good soldier. Present residence, Chicago, Ill.

Smith G. Ward,

Kaneville; mustered in May 28, 1861; promoted captain Fifty-second Illinois Infantry, August 2, 1861.

Warton L. White,

Blackberry; mustered in May 24, 1861; died September 20, 1861; was raised on farm in Kane county; proved to be brave, and was a favorite with all who knew him.

Newton Wells,

Aurora: mustered in May 28, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; for short was called "Mississippi." At Ringgold Newton and Whipple were a little profane as we were ordered to lay down and not fire. "A poor place to swear," said I. "Well what are you swearing for?" said Whipple. "I don't want them shooting at me and not shoot back." In a minute they had orders to advance and fire all they wanted. They took position behind a rail pig pen and when the battle closed, jumped into the pen and killed the wounded hog and served the pork for supper; detailed as clerk at General Osterhauser's headquarters, winters of 1863 and 1864.

Lawrence Whalan,

Aurora; mustered in February 21, 1862; Died July 17, 1862, on the march to Helena in ambulance.

COMPANY I.

The nucleus to which gravitated the diverse elements, which, when crystallized as a whole, became afterwards, Company I of the Thirteenth regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry, almost may be said to have been belched from the mouths of Major Anderson's cannon at Sumter, on that memorable 12th of April, 1861 ; for, on the night of that day, at Blue Island, Cook county, Illinois, the nucleus of the company sprang into being. On the evenings of many days, war meetings had been held, up to the above named day ; but the electric wires of that day had not only sent a thrill of patriotism to every patriot's heart throughout the land, but almost had galvanized into life, the patriot dead. But one or two in all Blue Island, deserved the application of the lines which read—

> "Lives there a man with soul so dead?"
> Undoubtedly, but it must be said,
> He was a miserable copperhead,
> Nearly the only one in Blue Island.

The meeting at Blue Island that night, was, no doubt, matched but not excelled for patriotic zeal, in all the country.

A. K. Breed, a prominent resident of that place, proposed to raise a full company, which was to have the privilege of choosing its own officers. This was promptly approved without dissent.

At this stage of the meeting, several of those present, mostly young single men, made a proposition to George E. Hinman, an old resident, that they would go if he would. Upon which he responded "Boys, if you are waiting for me, you need not wait any longer. Come right up and sign your names under mine ; and here goes mine to head the list." He was followed by twenty-seven of the boys, but Mr. Breed did not sign that night.

Mr. Hinman had joined the United States Army, at New

York City, for service in the Mexican war; and had immediately been sent to "Carlyle Barracks," Pennsylvania, and went through a severe course of drill for six weeks, expecting every day, to be ordered forward to the army in Mexico; but about this time, peace was declared, and as he had enlisted for the war, he was discharged and went home. But the practical knowledge of the drill acquired at "Carlyle Barracks," was a valuable acquisition to the raw recruits, of the war of the Rebellion.

This military prestige had its weight in constituting Mr. Hinman a sort of leader to rally around.

The next day Mr. Hinman took the papers and in a very short time had one hundred and four names. Not more than three days after that meeting, Mr. Breed, who was their acknowledged captain, took his company to Chicago, where they were quartered in the old wigwam, northwest corner Lake and Market streets.

When the Blue Island company was formed, the ladies of that place, then, and ever after, influenced by a lofty and admirable patriotism, bought and presented it a beautiful silk flag. This was taken to Chicago with them.

Like many others, the Blue Island company found themselves too late to be counted in with the 75,000; and this served to break up the organization, and scatter the men into other regiments, until only about forty were left, some going home and afterwards enlisting again,

About two days after Captain Breed's company occupied the wigwam, another fragmentary company, of about fifty, represented by Mr. Samuel W. Wadswórth, came to the wigwam, and entered into negotiations with Captain Breed, for the joining of the forces, and making one company out of the two. A third military fragment now came forward and made propositions to be admitted to partnership. This was the remains of a company of the Rumsey Rifles, called the Union Cadets; of whom Frank Thoma, had been the acting captain.

In this triangular negotiation, Mr. Breed claimed a colónelcy, when a regiment should be raised; and would be

satisfied with nothing less. Frank Thoma claimed, and others admit, that he was promised, a commission, by Breed, in the consolidated organization; not because he brought some men with him, but because of his claim to being an expert in military drill, which was acquired while a pupil of Colonel Elsworth, the famous commander of the Chicago Zouaves.

Captain Breed soon drew out without having received any military position whatever; and it was alleged, gave away the interests of the Blue Island contingent, and swamped Frank Thoma as well. George E. Hinman, asked for nothing, and got the position of First-Sergeant, which he did not want. Frank Thoma, reluctantly, and under protest, took the position of Second-Sergeant.

These discordant elements, founded on broken promises, were never thoroughly harmonious; though whether anyone, except Breed, was to blame, does not appear.

No election ever took place, but Samuel W. Wadsworth was made Captain, James G. Everest was made First-Lieutenant, and Isaiah H. Williams was made Second-Lieutenant.

Everest and Williams had long been acquainted; but Wadsworth and Everest had an acquaintance of but a few days, brought about by reason of membership in the old Yates Phalanx, which both had joined for opportunity for drill. This naturally brought Wadsworth, Everest and Williams into relations of friendship. A promise of a Lieutenantcy, induced Everest to join the Barker Dragoons, for a few days, until he discovered that nearly enough commissions had been promised to supply a regiment, when he withdrew; when he, together with Wadsworth and Williams, with nearly fifty men, consolidated with the Blue Island contingent, and this organization became Company I, of the Thirteenth Illinois.

When the majority of the men from Blue Island had drawn out, Sergeant Hinman felt it his duty to send back the flag to the lady donors of Blue Island, the more especially as they were expecting to raise another company. The officers opposed this; but the sergeant rescued, and carried off the flag before their eyes.

He then intrusted the flag to Mr. Breed, who sold it and never accounted to the Blue Island ladies for either money or flag.

The consolidated company occupied the wigwam about a week ; those from Blue Island going home every night, while the days were spent in drill ; but as most of the men were subjected to considerable expense, the earliest possible opportunity for incorporation into some regiment was taken, which proved the Thirteenth Illinois ; and the companies of which it was to be composed, were ordered to rendezvous at Dixon, Lee county, which was the home of Company A.

Company I was neither armed or uniformed before leaving Chicago, which they did on May 9, over the Northwestern railroad arriving at Dixon the same day, and the first company to arrive, of all, from abroad ; but all the companies had arrived by that night.

While still in Chicago, company I had enlisted William Howard, "the little drummer" (twelve years old) who, together with another small boy played the fife, but the latter not being enlisted, only went with the company as far as Dixon, then returning home, furnished the first martial music which Company I had. It is greatly to be regretted that the name of this young fifer cannot now be recalled.

It was to the music of these little musicians that Company I marched from the depot, through the streets of Dixon, to their first quarters, the court house, which had been assigned them temporarily, until their permanent quarters at the fair grounds could be fitted for them.

It is an extremely difficult thing to do, from memory to thoroughly establish, even a small fact or incident, as to time, place, or other conditions, which happened thirty years before, though well known at the time by a thousand men ; and as to the exact time of the occupancy of the court house at Dixon by Company I there are various opinions ; but probably not more than two nights, but certainly one.

The Company's permanent quarters at the fair grounds consisted of a long "lean-to" building, whose legitimate use

had been stalls for blooded stock. These were luxurious quarters for soldiers, if they had only known it, and they did know it before the close of the next three years.

There is no individual company history of Company I disconnected from the regimental history, at this time, calling for particular record. There are, however, two incidents concerning members of our company, which may, in one case, and which must, in the other, be recorded.

The first is a very pretty romance; and the romances connected with war, have, in all history, been the most eagerly perused, and the most fondly cherished in memory.

Lieutenants James G. Everest of Company I, and N. Cooper Berry of Company B, both emulous of the knightly feats of ancient chivalry, were engaged in a friendly bout of bayonet practice, and were using such skill as they were possessed of, in thrust, parry and guard, when Lieut. Berry's weapon found its way through his opponent's guard and through his hand.

The next morning, when preparing to go on duty, the wound, not having been properly dressed, broke out afresh and bled profusely.

Two ladies, Mrs. Wadsworth and her sister, Miss Nina T. Pratt, happened to be near, and saw that the soldier was handling the dressing very bunglingly, whereupon Miss Pratt asked to be allowed to dress the wound herself. The gallant bachelor lieutenant had never seen the lady before, but not at all reluctantly, it is to be presumed, accepted the proffered service; and while the deft fingers of the fair nurse were cleansing the wound and skillfully adjusting the bandages, two or three deep-chested sighs, certainly coming from as low down as the heart, escaped from the lieutenant's lips, the cause of which may have been the pain, but not probable; at any rate the hand the lady had healed was offered her in payment, and by her accepted.

Sad that so soon after, one of the parties in the above story should figure in a tragedy fatal to himself.

N. Cooper Berry had been a young man who had shown

great promise of military efficiency and zeal in the service ; so much so indeed, that Company B had elected him First Lieutenant of the company ; but he soon developed a tyrannical and overbearing disposition, and had several times managed to cajole or over-awe some inexperienced sentinel and would disarm him and then report him as derelict in his duty, thereby getting the delinquent punished. This seemed to be more to show off his smartness, than having any ill-will or any other unworthy feeling against any particular man.

So unpopular did he soon become, that the same men who had secured his election as lieutenant, now requested him to resign, which he promptly agreed to do, if the request were unanimous.

This was shown him to be the case, and as he had not been commissioned, he was reduced and given a place on the non-commissioned staff, and was, for a time, acting sergeant-major of the regiment.

On the night of the 14th and 15th of May, Fred. W. Brinkman, of Company I, was on guard at the spring. Brinkman was not a man to be fooled with while on duty ; and, as though he had been considering what to do in case Berry should select him as his next victim, if he should repeat his tampering with the guard and try to either pass or disarm him, he asked Orderly-Sergeant Hinman for instructions in a supposable case. Sergeant Hinman told him that he knew his duty, and that he himself, had no power or discretion to alter the plain orders touching a sentinel's duty ; that he was to do his duty fearlessly and he would be sustained by his superior officers.

There was some disturbance near the camp about midnight, and Berry assumed, or was permitted the authority to inspect the guard-posts, and his fate seemed to impel him to tamper with Brinkman who promptly ordered him to halt and advance one, and give the countersign. To this, Berry replied, " You know me well enough without the countersign," and all the time kept advancing on Brinkman who had warned him two or three times, in addition to the order, three times

given, to halt. Brinkman now fired, the ball passing directly through Berry's neck, killing him instantly.

Brinkman was, of course, arrested, and kept under guard, until the arrival of Colonel Wyman, from Springfield, which was only a few hours, who heard the case, carefully sifting all the evidence, and then ordered him released and returned to duty.

Popular opinion sustained Brinkman, who was acknowledged to have done nothing but his duty.

On the next day, May 15 the remains of Berry were followed to the depot from which they were taken to Sterling, Whitesides county, Illinois, for burial.

The fact that the happenings to, and personal experiences of the soldier, are to be found in a department by itself consisting of each soldier's personal history leaves little to be added to our company history, after recording all of importance that can be learned of its company organization. The "Flat-boat" expedition, however, fairly belongs to the company history, as being in no way controlled by, or connected with the regiment; and is here given as a legitimate part of the company history; following which, the history of the company is so completely merged in that of the regiment, as not to call for separate mention.

While the army was at Batesville, Arkansas, in the spring of 1862, and preparing for its advance on Little Rock, a part of the preparation consisted of the building of four "flat-boats" to be used as ferry-boats for the army in crossing White River, on the left bank of which the army was encamped; and when the Little Rock part of the campaign was abandoned, the work on the boats went on to completion, as their use to the army might be of great service in transporting commissary stores; and their possible use still, as ferry-boats, as long as the rout of march towards Helena should follow the river.

The boats were nearly completed when the advance of the army left Batesville, and the stores were on board and the bulwarks of cotton-bales adjusted to the two sides of each boat

as a protection against sharp-shooters from the river-banks, the long steering-sweeps in their places, and Mr. Norton, supposed to be a union man, a resident of that country, who had been sent to us as a pilot, took his place on the bow of the leading, or "Flag-Boat," his left arm resting on the steering-sweep, which was adjusted to the bow of the boat, while his experienced eye swept over the fleet, and at a signal from him, the four columns of Company I, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, detailed for that work, marched on board their respective boats, and on this Thursday, the 3rd of July, 1862, the several boats were shoved into the stream; the "Flag-Boat" in advance, commanded by Capt. Samuel W. Wadsworth, also in command of the fleet. The second boat, commanded by Second-Lieutenant, George E. Hinman, (First-Lieutenant, James G. Everest, being on staff duty with Gen. E. A. Carr.) The third boat was commanded by First-Sergeant, Frank Thoma, and the fourth boat was commanded by Second-Sergeant, Hyacinthe Cuniffe.

The men unslung knapsacks and cartridge-boxes, bestowing them where they could quickly be brought into use if necessary; then adjusted themselves as comfortably as circumstances would admit of.

Our company had been selected for this service on account of having in its ranks quite a number of sailors; who, while good fighters, might reasonably be presumed to also be skilled in managing all kinds of water craft; and after the fleet was well under way, there was no end of the jibes, jokes and chaff poked at these old sailors by the landsmen.

Corporal Jesse A. Betts, had been a sailor on the lakes for several years, and Private George W. Sutherland advised Corporal Betts to suggest to Admiral Wadsworth, that there were signs of a squall, and to ask him if he had not better luff a little. Corporal Betts replied that Admiral Wadsworth would not know a raft of pine logs, on the Wisconsin River, from a line-of-battle-ship off Portsmouth.

Sidous R. Helmick, was an old salt-water sailor, and was approached by Private Orson Hamlin, who took the position

of a soldier, touched his cap, and bowing profoundly, said: "Captain Helmick, could you not coax a little more speed out of this vessel?" To which Helmick replied: "Mr. Hamlin, if your ears were of the ordinary size, it would be worth at least five more knots of speed to this ship."

John Grant (usually called Scotty) was an old man-of-warsman, and Private John A. Curtis asked him if there was no way of increasing the speed of the boat? "Certainly," replied the old sailor, "jump right overboard and push on the stern."

The day was very warm, and canvas awnings were agreeable. Nothing of particular interest occurred, and before sundown, Admiral Wadsworth signaled to draw in to the left bank, where an encampment for the night was made, two lines of guards were thrown out, but no alarm disturbed us and early on the morning of the Fourth of July, and after a leisurely breakfast, the fleet was again under way; the heat much greater than on the previous day.

Colonel Bowen, with his cavalry battalion, was detailed as our escort, with instructions to follow the course of the river, and keep as near us as the roads and nature of the country would permit.

All boats, skiffs and dug-outs were gathered from both sides of the river, and after selecting one for each of our boats, the others were destroyed to prevent, as far as possible, communication by the enemy from one to the other side of the river.

During the forenoon, two men signaled from the right bank, and were brought on board Captain Wadsworth's boat and warned the captain that we were likely to be attacked sometime during the day. This warning was based on the fact that these men had that morning, come upon a camping place of a very considerable body of men who had left the camp so recently that the camp fires were still burning.

Hardly more than a momentary impression of the necessity of caution was produced, however, before the men were as careless as ever, lolling and reclining at full length on top

of the cotton bales and other exposed points, and even bathing in the river, a few at a time.

Between Batesville and Jacksonport, about twenty-five miles above the latter place, the White river makes a great bend to the west and then returns again to about its original general direction. Our pilot, Mr. Norton, informed us that it was called "Devil's Bend." The space of several hundred acres lying between the two arms of this bend was covered by a cane-brake so dense that nothing but a rattlesnake, or an Arkansas hog, which is of about the same caliber, could get through ; and there were no indications of any road ever having been cut through it.

On Friday, the Fourth of July, 1862, our boats swung lazily into that bend, when, from another canebrake on a high bank on the outside, or western side of the bend, we were ambushed by 250 Texas rangers, whose storm or bullets was the first notice we had of their near proximity. The boys rolled off those cotton bales, for all the world, like mud-turtles from a log when scared into the water. The rebs poured into us for about thirty minutes, a steady shower of buckshot, and bullets from shotguns, squirrel-rifles, and one Springfield musket, (known by its voice), when they suddenly ceased firing and fired no more.

In the mean time, our boys had sprung to their posts and returned the compliment as best they could. In the weather gunwale of the captain's boat, over eighty bullets were embeded in a width above water of not over eighteen inches. An awning, which had been put up to keep the sun off, looked like a sieve from bullet holes. Garments which happened to be lying about on cotton bales, were well riddled. Captain Allen J. Whittier of Company I, Eleventh Wisconsin Infantry, an invalid, had been assigned passage in our fleet, and happened to be reclining on a cotton bale, over which he had spread his blue overcoat. He was on the opposite side from which the bullets were coming and he also mud-turtled off his perch with all the alacrity of a well man. When the fight was over, six bullet-holes were found in his overcoat.

And yet, strange to say, not a man on the entire fleet was wounded except Capt. Wadsworth, and he was struck in the top of the head; and the bullet, which was taken out with a jack-knife after the fight, was as flat as a penny. It was probably a glancing shot, after having flattened itself against something else; but we all insisted to the captain, that his skull was harder than a bullet.

In this fight we were so close under the west bank of the river, that the rebs had to fire down on us at an angle of at least thirty degrees; and in nearly all such cases the aim is too high to be effective. If these rebs had stationed themselves a little lower down off from the high bluff, with one piece of artillery, they could have blown us all out of the water.

We afterwards learned from some prisoners captured, that we killed and mortally wounded twenty-six rebs.

It was the first time that most of us had been under fire; and the attack had been so sudden and so complete a surprise, that there was no chance for that nameless dread, which most soldiers are said to experience once for all, when they march steadily up to where they know they will receive the enemy's fire for the first time.

In the mean time Col. Bowen and his calvary heard the firing and it set them perfectly wild; and they raged up and down the outskirts of that cane brake to find some road or opening where they could come to our assistance. They could judge very justly as to the proportions of the fight by the firing, and that gave them the gravest anxiety; but the rebs knew well the ground they had chosen, and that we could receive no help. We helped ourselves however, and that is the very best kind of help.

At that point where the river comes back from its great westward bend and resumes its original course toward the Mississippi, was the nearest point where Col. Bowen's road touched the river. Here, as he could not go to the boats, the boats, unless captured or destroyed, must come to him; and with his anxiety scarcely lessened, but with hopes somewhat

increased, he at last beheld their sluggish approach. When we finally disembarked, the rejoicing was great and we were the heroes of the hour.

After camping for one night at the place where we joined Col. Bowen, and taking on board one of his Mountain Howitzers, with which we thoroughly shelled the woods and other suspicious looking places, on the morning of July 5th, we again set sail and arrived in Jacksonport the same day.

On Sunday, July 6th, 1862, the company resumed the march, temporarily interrupted and re-joined the regiment. near Augusta.

Of Company I, it only remains to be said, that in all the subsequent history of the Thirteenth Regiment, this company shrank from no duty ; and at Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, the attendant battles, and the siege of Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and Ringgold Gap, it had its full share of exposure and danger and always bore off its full share of honor.

ASA B. MUNN,
Historian to Company I.

ROSTER.

Samuel W. Wadsworth,

Captain ; was at the breaking out of the war of the rebellion, a resident of Chicago, and by occupation a railroad conductor.

[He was twenty-nine years old, dark complexion, black eyes and hair, was of stout build, was about five feet seven inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds. Was of a mercurial nature, was boisterously jubilant and morbidly depressed by turns.

He was enrolled and mustered with the regiment at Dixon, Illinois, for three years, by Capt. John Pope, U. S. A.

At the sharp fight with his company at "Devil's Bend," Arkansas, in early July, 1862, he behaved gallantly ; but at the battle of "Chickasaw Bayou," December 29, 1862, he was brought from the field during the progress of the battle, with a mere scratch between two toes, which really needed no attention from the surgeon, and which he was generally charged with having come by dishonorably ; and so indignant were the officers of the regiment generally, that a Court-Martial was averted only by his promise to promptly resign. He left the army immediately, but the withholding the tender of his resignation for two and a half months, was considered a gross abuse of the leniency shown him.

His resignation is dated March 17, 1863. On leaving the army he resumed his former occupation, and lately was living at St. Josephs, Missouri.]

James Grant Everest,

Original first-lieutenant of the company; was a resident of Chicago at its organization. He was twenty-nine years old, of fair complexion, black eyes and hair, five feet and ten inches tall, and weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

[Captain Everest comes of good New England fighting stock of English ancestry, the American Patriarch of which, was Isaac Everest, of Guilford, Connecticut who lived there at about 1670, and his descendants about five generations further down, were represented by Ethan Everest, whom we find living at Pierrepont, St. Lawrence County, New York, on the 9th of January, 1834, which is the date of the birth of the subject of this autobiography.

His father, Ethan Everest, was one of about thirty boys, all between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years, who offered their services to the government, were accepted and they were enlisted for the full term of the war of 1812.

During the siege of Plattsburgh, on the 11th of September, 1814, Ethan Everest was wounded in the leg by a British musket ball, which was never extracted, and the patriot carried it to his grave.

The patriotism of these boys, and their excellent service to their country, was so highly appreciated that Congress passed a vote of thanks to them, and ordered that each survivor be given a gun, into the stock of which was inlaid a silver plate handsomely engraved and which, in this case, bore the following legend:

"By resolve of Congress, presented to Ethan Everest, for his gallantry at the siege of Plattsburgh."

On a smaller plate, shield shaped, about the size of a silver half-dollar, right behind the hammer of the lock, near where the hand grasps the stock, is engraved the date of the wound mentioned above, as follows:

"SEPTEMBER 11, 1814."

The gun is a flint lock, breech loader, and now has the bayonet fixed. It is of about the dimensions of a modern Springfield rifle, perhaps a little heavier, and seems to have been a most effective weapon. The writer lately examined this historic gun, and to him, it was a revelation that the breech-loader preceded the percussion cap.

Ethan Everest lived to see the opening of the War of the Rebellion; and, as if to inspire in the hearts of his descendants the same patriotism that had fired his own heart, and nerved his arm, when his country needed his service, he willed the gun to that one of his six sons who should first enlist in the Union Army, to put down the rebellion. Our

CAPT. JAMES G. EVEREST.

Company I.

subject, James G. Everest, the youngest of the six brothers, was the first to enlist, and, consequently, was entitled to the precious heir-loom, which he now has and treasures it as a precious relic, and ever tangible proof that his country appreciated and acknowledged his father's patriotism.

Captain Everest may well lay claim to inheriting his father's military spirit, for, when only eighteen years old, he was a member of the "West Boylston Guards," attached to the Eighth regiment, Massachusetts State Milita.

At an enlistment for the war, captain Everest's employment had been railroading; but he had temporarily switched off into mining in the Rockies, and with fair success.

He enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment at Dixon, Illinois. His enlistment is dated May 3, 1861.

He served as first-lieutenant until March 17, 1862; then promoted captain, *vice* Wadsworth resigned.

Captain Everest contributed, and his company contributed, their full share of the honorable service which gained the Thirteenth regiment particularly honorable mention from General Hooker, and other commanders at Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, and Ringold Gap; and at the expiration of their three years' term of service, were mustered out with the regiment at Springfield, Illinois, on June 18, 1864, having served three years and two months.

While on a leave of absence home, in the winter of 1862-63, lieutenant Everest married Miss Nina T. Pratt; and, with two daughters, is now living at Englewood, Illinois.

After muster out, captain Everest returned to Chicago and resumed railroading; and his ability and efficiency are abundantly shown by the fact that, for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, he has filled many important and responsible positions for the last twenty consecutive years.]

Isaiah Hibbard Williams,

Original Junior Lieutenant of the Company; enlisted from Chicago, May 23, 1861, and on the next day was mustered with the regiment at Dixon, Ill.

[Lieutenant Williams was born in Hadley, Hampshire county, Massachusetts, in February, 1820. At enlistment, he was thirty-three years old. He had a light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes, was stout of build, about five feet seven inches tall, and weighed about 170 pounds, and by occupation was a police detective.

He was of a pleasant disposition, always good-natured, was a general favorite, but had not the soldierly bearing of the senior lieutenant, and military drill was always irksome to him. He was a most genial companion, however, was a good singer, as was also the senior lieuten-

ant; and the two were in request for duett singing for the entire regiment.

Under Colonel Wyman, as Commander of the Post of Rolla, Mo. Lieutenant Williams, for several months, served acceptably as provost marshal.

On March 31, 1862, he resigned, went home to Chicago, raised a company of which he was made captain, and which was assigned to the Seventy-second regiment. Captain Williams took his company to the front, but himself was made provost marshal of Columbus, Ky., for which service his peculiar ability fitted him. After some months of this service, he again resigned and went into private life, and after following various pursuits, died in hospital in Chicago, March 23, 1886, at the age of fifty-eight years and one month.]

George Edward Hinman,

Original first-sergeant; enlisted from Blue Island, Cook county, Ill.

[Lieutenant Hinman was born in the glorious historic town of Bennington, Vt., November 7, 1826, and comes of an old Connecticut family of English Puritans whose first American ancestor was Benjamin Hinman, of Woodbury, Conn., and the American history of the family reaches back one hundred years before the Revolutionary War.

From Bennington the family moved back to Connecticut, from where they had originally gone to Vermont, and now settled at Litchfield, where the subject of this military autobiography passed his minority in school, and in learning the trade of a molder.

At about the time of his coming of age, the war with Mexico broke out and young Hinman promptly enlisted at New York City, for the war, and was immediately sent to Carlisle Barracks, Penn., and drilled for six weeks, expecting every day to be sent forward to the front; but at this time, Peace was declared, the war was at an end, and our soldier again became a citizen.

The drifting period which comes into the lives of most young men, now claimed our ex-soldier, and a migratory life for several years set in during which he could not decide for what, when, or where, to settle into something permanent; and he passed through many vicissitudes which would have been dangerous to many young men, but in him, only seemed to strengthen the well grounded principles of a judicious early training; and so, whether, as enlisting for two wars or as the successful leader of a revolting Mississippi river steam boat's crew against the unbearable abuse of a brutal mate, the exciting quest for gold in the Colorado canyons about Pike's Peak or, as a lion-tamer in a menagerie of wild beasts; the out-come was to bring out more clearly a manhood which was the assurance of a citizenship which was safely trusted in by all who knew him. For many years before the Rebellion, Lieutenant Hinman had married Miss Anna Fay, of Blue Island, Cook county

Illinois, and at the breaking out of the war, was surrounded by a large family of children. Leaving all, he enlisted for his second war, trusting to one of those many efficient and patriotic wives who made it possible to send into the field the very best men of the country, to care for home and all those sacred interests which our citizen soldiery must leave behind.

He was mustered with the regiment at Dixon, Ill., May 24, 1861. He was thirty-three years old, sandy complexion, light hair, and blue eyes, was about five feet ten inches tall, and weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. He served as first-sergeant until March 31, 1862, when he was promoted second-lieutenant, *vice* Williams resigned.

Lieutenant Hinman served all through the terrible Arkansas campaign, which completely ruined his health, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he made the journey from Batesville to Helena, Ark. One of his legs swelled frightfully, and the skin burst open lengthwise in two places; and this caused him great distress; and while we all prophesied his speedy death, his own courage never faltered.

He was discharged at Helena, November 10, 1862, for rheumatism, and resulting heart disease.

The most loving attention, and careful home nursing, gave back to the soldier partial health.

Lieutenant Hinman has been honored by his townsmen with such official positions as his physical strength would admit of his undertaking the discharge of. He has been deputy sheriff, superintendent of police, and superintendent of public works; and while in most precarious health, draws, a more than well earned, pension, lives loved by his family, and respected by all who know him.]

Frank Thoma,

Original second-sergeant; enlisted from Chicago and mustered with the regiment. When he joined Company I, Sergeant Thoma was 20 years old, of dark complexion, black eyes and hair, about five feet, seven inches tall, stout of build, and would weigh about a hundred and fifty pounds. He had a pleasant disposition, always cheerful and easily made friends with his comrades, and was tidy in his dress, and soldierly in his bearing.

Sergeant Thoma had drilled with the "Ellsworth Zouaves," and had acquired facility in the intricate fancy drill of that famous body of citizen soldiery; and now found the value of that drill which gave him an enviable prestige among the comrades of the regiment.

Sergeant Thoma was transferred to the invalid corps on March 15th, 1864, and did not again join the company during the remaining three months of their service.

Sergeant Thoma is now a resident of Des Plains, Cook County, Illinois, where he is living in prosperous circumstances, and surrounded by an interesting family.

Hyacinth Cunniffe,

Original third-sergeant; enlisted from Chicago and mustered with the regiment. He was of Spanish-Irish parentage, was twenty-two years old, had fair complexion, black eyes and hair, tall and slight of build, about five feet, nine inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

Sergeant Cunniffe was somewhat singular in his ways, but not unpleasantly so. On the whole, generally liked.

Sergeant from date of enlistment to Nov. 10th, 1862, then promoted second-lieutenant to June 3d, 1863; *vice* Hinman resigned, then first-lieutenant, *vice* Everest promoted.

At Lookout Mountain, the night of Nov. 24th, 1863, was cold, foggy and cheerless; and Lieutenant Cunniffe was heard to say that he was going to some of the fires to get warm. Some of the fires within sight were those of the enemy, and it was presumed that he became confused and approached a rebel fire and was captured.

Although Lieutenant Cunniffe returned North after the war, and has been met by some of the surviving members of our company, no detailed authentic narrative of his capture and captivity, has ever reached the writer. His residence, not long since, is said to have been Grand Rapids, Michigan.

John B. Baker,

Original fourth-sergeant; enlisted from Blue Island, Cook County, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment. He was thirty-two years old, of light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes, about five feet, nine inches tall, of stout build and would weigh one hundred and eighty pounds.

Sergeant Baker was good-natured and jolly, and was well liked. Heart disease compelled his discharge, Nov. 21st, 1861.

John Paul Evans,

Original fifth-sergeant; enlisted from Chicago and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-four years old, of dark complexion, black eyes and hair, slimly built, about five feet ten inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and forty pounds; transferred to Bowen's Battalion of the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, November 1, 1861. Present residence not known.

Charles Williams,

Original first-corporal; enlisted from the town of Worth, Cook County, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment.

He was twenty-seven years old, of light complexion, light hair and blue eyes, about five feet ten inches tall, well built and would weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds.

Corporal Williams had a soldierly bearing, clothes, arms and equipments always in good order.

He veteranized January 1, 1864; mustered as a veteran January 29, 1864; was assigned to Company I, Fifty-Sixth Illinois Infantry; was given a Descriptive Roll and sent to the front. Present residence not known.

David C. Button,

Original second-corporal; enli-ted from the town of Worth, Cook County, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment.

Corporal Button was thirty-five years old. A diseased leg caused his discharge from the service at Rolla, Missouri, September 21, 1861.

Thomas Vaughn,

Original third-corporal; enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment.

Hernia in the left side, compelled the discharge of Corporal Vaughn, on December 23, 1861. Present residence not known.

[Corporal Vaughn had been a British soldier. He was thirty-seven years old, spare build, about five feet nine inches tall, light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and would weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

He was eccentric, but very quiet in his behaviour, and was in the habit of frequently, without regard to the time of day, brewing a little tea or coffee, at any camp-fire that happened to be lighted, whether in our company or not. This he did in a little tin fruit-can with a wire bale or handle, which made it convenient for fastening to his belt when marching; and even when a halt was called, even for a few minutes, which would generally be where there was water, the ever ready little packages of tea, coffee and sugar, which had come to be the inseparable companions of the veteran soldier, were taken from the haversack or knap-sack, the little tin fruit-can kettle was unhitched from the belt, the ever ready match had lighted a few small twigs; and in a surprisingly few minutes, a delicious cup of coffee or tea had been adjusted to the place where it would do the most good.]

Orren T. Alfred,

Original fourth-corporal; enlisted from Blue Island, Cook County, Illinois; mustered with the regiment.

Corporal Alfred was twenty-six years old, served as Corporal to April 1, 1862, then promoted Sergeant. On November 18, 1863, at Helena, Arkansas, hemorrhage of the lungs compelled his discharge from service.

Frank Benthusen,

Original fifth-corporal; enlisted from Algonquin, Lake County, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment.

Corporal Benthusen was twenty-two years old, and was only a little more than two months in the service, when he deserted while on furlough, August 3, 1861. Subsequent career not known.

Anson C. Tuthill,

Original sixth-corporal; enlisted at Chicago from Galesburg, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment; born in East Otto, Cattaraugus county, New York, on July 26, 1840; he had light complexion, light blue eyes, light hair, was five feet eight inches tall, stout build, and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds; his occupation was railroading.

[Corporal Tuthill was from English ancestors on his father's side, who settled on Long Island; while his mother's ancestors came from a Scotch line, and settled in Massachusetts. His grandfather Crombie was in the battle of Plattsburgh, while his grandmother Crimbie was within sound of the guns of that battle. His father was born in the town of Saxton's River, Vt., and moved to and settled in the State of New York, from where he moved to Illinois, settling first in Crete, and afterwards in Galesburg.

Comrade Tuthill has filled every grade on a railroad train except engineer, from train-boy to conductor. He was breaking on the first train that carried supplies for our troops through from Chicago to Cairo, which train had been threatened with destruction at Carbondale, by the rebel sympathizers, as it was carrying a large amount of ammunition and other munitions of war for the first of our troops stationed there. The train, however, strongly guarded, went safely through.

Corporal Tuthill saw all the long and tedious campaign of the Thirteenth Regiment, up to the surrender of Vicksburg, and then, while General McPherson was in command, he was detailed for railroad service under Colonel J. Condit Smith, Chief Quartermaster of the Fifteenth Army-Corps, which was then Sherman's Corps, in which he served up to March, 1864, when he was furloughed; but on April 15, 1864, reported back to Quartermaster Smith, at Huntsville, Ala., and on being relieved by that officer, from his detailed service, rejoined our regiment, then stationed in that vicinity.

It was at this time that our regiment, having but seven days more to serve to complete their term, and while at Madison Station, Ala., preparing for their home journey to be mustered out, was attacked on May 17, 1864, by a considerable rebel force, far in excess of our own, commanded by the Confederate General Roddy, who were finally driven off, but not until after a desperate fight on our part, and the capture of about sixty of our men. Among these latter was Corporal Tuthill; and that part of the rebel force by which he was captured, was under the immediate command of a Colonel Patterson. The captors of our men robbed them of the contents of their pockets, and even of their haversacks, which contained some food.

The march of the prisoners was towards the Tennessee river; and on that march one of the rebel guard by the name of Kendall, found

CORPORAL ANSON C. TUTHILL.

Company I.

means to hold enough conversation with Corporal Tuthill to assure him that he himself fully intended to desert the rebel cause, and would have done so before then, had it not been for the fact that before leaving for the North he must draw from a small store of money which he had secreted, for his traveling expenses; and the further and more important fact that, before leaving he must see a young lady whom he hoped sometime, to marry.

Being satisfied of the honesty of his guard, corporal Tuthill conspired with him to effect his own escape; and many plans were discussed which were either ineffectual, or too dangerous to undertake.

After crossing the Tennessee, the prisoners would be somewhat less vigilantly guarded, but the chances for escape would be fewer, and much more difficult of achievement. Kendall now proposed that his prisoner should feign sickness hoping to be left behind, trusting that something favorable would turn up; but his prisoner was of the opinion that real sickness would do better; and suiting the action to the word, he immediately swallowed a large quantity of tobacco-juice which made him deathly sick in earnest; and he lay down in the road and begged to be killed; one of the subordinate rebel officers proposed to take him at his word, and all the other sick prisoners as well; but Colonel Patterson would not allow so diabolical a scheme to be carried out; and a more humane policy prevailed. Kendall was allowed to furnish the sick prisoner with a horse; but comrade Tuthill was too sick to keep up with the main force, and he and Kendall were left to fall behind. Kendall now proposed to take his prisoner's blouse, shoot a hole through the body of it, and while the prisoner was making a desperate strike for liberty, he would take the blouse to Colonel Patterson and show it to him *and swear that he had shot the damned Yankee while he was trying to escape.* This plan was also given up as too dangerous while the Dixie side of the river was so thoroughly patrolled by Forest's forces.

Having reached Okalona, Mississippi, where the prisoners were turned over to the rebel General Forest, the captives were crowded into cattle-cars and taken to Meridian, Mississippi, during which journey they had nothing to eat until the paroled Vicksburg prisoners divided their rations with our boys of the Thirteenth, which partly satisfied their hunger.

From Meridian, again in cattle-cars to McDowal's Landing, on the Tombigbee River, where the beautiful natural surroundings of bursting flowers and foliage of the semi-tropical springtime, and the usually enlivening strains of a steamboat caliope, were in rude and chilling contrast with the gloomy shadows, and dark forebodings of our unfortunate comrades on their sad journey to unknown rebel prisons.

From McDowal's Landing, the boys were put on board a transport and shipped to Demopolis, from there to Selma, and thence to Cahaba,

Alabama. After a few months they were returned to Meridian, Mississippi, and confined in the prisoners stockade, and suffered much from hunger and sickness; and here Corporal Tuthill was enabled to do considerable towards ameliorationg the sad condition of those sick and hungry men, having been permitted to go outside the stockade and procure many needed comforts for his sick comrades.

It was here, and then, that Alonzo H. (Ben) Palmer, of Company I, killed, dressed and cooked. the old stockade cat which was devoured with the keenest relish; and comrade Tuthill was offered ten dollars, payable after the war, on condition that the contracting parties lived to go home again, if he would deliver, dead or alive, inside the stockade, a certain well-to-do dog, which Ben Palmer, with a hungry covetousness had seen through the cracks or the stockade from day to day. But this, if discovered, would have deprived Corporal Tuthill of his partial liberty, and was given up.

In this stockade, and about this time, John Tirtlop, of company K, died.

And now, fearing that the Yankee General Wilson, in his great raid, might scoop in all their prisoners, and themselves as well, five hundred prisoners were hurried off back again to Cahaba prison. This was about December, 1864. Through the ensuing winter, there were plenty of plots and plans for escape, but very few got safely off.

Next spring the rivers overflowed and the country was inundated; and the prisoners at Cahaba were obliged to climb anything at hand to keep out of the water, which was quite deep all through the prison, and it became necessary to remove the prisoners to prevent their drowning; for which purpose, the steamer *Henry King* took off the Cahaba prisoners, who had to wade breast-high in water to reach the boat. On going on board hard-tack was poured on the deck, as though foddering hogs; and the hungry prisoners scrambled eagerly for the precious food; and Tim Horrigan, of company I scrabbled up more than the others, and hid it in his bosom under his shirt, lest the rebs should take it away from him. This he divided generously among his comrades, and it lasted two or three days.

Running down the Alabama to its junction with the Tombigbee, the steamer turned up the latter river, and the very first night, the cry of a man overboard, rang through the vessel, which promptly rounded to, and a short search discovered poor old Tim Horrigan, who had done the boys of the Thirteenth so good a turn in hiding so many crackers inside his shirt, on going on board the boat at Cahaba. Tim had caught hold of the limb of a tree that the Lord had caused the flood to set out in the river for Tim's use. Tim, it is a pleasure to say, was rescued, and lived to be mustered out of the service.

On the way up to Gainsville, comrade Tuthill and his comrades succeeded in spiking two guns for the Confederate states.

From Gainsville, they were taken again to Meridian, and soon to Jackson, where they were paroled, went to Four-Mile Bridge, near Vicksburg, thence soon to St. Louis, where Comrade Tuthill was free from parades, prisons, and paroles; and was mustered out of service on May 15th, 1865.

On November 14th, 1888, Comrade Tuthill married Mrs. Sannie McCabe at Zanesville, Ohio. Mrs. McCabe was the widowed daughter of Dr. J. B. Irwin, who was very prominent in the work of sending forward both troops and surgeons from Ohio to the Union army. Dr. Irwin was State examining surgeon for Ohio. In both civil and political life, also, Dr. Irwin was no less prominent and popular, having been once mayor of the city of Putnam and two terms in succession he was mayor of the city of Zanesville, Ohio. Comrade Tuthill's wife had passed much of her early life in her father's office and was an accomplished medical student. As the wife of a Union veteran soldier, Mrs. Tuthill patriotically seconds her husband in Grand Army movements, and in keeping alive, and cherishing the memories which lead back thirty years to the great struggle for National existence.

Comrade Tuthill, until recently, had been for two years, guide and lecturer at the Libby Prison War Museum in Chicago, but has now severed his connection with that institution, and is now merchandizing.

Latest address, 3486 Archer Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.]

Israel C. Vining,

Original Seventh Corporal; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment.

Corporal Vining was born in Hatfield, Hampshire county, Mass.; was twenty-three years old, slim of build, about five feet ten inches tall, and would weigh about 135 pounds. Was of light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes, and by occupation, a broom-maker.

Corporal Vining had the disposition of a mild grumbler; but it disturbed no one, and he possessed many amiable qualities.

He died in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., on January 5, 1864, of chronic diarrhœa.

Edward R. Vining,

Was a brother of the above, with the same place of nativity and same occupation. He was the original Eighth Corporal; enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment.

Corporal E. R. Vining was thirty-one years old, light complexion, black hair and blue eyes, of medium stature, about five feet eight inches tall, and would weigh about 140 pounds.

When off duty, Corporal E. R. Vining was a most efficient member of Company Q, and in its service, never returned from the field

of action unless laden with trophies of his prowess in the line of pigs, chickens, roosters, etc., and when on duty, he sought out the owners of the plunder mentioned above, and took their scalps if he could.

One of Corporal E. R. Vining's comrades who campaigned with him for three years, says that he was a perfect lion in a fight, and was absolutely without fear. His ancestors were of the real New England fighting stock.

Corporal Vining was mustered out with the regiment; returned to Chicago and resumed his former occupation. He was never married, and is now an inmate of the National Soldier's Home at Milwaukee, Wis.

A staunch and patriotic Unionist, a brave soldier, and a good friend.

Michael Askins,

Private; enlisted from Springfield, Ill., and was mustered with the regiment.

Private Askins was twenty-four years old, of dark complexion, black eyes and hair, compactly built, about five feet seven inches tall, and would weigh about 135 pounds. Corporal Askins (made such on Oct. 2d, 1861) served until June 14th, 1863, when he was promoted sergeant. He was left behind with the Telegraph Corps, (presumably about Vicksburg) and mustered out of service as sergeant, June 22d, 1864.

At last accounts he was living at Hunter, Green County, New York.

Thomas B. Beers,

Private. He enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-eight years old but was with the regiment but four months, when he was discharged from the service at Rolla, Mo., on Sept. 21st, 1861, with a broken ankle.

Caspner Burkel,

Private. He was enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He veteranized Jan. 1st, 1864, and mustered at Woodville, Ala., Jan. 29th, 1864, by Lieut. Ronan, and assigned to Company I, fifty-sixth Illinois infantry. He must have been a good man, and was mustered out of service, Jan. 5th, 1865.

Thomas J. Chatt,

Private. He was enlisted frem Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. Private Chatt was twenty-five years old, light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, large of stature, about six feet tall, and would weigh in the vicinity of two hundred pounds. Good natured, obedient to orders, and very respectful.

On the march from Batesville to Helena, Ark., the day after crossing the Cache River, on July 9th, 1862, and four days before reaching Helena, Private Chatt was so unfortunate as to have his

right hand shot to pieces by carelessness in putting his gun into a stack. Amputation was necessary but he was not discharged until Dec. 18th, 1862, at Helena, Ark.

James Congdon,

Private. Was enlisted from Chicago and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-five years old, and deserted from Rolla, Mo., Aug. 31st, 1861.

Aurora B. Callender,

Private. Was enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-nine years old, and deserted from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., on Sept. 21st, 1863.

William Chase,

Private. He was enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-seven years old and deserted from Rolla, Mo., on Aug. 31st, 1861.

Jesse A. Betts,

Private. Enlisted from Washington, Wis., and mustered with the regiment. He was thirty-two years old, of light complexion, light hair and blue eyes, small of stature, five feet six inches tall, and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds. By occupation he was a lake sailor. Promoted corporal, November 16, 1861, at Rolla, Mo. Veteranized on January 1, 1864, at Woodville, Ala., and mustered by Lieutenant Ronan on January 29, 1864, and went to the front, having been assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. In this company also, he had been a corporal, but left his company without leave, and was marked as a deserter; but thirteen days afterward, he shipped on the United State Ram "Vindicator" by the name of George Darrow. He had deserted from the Fifty-sixth Illinois at Indianapolis, Ind., and had shipped on the "Vindicator" at Mound City, Ill. Under the name of George Darrow he served on the "Vindicator" until July 5th, 1865, *when he was honorably discharged.*

[In the spring of 1863, I was mustered out of the Thirteenth Illinois, to receive promotion; and thence forward to the end of the war, I served in Company I, Fifty-first United States Colored Troops. Sometime in the summer of 1864, being stationed at Vicksburg, Miss., one rainy day I heard a scratch on the flap of the tent, and my "come in" brought in a boy who handed me a small folded paper, but reluctantly, until he was sure that my name was the one for which he was hunting. The boy waited until I had opened and read the note, which was signed: "George Darrow," ("Jesse Betts.")

For two years I had campaigned with, and intimately known, Jesse Betts both of us members of Company I, Thirteenth Illinois, and I had found him a pleasant, and more than commonly intelligent companion,

and popular among his comrades, for he could tell a good story, or sing a good song, which helped largely to dispel the camp-fire gloom after marching all day in the rain and mud, and the difficulty of cooking coffee when the neighboring planter's fence-rails were wet and soggy. On the return of our regiment to Rolla, Missouri, from Springfield, where we had been ordered to join General Fremont's army, in the fall of 1861, the day we occupied our winter camp, Jesse A. Betts was made a Corporal. This does not appear on any muster-rolls that I have examined, but I distinctly recollect the circumstance of considerable jubilation among his admiring comrades.

Corporal Betts performed his duties to the satisfaction of his superior officers, and I was very much surprised to learn that after he veteranized, he deserted.

I have felt it necessary to keep the boy waiting until I could bring up the rear-guard of Corporal Betts' military history to intelligibly couple on the remainder.

The note stated that an old friend and comrade wished to see me to explain the reasons for his desertion, of which he stood charged; but would not trust himself in my hands except under a written pledge that I would do nothing against him until after his explanation in person. I wrote the pledge and sent the boy off with it, and somewhat uneasily awaited developments.

I had not long to wait when a second "Come in," followed a second scratch, and he whom I had formerly known as "Jesse Betts," but now "George Darrow," stood before me; and his hand-clasp seemed to indicate that he was glad to meet a comrade to whom he could freely talk; while my own hand-clasp was intended to indicate to him that I was not only glad to see him, but that he should be treated fairly in the interview.

I cannot detail this conversation, if I would; neither would it be necessary to this history, if I could.

Corporal Betts reviewed his connection with our old company, in which he had made many pleasant acquaintances, which he would wish to retain through life were it possible, *and while he had done the one act that would make future association with these friends impossible*, it was, he said, *done advisedly*, after much anxious thought, and the conclusion was reached; not only by him, but by others, that desertion was the only alternative of escape from the troubles somewhat vaguely specified by him, and not clearly understood by me. He particularly called my attention to the fact, that *in deserting, he had not deserted the service;* which he was prepared to show me if I would go down to the wharf where then lay the United States Ram "Vindicator," on which he claimed to have a position of honor. The storm prevented my going that day, but I gave him my word that I would do so next day. In parting,

he told me that he did so with a lighter heart than he had felt in many a day.

The next day I went to the city, and on going down to the wharf, there, sure enough, lay the "Vindicator," *but would the "Vindicator," of the Navy, prove to be the vindicator of my frieud's character for veracity?* I went on board and saluted the "Officer of the Deck," who politely returned my salnte and asked how he could serve me. I told him I had called to find an old friend by the name of George Darrow. He replied that there was a man on board by that name; upon which he called one of his men and told him to show the officer to the quarters of *Mr.* Darrow. I am sure that my memory is not at fault as to his saying *Mr.* Darrow. This puzzled me a little, but I thought that I had read somewhere in Marryat or Cooper of that title being used on shipboard, but I somehow got the impression that it was only applied to *officers of a certain rank.* After threading a maze of marine architectural intricacies, my guide rapped at a door and I was ushered into a cubby-hole which proved to be the quarters of my friend, George Darrow, who now stood up to receive me; and when the guide had retired, we indulged in a long shake. "Why," said I, "comrade Darrow, you look for all the world like an old friend of mine whose name was *Jesse A. Betts.*" "Hush!" he whispered, fairly snatching the words from the tip of my tongue almost before they were uttered, at the same time casting a scared look all over the floor, ceiling, and walls of his cubby-hole, he continued under his breath, "*The potatoes for my dinner have eyes; and even that canned corn once had ears;* and neither the eyes nor the ears must ever know anything about the name you have just used." But all other names could be used with impunity; and he plied me with question after question about his old comrades, which I answered to the best of my ability. When I rose to go, and our hands clasped for the last time on earth, there was a moisture in his eyes, which could hardly be attributed to the strength of his tobacco. On passing out, he took me by a different route from the one of my entrance, and, pulling off the tarpaulin from a beautiful brass gun, he said, "*I am the Captain of this gun;* and I have a crew under me whose duty in action is to serve this gun, under my directions; and there is daily drill at all other times. I am responsible for the condition of the gun and the efficiency of my men;" and he patted and caressed the gun as though it had been his sweetheart. Continuing, he said: "I wish you could hear her voice; but she scarce ever talks unless she has something serious to say. I replied that she would probably be more loquacious when talking to the rebs. "That is so," said he; "*She can scold and dispute like a very drab;* and insists on having the last word." This being "*Captain of the gun,*" undoubtedly solved the problem of the title of "*Mr.*" and I came to the conclusion that "George Darrow,"

as captain of that gun, was doing his country far more valuable service than could "Jesse A. Betts," while being shot as a deserter.

And so we parted; and I never saw him again.

As I crossed the deck towards the exit gangway, I asked the officer of the deck, the standing of my friend Darrow, on the ship. The officer replied: "*none but a first-class man can be captain of a gun;* and such, George Darrow is."

I left the good ship Vindicator, with mingled emotions of sorrow and pride. Sorrow, that commissioned officers could be found in our service, who could be so abusive as to drive their men to desertion. Pride, that we had men whom no amount of abuse could drive out of the service.

Only a few years since, Corporal Jesse A. Betts, otherwise Captain George Darrow, then a married man, died of lung disease, in Buffalo, N. Y., and was buried in Tonawanda, same State, where his widow now resides.]

John A. Curtis,

Private; enlisted from Chicago; mustered in with the regiment; was twenty-two years old, light complexion, light hair and blue eyes, thick-set build, about five feet eight inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds.

He is reported as having been absent without leave, and twelve dollars of his pay stopped; but having been restored to duty, and having served out his full term, it leaves a doubt as to whether he deserved fining and censure, at all. His present residence unknown.

Andrew J. Dawdy,

Private; enlisted from Chicago; mustered in with the regiment; was twenty-two years old, light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, medium build, about five feet eight inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

He was diffident and retiring in his manners, but as good a soldier as ever slung a musket from a shoulder to a ready; and a man that one would like to know after the war.

He was mustered out with the regiment, and his present residence is Goshen, Ind.

John Dubois,

Private; enlisted in Chicago; mustered in with the regiment; was twenty-three years old, of good stature, and would weigh about one hundred and seventy-five pounds; must have been a good and capable man to have received promotion as corporal on November 14, 1861, and as sergeant on June 14, 1863; mustered out as sergeant at the expiration of his three years.

Sylvester A. Davis,

Private; enlisted at Chicago; mustered in with the regiment, was twenty years old; made a corporal on October 3, 1862, and sergeant on March 15, 1864; mustered out as such at the end of three years.

Philip H. Carr,

Private; enlisted from Dundee, Ill.; mustered in with the regiment September 19, 1861; discharged from the service for blindness. Whether now living or of his welfare, nothing has come to hand.

David Farley,

Private; enlisted from Chicago; mustered in with the regiment; was eighteen years old, but a broken wrist compelled his discharge at Rolla, Mo., on September 22, 1861. If living, his address is not known.

John Wesley Foster,

Private; he enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment. He was twenty years old, and was transferred to the Invalid Corps, by General Order No. 53, Adjutant General's Office, War Department, series 1864, to take effect February 15, 1864. His subsequent career not known.

William C. Anys,

Private; born in Gilderland, Holland, age twenty-seven; enlisted from Worth, Illinois and mustered with the regiment. Private Anys was twenty-seven years old, light complexion, blue eyes, and flaxen hair, spare of build, about five feet, eight inches tall and would weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds. Was a good soldier, and had but about five more months to serve, when disease compelled his being sent home on sick furlough, and he died at home on March 2, 1864. Disease not specified.

William H. Fletcher,

Private; he was enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment; after less than a year's service, his life was cut short by consumption, and he died in hospital at Rolla, Missouri, March 13, 1862.

James Fletcher,

Private; was enlisted from Kenosha, Wisconsin and mustered with the regiment; was mustered as a veteran at Woodville, Alabama, on January 29, 1864, by Lieutenant Ronan; was wounded in action at Madison Station, Alabama, May 18, 1864.

Charles H. Gildersleve,

Private; he was twenty years old, was enlisted from Courtland, Illinois; mustered with the regiment. He is reported as having deserted from the paroled prisoners' camp at St. Louis, Missouri, October 1, 1864, and as being mustered out May 15, 1865.

John Gregory,

Private; enlisted from Blue Island, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; he was twenty-two years old, but his further record merely says that he was mustered out June 22, 1864; wounded. It is safe to assume that his was a good record.

Matthew Gaffney,

Private ; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment ; Private Gaffney was thirty-one years old, dark complexion, black eyes and hair, somewhat short of stature, stout of build, and would weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds ; an excellent soldier, and a good man, and well liked by both officers and men. On February 26, 1864, was promoted corporal, which he held to the end. At Lookout mountain, November 24, 1863, while his right hand was extended, in returning rammer, a rebel bullet cut off the little finger on that hand, and smashing to pieces a ring that was on that finger, which he had been at considerable pains to make himself ; at which, with a rueful countenance, he exclaimed—"Bedad, they've shpoilt me ring!" and adding—"Never mind b'ys this gits me a furlough to go home and see the ould woman," and it did ; but he returned to duty, and at Madison Station, Alabama, May 17, 1864, while the remnant of the regiment was making a desperate defence against an overwhelming force of rebels under Roddy, Corporal Gaffney observed a rebel climbing a telegraph pole to cut the wire to prevent news being sent to Huntsville for help, and tumbled him to the ground by a well-directed shot from his gun. After being mustered out of the service, Corporal Gaffney returned to Chicago, but death deprived him of his family, and he is now an inmate of the National Soldiers' Home at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

John Grant,

Private ; enlisted from Chicago ; mustered with regiment. (Familiarly called "Scotty.") "Scotty," was thirty-six years old and was an old English man-of-warsman. He was the "Delmonico" of the regiment, and so good a cook that his culinary skill was frequently brought into use in catering suppers for the officers.

Nearly all the regiment will bear in sad remembrance that on the day after we left Linn Creek, on the Springfield campaign under Fremont, "Scotty" broke his leg ; and amid tears from more eyes than his own, he had to be sent back, and was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, on February 18, 1862.

Timothy Horrigan,

Private ; enlisted from Chicago ; mustered with regiment ; he was twenty-five years old ; he is reported as "absent, captured by the enemy, since May 17, 1864, at Madison, Ala.; stoppage by sentence of general court-martial, twenty-six dollars."

This is a most unjust record, whatever the actual charge may have been, for it is left to be inferred that Private Horrigan was fined twenty-six dollars for being captured, and for lying in a rebel prison over a year. He was mustered out May 29, 1865.

Sidous R. Helmick,

Private ; enlisted from Chicago ; mustered with regiment ; he was twenty-five years old, light complexion, light hair, hazel eyes, one of the giants of the regiment, in stature about six feet two inches, strongly built, and would weigh about two hundred and twenty-five pounds ; his occupation had been that of a salt-water sailor, he was of so pleasant a disposition as to be generally liked. Private Helmick deserted at Helena, Ark., on August 7, 1862.

Stephen Harrison,

Private ; enlisted from Chicago ; mustered with regiment ; he was twenty-seven years old, light complexion, blue eyes, light hair, spare of build, about five feet ten inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and forty-five pounds. Private Harrison veteranized on January 1, 1864 ; mustered at Woodville, Ala., by Lieutenant Bonan, January 29, 1864 ; was assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Cornelius Healy,

Private ; was enlisted from Chicago mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-one years old, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, compactly built, but with a stoop of the shoulders which prevented his making so soldierly an appearance as many of his comrades ; but his gun-barrel was as straight as any in the company, and his bullets neither stooped nor wabbled. A good soldier and veteranized at Woodville, Ala., on January 22, 1864, and was mustered there by Lieutenant Ronan, on January 29, 1864, and assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Martin Hogarty,

Private ; was enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty years old, a good man, a brave soldier, and died on December 29, 1862, from wounds received on that same day at the deadly battle of Chickasaw Bayou.

David Hitchcock, Jr,

Private ; was enlisted from Chicago and was mustered with the regiment. Private Hitchcock was born in Granville, Washington county, State of New York, in 1834 ; and was twenty-seven years old at date of enlistment, and was by occupation, a book-keeper. He had a light complexion, light hair and dark blue eyes, small of stature, about five feet eight inches tall, and would weigh about 130 pounds.

Private Hitchcock was promoted sergeant November 1, 1861, and held that rank to the close of his service with the Thirteenth regiment.

On the march from Springfield, Mo., to Helena, Ark., by reason of the exposures and privations of that dreadful campaign, he was so

disabled that the surgeon's certificate stated that he was suffering from "chronic diarhœa," "hepatitis," and "tubercular bronchitis," which renders him unfit for the duties of a soldier, and not fit for the "Invalid Corps.'" Disease contracted in the service." He was discharged from the Thirteenth regiment by order of General Samuel R. Curtis, on March 10, 1863.

Most people would think that after such an experience, Sergeant Hitchcock would have hurried aboard the first steamer, gone home and stayed there, and let the others fight it out; but he was not built that way.

On August 21, 1864, Citizen Hitchcock re-enlisted in the Third Regiment Colorado Cavalry for one hundred days. Served out that term, and was discharged at Denver, Col., December 29, 1864.

Sergeant Hitchcock's patriotism dragged his worn out body into another campaign, and he enlisted for the third time, and now in the "Veteran Battalion of Colorado Cavalry," on the 7th of January, 1865.

Comrade Hitchcock served through his third term, and was discharged by orders from headquarters of United States Forces of Kansas and territories, by special order Thirty-six, Headquarters District of Colorado, November 16, 1865.

To the old comrades of Sergeant Hitchcock, this will be considered a remarkable case, and, undoubtedly, without a duplicate in our company, considering his meager physical structure and constitution, and the fact that the surgeon had declared him unfit even for the "Invalid Corps."

Of course Sergeant Hithcock retired from the service for the third time, with health too badly shattered ever to be recovered, but, strange as it may seem, he can be found at his desk to day, nearly thirty years after those deadly campaigns that carried many stronger men to their graves before their terms of service were expired.

Comrade Hithcock, with his wife, is now living at 1175 South Central Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Orson Hamlin,

Private; was enlisted from Leavenworth, Kansas, and was mustered with the regiment. He was twenty years old, of light complexion, light hair and eyes, about five feet eight inches tall, slim built and would weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

He deserted at Napoleon, Arkansas, January 13, 1863; nothing is known of his subsequent career.

Patrick Haydon,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment. He was eighteen years old; rendered good soldierly service, and was mustered out with the regiment.

John R. Hall,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-six years old; he was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, on March 1, 1862, at Rolla, Missouri, for consumption.

James T. Haywood,

Private; enlisted from Lisbon, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment; was born in England, age twenty-three, dark complexion, light hair and blue eyes, about five feet six and three-fourths inches tall, and weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds; promoted corporal June 14, 1863, and died December 14, 1863, seventeen days after being wounded at Ringgold Gap, Georgia.

Christian H. Justin,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-three years old, was promoted corporal December 20, 1861, and sergeant November 18, 1863; and as such, was mustered out with the regiment.

So far as known, Sergeant Justin is now living at St. Louis, Missouri; his occupation being that of a trunk-maker.

Abram Kelley,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-one years old, a good soldier, and was killed in action at Chickasaw Bayou, Miss., December 29, 1862.

Robert W. King,

Private; enlisted from Sterling, Whiteside county, Ill., and was mustered with the regiment. He was eighteen years old; rendered good service, and veteranized January 29th, 1894, and mustered at Woodville, Ala., by Lieutenant Ronan, on January 29, 1864, and assigned to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Private King was captured by the enemy at Madison Station, Ala., May 17, 1864.

Lewis C. Lockney,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-nine years old, and was promoted corporal and transferred to the Invalid Corps, January 15, 1864. Corporal Lockney's further service or welfare, not now known.

Lawrence Lynch,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-nine years old. Was promoted corporal November 3d, 1861, and sergeant June 3d, 1863. As such, he was mustered out with the regiment. So far as known Sergeant Lynch is now living in Chicago.

Henry Keplinger,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-one years old. He died of dysentery, in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., March 24, 1863.

William H. Kellogg,

Private; enlisted at Chicago and was mustered with the regiment. He was twenty three years old, fair complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, stout of build, about five feet, ten inches tall, and would weigh about 170 pounds. He made a good record, and supplemented it by veteranizing on January 1, 1864, and was mustered at Woodville, Ala., on January 29th, 1864, by Lieutenant Ronan, and was assigned to company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Comrade Kellogg now lives at Arlington Heights, Cook county, Ill.

John Kulcer,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-one years old, and died from wounds received on the same day, December 29th, 1862, at Chickasaw Bayou, Miss.

John Loftus,

Private; enlisted from the city of Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was eighteen years old, and deserted from the company at Little Piney, Mo., on the day that the regiment finally left Rolla.

Edward D. Minton,

Private; he was enlisted from Barrington, Cook county, Ill., and was mustered with the regiment. He was nineteen years old, small of stature, about five feet seven inches tall, and would weigh about 130 pounds. He had light complexion, dark brown hair and blue eyes. He deserted at Napoleon, Ark., January 13, 1863. Nothing now known of him.

Joseph Mann,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-six years old, of English birth, light complexion, brown hair, dark blue eyes, small of stature, about five feet eight inches tall, and would weigh about 130 pounds. An excellent man, and good soldier, and was wounded at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862. He was mustered out with the regiment.

Thomas Tignor McCall,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-one years old, served the entire three years, and was mustered out with the regiment.

Samuel R. McMonagle,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty years old, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, small but, compact of stature, about five feet seven inches tall and would weigh about 135 pounds. He was good natured, friendly, and a good soldier. Private McMonagle was mustered out with the regiment.

Mungo McDonald,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was Scotch by birth, twenty-six years old, light complexion, light hair, hazel eyes, small of stature, about five feet seven inches tall, and would weigh about 140 pounds. Private McDonald re-enlisted as a veteran on January 20, 1864, at Woodville, Ala., where he was mustered on January 29, 1864, by Lieutenant Ronan, and assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry.

A. W. McKenzie,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was thirty-one years old, and was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability at Rolla, Mo., September 22, 1861, for consumption.

James Nolan,

Private; enlisted from Detroit, Mich.; mustered with regiment; he was nineteen years old; deserted from Rolla, Mo., February 15, 1862.

William Henry Phillips,

Private; enlisted from Chicago; mustered with regiment; he was twenty years old; deserted at Little Piney, Mo., March 7, 1862.

Alonzo H. Palmer,

Private; enlisted from Chicago; mustered with regiment; he was twenty-one years old, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, was about five feet ten inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds. He was a musician, and had a guitar with him in the army; and the instrument, and its master's skill were in great demand. The teamsters would always find room for Comrade Palmer's guitar, and safely stow it away in the army-wagons, well knowing that it had concealed in its soul, many excellent tunes which it had to give up when "Ben" got his fingers on it, and the boys had "lit" their pipes and had assembled at the evening camp-fire. A good soldier, a pleasant companion, and had many friends. He was captured by the enemy, at Madison Station, Ala., May 17, 1864; mustered out May 15, 1865. His present residence is at Arnington, Cascade County, Mont.

Orin L. Pierce,

Private; enlisted from Chicago; mustered with regiment; he was twenty-seven years old; but dishonorably discharged by sentence of a general court martial, by General Order 43, Headquarters First Division, Fifteenth Army-Corps, Woodville, Ala., April 28, 1864. His offence is not found on the Official record.

Michael Prout,

Private; enlisted at Chicago; mustered with regiment; he was thirty-seven years old; discharged February 6, 1862, at Rolla, Mo., for deafness.

William H. Post,

Private; enlisted at Chicago; mustered with regiment; he was twenty-two years old; died in hospital at Rolla, Mo., February 25, 1862, of typhoid pneumonia.

Robert Rutherford,

Private; enlisted at Chicago; mustered with regiment; he was twenty-one years old; light complexion, light hair and blue eyes, closely approached a gigantic stature; was about six feet four inches tall, neither heavily nor meagerly built, and would weigh about two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The circumstances of his enlistment are worth relating here.

[About the first or second day after occupying the old Chicago wigwam, where company I rendezvoused while completing its organization, Sergeant Hinman was drilling the company in the manual af arms, and the facings, and in short marches around the block where the wigwam was located, and which was bounded by Lake, Market, Randolph and Franklin streets; in one of the halts and Sergeant saw and accosted a very tall young man, who seemed listless and out of sorts; and was watching the evolutions of the soldiers. Sergeant Hinman bluntly proposed to the stranger to enlist. Hesitating at first, somewhat, he took the Sergeant a little to one side and said that he had no objections to enlisting, but that he had just come across the lake and the lake-captain had detained his valise which contained all his worldly goods, in default of the passage money which his financial condition would not stand the strain of paying. The sergeant assured him that his valise should be forth-coming; and this assurance decided the young man and he enlisted at once. At the close of the drill, Sergeant Hinman took twenty men, including the recruit, and marched them down to the boat, then lying in the river, summoned the captain, told him their errand, and demanded the valise at once peaceably, or it would be taken by force. These tactics were successful, and the valise was restored to its owner.

The tall recruit proved a valuable accession to Company I, became a prime favorite with the comrades, and between Sergeant Hinman and himself, there sprang up a lasting, and almost brotherly friendship.

Private Rutherford was promoted corporal, July 3, 1861, at Rolla, Missouri; promoted sergeant October 2, 1862, at Helena, Arkansas; promoted second-lieutenant June 2, 1863, in front of Vicksburg, *vice* Cunniffe promoted, and in that rank he was mustered out with the regiment.

When the Thirteenth regiment was thrust into Ringgold Gap, Georgia, to dislodge and drive through rebel General Pat Cleburne's rear guard of the retreating rebel army, it was a very hot place; and twenty-two men of Companies I and K, seized and held a house in the mouth of

GEORGE W. SUTHERLAND (1861). Weight 135 lbs.
Company I.

GEORGE W. SUTHERLAND (1891). Weight 230 lbs

the Gap, from which they picked off many rebel gunners from the rebel batteries. So briskly did our men keep up their fire, that the guns would get so hot that it was necessary to wait every little while and let them cool. Lieutenant Rutherford sallied out on to the battle-field and gathered all he could carry of the guns and amunition of the dead men lying there, and took them into the house to increase our scanty arsenal; and this he persisted in doing repeatedly, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his comrades, who feared that his towering form would make too conspicuous a target for the rebel sharp-shooters.

For several years after the war, Lieutenant Rutherford made Chicago his home, where he had settled down to married life, but his present residence is not known.]

Gilbert Rodgers,

Private; enlisted from Hanover, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment. He was 28 years old, and was the first man to desert from the regiment, which he did at St. Louis, Missouri, July 4, 1861.

Henry Reinhardt,

Private; enlisted from Blue Island, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment. A good soldier, served faithfully the entire three years, and was mustered out with the regiment.

William H. Russell,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment. He was 27 years old, of light complexion, blue eyes, light hair, about five feet nine inches tall, and would weigh about 145 pounds. He was left in hospital at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, October 1, 1863, and for some unknown reason, his record has never been perfected, as to whether he died in hospital, or was discharged cured.

William Sanders,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was 23 years old, of light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, about five feet ten inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and forty pounds. He was captured by the enemy at Madison Station, Alabama, May 17, 1864, and was mustered out June 2, 1865.

Robert Shuster,

Private; enlisted at Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was 18 years old, of light complexion, light hair, hazel eyes, about five feet eight inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and forty pounds. Served honorably through the entire three years, and was mustered out with the regiment.

George W. Sutherland,

Private; enlisted from Oswego, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment. He was 22 years old, of light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, about five feet nine inches tall, and weighed one hundred and thirty five pounds.

MILITARY AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE W. SUTHERLAND.

He was born in Little Falls, Herkimer County, State of New York, October 22, 1838 He comes of fighting stock. His mother's father was born in Vermont and fought at the battle of Plattsburgh.

Our soldier-boy settled in Oswego, Kendal County, Illinois, in June, 1852, and was by occupation, a printer, at the breaking out of the war. He was the first man to enlist from Kendall County in 1861. He enlisted in the three years service, and was enrolled and mustered at the age of twenty-two, in Company I, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, Volunteers, at Dixon, Illinois, May 24, 1861, by Captain Pope. He served in all the campaigns and battles in which the regiment was engaged, including the battles about Vicksburg, and its siege of forty-seven days; served with his regiment in the Fifteenth Army Corps, under Sherman; on the march along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, to join General Grant for the Chattanooga Campaign, shared the disappointment of his regiment in arriving at Brown's Ferry too late to cross in season to join Sherman on the extreme left, but were switched off to Hooker, on the extreme right, where Comrade Sutherland had the good fortune to personally assist some other daring spirits in an attempt to plant the stars and stripes, the first, on the heights of Lookout Mountain, but Colonel Gorgas interfered and spoiled the scheme.

At Ringgold Gap, also, Comrade Sutherland took a hand, and was one of the twenty-one men of the Thirteenth who made a dash on to the battlefield, where was a house which they seized and held, and from which the rebels suffered extremely by having their artillery gunners picked off by the Thirteenth sharpshooters. At this house, Captain Blanchard of Company K received the wound that caused his death.

The subject of this article was also at Madison Station, twelve miles from Huntsville, Alabama, where on their way home to be mustered out, a part of them having turned over their arms to the quartermaster, their time of service having expired, a remnant of three hundred of them were surprised early one morning, by the rebel general Roddy, with a force of one thousand five hundred, with artillery; but still our boys had too much fight in them to run or surrender to a well armed force of no more than

FIVE TO ONE,

and so turned in and drove the Roddy rebels from the place and held the field.

He was mustered out with the regiment, June 18, 1864, at Springfield, Illinois.

Comrade Sutherland re-enlisted on September 8, 1864, at Utica, New York, in Company C, Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery. After re-enlistment, the artillery force which he had joined, was sta-

tioned at Utica, New York for a month; during which time he got a pass and went home, and on September, 16—eight days after re-enlistment, was married to Miss Margaret Bedunoh, who was born near Boonville, Oneida County, New York, in 1842. Her grandfather and grandmother on both sides, were born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and her grandfather Bedunoh took a grant of land for his services as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and settled in Rensselaer County, New York, where her parents were born. So comrade Sutherland, his wife, and daughter all inherit a priceless legacy of loyalty, which is conspicuous in their lives.

On going again to the front, Private Sutherland was captured at Fort Steadman, in front of Petersburg, March 25th, 1865, taken to Richmond, where he boarded at Hotel Libby, until paroled among the last batch of paroled prisoners which went out of Libby, and that was on the same day that the Union troops advanced on the city; the paroled, under a flag-of-truce, meeting General Butler, with his colored troops marching in.

Our "bold soldier boy" was mustered out of the United States' service at Delaney House, Washington, D. C., sent to Elmira, N. Y.; where he was paid and his discharge was dated at that place, and so his wife and friends rejoiced to see—

"JOHNNY COME MARCHING HOME."

Well, no more rations from Uncle Sam's Commissary Department, the soldier has to learn a new trade. From the battles of the war, where lead was the principal circulating medium, to the battle of life, where sand is the principal ingredient, and pretty much all that the soldier has to begin life with.

In the fall of 1866, Comrade Sutherland emigrated to Wisconsin. On counting his available means, he found as follows: A wife, (as good as gold)—a one year old child, helpless, but exceedingly helpful. Himself—(George Sutherland)—with a stout heart and willing hands. Cash, 13 cents. On this he settled down to farming; but there was more than enough good stuff in him for a plodding farmer.

In the army, he had been somewhat reckless as to the morals of sobriety, and his language was too often punctuated by unthinking profanity; but, happily, this does not always mean a dead conscience, or absence of manliness. and, next to bravery on the battle field, we are proud of the returned veteran when he shows that he has the purpose of making a good citizen.

One of the grandest moral developments in human life, is to see a misused young life arrested by Omnipotence, when God claims His own, reach forth and tear off the ragged husk that imprisons the healthful fruit, and lifts the individual to the full stature of a grand manhood.

Of politics, Comrade Sutherland has had a taste, as seen by the fact that he has been honored with the positions of clerk of the Lumberman's Committee of Wisconsin State Legislature of 1881, town and city assessor, constable, deputy sheriff, and city marshal. But in Grand Army matters he almost lives, breathes, and has his being : and is one of the most conspicuous figures in the Northwest. He organized, on the 9th of May, 1882, the "John B. Wyman Post" of Clintonville, Wis., of which he has been three times, Commander ; has been junior vice commander, of State Department, Delegate to National encampment, at Columbus, Ohio, Milwaukee, Wis, and Boston, Mass. Together with Colonel E. B. Gray, of the Twenty-eigth Wisconsin Infantry, he organized the "Ledergerter" Post of the Menominee Indian Reservation, which has about forty members, all Indians.

A circumstance as fortunate as curious, has restored to Comrade Sutherland, the gun which he so long carried during the war. The "John B. Wyman Post," which he had established in Clintonville, Wis., needed a few guns for service in mustering recruits and for burial service, and so sent to Dr. Plummer, who was living at Rock Island, to go to the United States Arsenal, at that place, and procure the guns if he could. Upon looking about the Arsenal, the doctor discovered a gun-box, marked Company I, Thirteenth Illinois. This was our friend's own regiment and company ; and the doctor was fortunate enough to get a dozen guns from that box ; and they were promptly forwarded, and among that dozen, Comrade Sutherland found his own well-tried gun with his initials marked on it by his own hand ; it was the identical one with which he shot the pig. That gun, it is needless to say, will be treasured in that family for generations to come.

Comrade Sutherland has been strictly temperate now for many years, and has been fairly prosperous. Since 1883, he has been employed in the Land Department of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railroad.

Not long since, the writer found him the head of a pleasant family-circle, in a beautiful home—not palatial, not grand, not ornate,—but beautiful in the best sense of that word ; where the wife and married daughter fully returned the love and devotion of the husband and father, and heartily joined him in keeping alive, not only the patriotism which he inherited, but which he learned and brought home with him from the battle-fields of the war ; and the memories of which he and they will always cherish as the most sacredly precious of life's experiences.

At this home, an air of cordial hospitality greets the lately arrived guest, with constantly increasing heartiness until the departure. Comfort and good taste cover the floors and adorn the walls ; while intelligence has loaded the book-shelves with books, periodicals and daily

papers, which have been read and re-read. The basket on the center-table contains at least a thousand G. A. R. visiting cards; while on a banner hanging on the wall, about fifty G. A. R. badges, many of them very beautiful are hanging; the gifts, many of them, of comrades and posts where he has visited.]

Comrade Sutherland, at this writing lives at Clintonville, Wis. Long may he wave.

John H. Smith,

Private; enlisted from McHenry, Illinois; mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-one years old and served with the regiment until the affair at Madison Station, Alabama, May 17, 1864, where he was captured by the enemy; mustered out June 20, 1864. If alive, welfare not known.

William Schonburg,

Private; enlisted from Milford, Illinois, and mustered with regiment. He was thirty years old, of light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, spare of build, about five feet eleven inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds. He was promoted corporal, before Vicksburg, June 14, 1863, and in that rank, was mustered out with the regiment.

Adam Stadle,

Private; enlisted from Milford, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment. He was thirty-two years old, and was discharged for disability, at hospital at St. Louis, Missouri January 22, 1863, disease not stated.

Caspner Schultz,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-one years old, light complexion, blue eyes, light hair, heavy of build, about five feet nine inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and seventy pounds. Served the entire three years and was mustered out with the regiment.

Henry J. Taylor,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment; deserted at Rolla, Missouri Feburary 16, 1862.

[Henry J. Taylor was about as worthless material from which to construct a soldier as ever stumbled into the drag-net of a recruiting officer. This he did for three years at Dixon, Ill. May 24, 1861, at twenty-two years of age; and when he deserted at Rolla, Mo., on February 16, 1862, it left his company strengthened and purified.

Campaigning with the army of General Curtis. we found ourselves at Batesville, Ark., in June 1862, where the army rested for several days. While there I had occasion to go to the office of the Provost Marshal for some material that I had use for.

The Marshal placed at my disposal a desk and writing material and I was soon so absorbed in scribbling, that I did not raise my eyes when I heard the tread of two men, who came in and crossed the floor close to my desk, and commenced a conversation with the Marshal. I ever had a good memory for voices, and would sooner trust my ears to locate the owner of a voice that I had well known than my eyes to recognize the face that went with the voice. Up to the opening of the talk of the two men with the Marshal, I had not looked up. The first voice did nothing towards attracting my attention, but the second voice went through my ears like a gong, and seemed to rasp against every untuned string in the gamut of discord through my whole being. It was the voice of the deserter, Henry J. Taylor. Following the law of the eternal fitness of things, Nature had given Taylor a voice commensurate with a meager soul, and that voice caused me to look up with much the same feeling that gives warning of the presence of a snake. Our glances met, for he had recognized me. Both were dressed in butternut clothes and wore spurs; but this I did not notice until later on. When they were through with the Marshal they sauntered out, Taylor passing close enough to me to slightly press my foot, which I took to be a desire to speak with me outside. I followed them out, thinking of plans of arrest all the while that Taylor was filling me with lies as to the reasons for his desertion. All the time we had been slowly approaching two saddle-horses, whose bridles had been thrown over a pin which had been driven through an auger hole in a horizontal bar, which can be found before nearly every store, tavern, or public building in the southern country.

Suddenly, both men vaulted into their saddles, both bridles having been unhitched by Taylor's pal while we had been talking, and, putting spurs to their horses, they were off like the wind, and I left standing with a very foolish look on my face at being so badly outwitted. I hurried in and told the Marshall, who laughed heartily at my discomfiture. I also hurried to camp and reported.

A few of the poorest horses that were in the quarter-master's corral, were brought out after awhile and some teamsters mounted on them, and the most conservatively slow lieutenant in the regiment put in command, and Colonel Wyman boisterously gave him his instructions, which were to pursue the deserter and capture him if he had to chase him all over the Indian nation, and wound up with his usual language, breathing out threatenings and slaughter,—"we'll shoot him to-day, and hang him to-morrow." The lieutenant took the opposite direction from that taken by the fugitives, and returned in an hour and a half, and reported having scoured the country for miles, but without success. On a by-road they had discovered the tracks of two horses, which they presumed were those of the fugitives, but the tracks finally led them right back to town. They thought that if the pursuit was to be continued, fresh horses

should be given them, which, considering that the horses seemed fresher than when they started, looked somewhat absurd; but which was settled by Colonel Wyman, ordering the pursuit abandoned, with the characteristic addition of "damn 'em let 'em go." That was all.]

Caleb Vliet,

Private; enlisted from Maine, Cook county, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment. He was 34 years old, promoted Corporal October 20, 1861, and died March 15, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, of small pox.

James Whitlock,

Private; enlisted at Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment. He was 27 years old. He was transferred to the Invalid Corps, January 15, 1864.

Thomas J. Whitecraft,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was 21 years old, light complexion, light hair, hazel eyes, spare build, about five feet nine inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He was wounded at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, and was mustered out with the regiment. Is now at the National Soldiers' Home at Milwaukee, Wis.

Nicholas Woods,

Private; enlisted from Detroit, Michigan, and mustered with the regiment. He was 18 years old, fair complexion, blue eyes, dark brown hair, about five feet seven inches tall, light of build, and would weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds. Promoted corporal June 14, 1863, in which rank, after honorable service, he was mustered out with the regiment, returned to Detroit, where, with his family, he now resides, an enthusiastic Grand-Army man, with his latch-string always hanging out so as to be handy to any deserving old Comrade.

John Williams,

Private; enlisted at Chicago, and mustered with the regiment. He was 25 years old, served the full term, and was mustered out of service with the regiment.

John H. Welch,

Private; enlisted from Detroit, Michigan, and was mustered with the regiment. He was 18 years old, promoted corporal January 25, 1864, in which rank, after good soldierly service, he was mustered out with the regiment.

Benjamin Zoelle,

Private; enlisted from Stewart, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment. He was 21 years old, and served the entire term, and then our Government, which does so much for the soldier, stopped forty-five cents from his pay, for the loss of one bayonet-scabbard.

He was mustered out with the regiment. His present address is, Watertown, Wis.

William H. Howard,

Drummer; he is recorded as being 18 years old; but was really about 12. He was enlisted from Chicago and mustered with the regiment. He served in all the campaigns in which the regiment took a part, and was mustered out with the regiment.

Asa Benjamin Munn,

Fifer; was enlisted at Chicago, and mustered in at Rolla, Missouri, July 19, 1861, by Col. John B. Wyman. He was 38 years old, light complexion, black eyes, light hair, five feet nine inches tall, spare build, and weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds; was born in Deerfield, Franklin county, Mass., July 1st, 1823. A long line of American ancestors and kindred has produced considerable good fighting material, among whom his grandfather's great-great-grandfather, Benjamin Munn, was a soldier in the Pequot war, in 1637, was in the military service nearly all of his life, and died in Springfield, Mass., in 1675—a hundred years before the Revolutionary War. His grandfather's great-grandfather, John Munn, was in the Falls fight (now Turner's Falls), near Greenfield, Mass., in which he lost horse, saddle, and bridle. He died in 1684. His great-grandfather, Samuel Munn, was a soldier in the French and Indian wars, and died in 1777. His grandfather, Francis Collins Munn, was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and died in 1818. His great-great-great-grand-uncle, James Munn, was in the Falls fight, and a soldier in King William's War, and was living in 1718. His great-grand-uncle, John Munn, was a soldier at Fort Dummer, in 1730, date of death not known. His grand-uncle, Asa Munn, lost a leg in the service of the war of the Revolution, and died in 1792. His grand-uncle, Benjamin Munn, was a soldier at the battle of Lake George, in 1755, was in the attack on old Fort Ti. 1758, was one of Rogers' Rangers, and was in the fight near Fort Ann when Major Putnam was captured. In this action, Comrade Munn took an Indian's gun and scalp, which he brought home. Was a sergeant under Captain Selah Barnard, in the conquest of Canada. Being in Cambridge, Mass., June 16, 1775, he joined a party going to Bunker Hill, and was in the battle; was accidentally killed in 1824. His mother's great-great-grandfather, Sergeant Benjamin Waite, of Hatfield, Mass., was called the hero of the Connecticut Valley, because he had crowned an honorable soldier's life of hardships and dangers, by striking boldly into the trackless forest, with but one comrade, rescuing and bringing home from Canada, and out of Indian captivity, seventeen of his townspeople, including his own wife and three daughters. A brother of Asa B. Munn, Francis H.

Asa B. MUNN (1861).

Musician.

Company I.

Munn, made an honorable military record in the Union army during the war of the Rebellion.

From early manhood, up to the breaking out of the war, the subject of this sketch followed the occupation of broom-making, then enlisted as a fifer in Company I, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry Volunteers, at Rolla, Missouri. In 1851 he had married Miss Jerusha Adams, of Hadley, Mass., whom he now left with two children at Chicago. Besides serving as musician, was on detached service at Rolla, Mo., as clerk to the Provost Marshal. At Helena, Ark., served in the same capacity at the headquarters of Generals Carr and Gorman, and on steamer Continental, and before Vicksburg, served on three different details, as clerk at the headquarters of General Steele. Took part in all the grand campaign which reduced Vicksburg, during which he was promoted to a captaincy, and assigned to the command of Company D, First Mississippi Regiment of African descent, afterwards designated as the Fifty-first United States Colored Troops. While at Vicksburg was ordered detatched to serve as Judge Advocate of Court Martial, which service was prevented by orders for the army to move. In General Canby's army, was in service at reduction of Mobile, which resulted from the reduction of Spanish Fort, and Fort Blakely, his company being part of the investing army which charged and captured Fort Blakely, on the same day that Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. Captain Munn was mustered out of service for disability, June 25, 1865, and went first to Alabama, then to Florida, where he resided for the next five or six years. At Pensacola, was Deputy Collector of the port; for two years was an alderman of the city, was deputy collector of internal revenue for nine counties; was deputy United States marshal; was appointed commissioner of pilotage, assessor and collector of taxes; was county treasurer; served two terms as county superintendent of education, organizing and superintending the first free schools in Escambia county, Florida; was commissioned by Governor Harrison Reed, as assistant adjutant general of State troops, with the rank of major. Notwithstanding never having been a politician, in 1872, by unanimous vote of the conventions of both political parties, received the nomination to the State Senate, but his broken health obliged him to decline the honor. Soon after this, he returned to Illinois where he now resides, at the age of sixty-eight years, a government pensioner, rated for full disability.

Daniel C. Shaw,

Private; he was enlisted and mustered at Chicago, May 27, 1861. The name of the mustering officer, in this case, is not given. He was twenty-seven years old, light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes, well built, about five feet nine inches tall, and would weigh

about one hundred and fifty pounds. As soldier, teamster, or forager, he was always efficient; served the entire term and was mustered out with the regiment.

Patrick Askins,

Private; enlisted from Springfield, Illinois, and mustered September 19, 1861, at Rolla, Missouri, by Colonel John B. Wyman. He was twenty years old, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, about five feet nine inches tall and would weigh about one hundred and forty pounds; he was particularly efficient as a teamster; and is said to have shown great managing ability, and cool courage, as a wagon master on the occasion of the rebel attack on the Thirteenth regiment at Madison Station, Alabama.

On the muster out of the regiment, private Askins was assigned to Company I of the Fifty-sixth Illinois to serve out his three years, given a descriptive roll and sent to the front.

Samuel R. Barnhardt,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered with the regiment; he was of dark complexion, black eyes and hair, about five feet nine inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and forty pounds; served the full term and was mustered out with the regiment.

Frederick W. Brinkman,

Private; enlisted from Thornton, Illinois, and mustered with the regiment. He was twenty-one years old; and while on guard at Dixon, Illinois, he shot and killed Lieutenant N. Cooper Berry, of Company B who insisted on passing the guard line without the countersign; the details will be found in the history of Company I. He was a good soldier, and served out his full time, and was mustered out with the regiment.

Lyman Butterfield,

Private; enlisted from Northfield, Illinois, and was mustered with the regiment. He had a florid complexion, light hair and blue eyes, of heavy build, about five feet eleven inches tall, and would weigh about one hundred and eighty-five pounds; he was discharged for disability, from hospital at St. Louis, Missouri, July 29, 1862; disease not stated. He was recently residing at Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Gustave Boylad,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, May 27, 1861, and died in hospital at Rolla, Missouri, March 2, 1862, of fits.

James Bourne,

Private; enlisted from DesPlaines, Ill., and mustered on May 27, 1861; served the entire three years and was mustered out with the regiment.

Peter Freeman,

Private; enlisted from Jefferson, Ill., and mustered on May 27, 1861, and deserted from Rolla, Mo., November 10, 1861.

Cyrus Golden,

Private; enlisted from Aurora, Ill., but no date of either enlistment or muster can now be found. He was discharged for disability September 26, 1862, but place and disease not stated.

Charles R. Hall,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, at Dixon, Ill., on May 24, 1861, and mustered same day with the regiment and three days afterwards, on May 27, was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, disease not stated. It seems difficult to understand how a man should be enlisted and mustered while suffering such a degree of disability as to make it necessary to discharge him three days afterward.

George Hampson,

Private; enlisted from Jefferson, Ill., and mustered on May 27, 1861, at Dixon, Ill., by Judge D. Welty. He was thirty-three years old, light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, spare of build, about five feet ten inches tall, and would weigh about 140 pounds. He was wounded at the battle of Ringgold Gap, Ga., November 27, 1863, and was mustered out with the regiment.

William Kantzler,

Private; a resident of Blue Island, Cook county, Ill. He was enlisted and mustered at Rolla, Mo., by Colonel John B. Wyman, on March 1, 1862. He was eighteen years old, light complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, small of stature, about five feet seven inches tall, and would weigh about 125 pounds. Private Kantzler served in the Thirteenth until their term expired, was then assigned to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, and sent to the front to complete his term of service. On his journey home, after his term of service had ended, he is supposed to have been lost on the Steamer "General A. B. Taylor," near Goldsboro, N. C., March 27, 1865.

[William Kantzler, had a somewhat romantic military career, but with a tragical ending, which will be worth giving at some length. When the war broke out and the Blue Island soldiers had gone to the front, the boy longed to go too, He was living in the family of Sergeant George E, Hinman, of Company I Thirteenth Illinois, who had befriended him, and to whom he had become strongly attached. He was a good worker and had produced a good crop ready for harvest, in the fall of 1861, when he told Mrs. Hinman that he was going to Rolla to join the army. Mrs. Hinman tried every persuasion to get him off the notion of going, but all to no purpose; even an appeal to his sense of duty to his parents, had no effect whatever, and he told Mrs. Hinman, that when the fall work in the field was all done, if she did not

give her consent, he would run away. Finding it no use to oppose him any longer, she paid him his wages, and he very soon disappeared from Blue Island, and soon appeared at Rolla, Missouri, where the Thirteenth was then stationed, much to the astonishment and annoyance of Sergeant Hinman, who feared the censure of the boy's parents, which in fact, was the case for a considerable time, but which he did not in the least deserve, as both himself and Mrs. Hinman, had done everything possible to prevent the boy from going into the army. He had made his way to Rolla, at an expense of less than a dollar and a half, although he had considerable money in his pocket.

For sometime, Sergeant Hinman kept him from enlisting, hoping he would get over the notion of enlisting, but not for long, as he was determined to be sworn in and become a real soldier. He was not what would be termed a model soldier, but he was most certainly, a model, good boy and soldier together. It is hardly too much to say that he would unhesitatingly have laid down his life for Lieutenant Hinman; and when the latter was very sick at Helena, he scoured the country foraging for something that the Lieutenant might find an appetite for eating; and it was a sad day for the poor boy when his friend and protector had to leave the army to preserve his life.

The boy's kind and obliging disposition, and his unfailing good temper, made for him many friends, and there was many a kind word for "Billy Kantzler."

Having still some time to serve, when the veterans of the regiment were ready to be mustered out, he, with other recruits in the regiment was transferred to the Fifty-sixth Illinois, in which he filled out the balance of his term of service, and at Goldsboro, North Carolina, he took passage for New York, on the steamer, "A. B. Taylor," to sail on the 27th of March, 1865. This was the last we ever heard of William Kantzler; but we learn the fate of the vessel on which he had taken passage, from Charles D. Tilden, formerly of Company K, Thirteenth Illinois who was to have sailed on the same vessel; his account is as follows:

"We took passage (at Goldsboro, North Carolina) on the steamer 'Gen. A. B. Taylor' and were to start for New York, March 27, 1865. As I was the only soldier with discharge papers and descriptive list aboard, I was told that there was a paymaster up town; and as I had not drawn my pay since I left the old Thirteenth, I thought it would be nice to have some money on our arrival in New York, and so I left my traps aboard and went ashore to find the paymaster, but did not succeed in getting any money; so I went back, but found the boat had just pulled out, and I was left. I felt very lonesome and badly about it, and took another boat; but before the next sun arose I was truly thankful, for we ran on to the 'A. B. Taylor,' burned to the water's edge; and only one

soul lived to tell the tale. A drummer-boy, of some other regiment, I can not call his name, but I know the way he was saved was, he plugged his drum and sat on the head of it and balanced himself with a spar.

After several weeks' delay, I arrived home safely, finding my family in mourning, and startling my mother so she fainted. They had seen my name in the list of the lost on the 'A. B. Taylor.'

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES D. TILDEN."]

John Loehnor,

Private; born in Germany; age twenty-five; enlisted from Jefferson, Ill., and was mustered May 27, 1861, at Dixon, Ill., by Judge Welty; was promoted corporal March 22, 1863. Corporal Loehnor rendered good service to his country, and died December 2, 1863, in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., from wounds received at Ringgold Gap, Ga., November 27, 1863. Gun-shot wound caused amputation of left leg.

Henry Money,

Private; a resident of Jefferson, Ill., and enlisted and was mustered at Dixon, Ill., May 27, 1861, by Judge Welty. He was twenty-one years old, served the entire three years and was mustered out with the regiment.

John R. Ollinger,

Private; enlisted from Niles, Ill., and was mustered at Dixon, Ill., May 27, 1861, by Judge Welty. He was twenty-one years old, rendered honorable service, and was mustered out with the regiment.

Theodoric Poole,

Private; enlisted from Chicago, and was mustered at Dixon, on May 27, 1861, by Judge Welty. He was discharged at Bovina, Miss., September, 9, 1863, for loss of speech.

Jacob H. Quant,

Private; enlisted from Aurora, Ill., and was mustered by Lieutenant Pritchard, on March 11, 1862. He was eighteen years old, was captured at Madison Station, Ala., May 17, 1864, and mustered out June 7, 1865. Comrade Quant now resides at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Charles Swale,

Private; enlisted from Niles, Mich., and mustered at Dixon, Ill., May 27, 1861, by Judge Welty. He was twenty-two years old, and was mustered out with the regiment.

Benjamin F. Stinnit,

Private; enlisted from Steelville, Mo., and transferred to our regiment from Bowen's Battalion of the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, November 1, 1861, at Springfield, Mo. In hospital at Paducah, Ky., he died on February 3, 1863, from wounds received in action December, 29, 1862, at Chickasaw Bayou.

George C. Wood,

Private; enlisted from Aurora, Ill.; dates of enlistment and muster not given. Discharged from hospital at St. Louis, Mo., August 23, 1862, by order of General Carr, on surgeon's certificate of disability. Disease not stated.

COMPANY K.

In answer to a communication from the editor of the history of the regiment Captain Cole makes the following statement; and as the statement is from his own knowledge, I use it substantially entire, with the exception of correcting the dates, which he agrees with me, from a careful inspection of data, are as now given.

"What was known as Company K was recruited in the south half of Du Page county, Illinois, and was largely composed of farmers and mechanics. The manner of its organization was as follows: The news that the rebels had captured Fort Sumter reached the village of Downer's Grove on the afternoon of April 21, 1861. There were some who were convinced that a long civil war was before us. Among that number was J. J. Cole, who was captain of a semi-military organization known as 'The Downer's Grove Plow Boys.'"

There were about forty-five of these men who had done duty in the two preceding presidential campaigns as a republican marching club.

That evening Mr. Cole called on Judge Blanchard, who was president of the club, and in discussing the probabilities of being called on as a volunteer he expressed himself as determined to enlist at the first opportunitunity. The Judge said that although he was getting old he regarded it as his duty to enlist, should a call be made; and then proposed the raising of a company in DuPage county. It was then agreed that as soon as the call came meetings should be held in Downer's Grove, Naperville and Warrenville.

The call came. The meetings were held and addresses were made by Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Hobson and others. Sufficient recruits having been secured they met at Naperville the next Saturday evening and elected Judge Blanchard Captain;

Merritt Hobson First-Lieutenant, and J. J. Cole Second-Lieutenant.

Captain Blanchard went as soon as possible to Springfield to offer his company, but too late for the six regiment call.

In the call of the ten regiment bill the company was received, and went into camp at Dixon on May 9, as a part of the Thirteenth regiment.

After about the usual excitement of camp in such cases it came to be known that we should not be able to take service for three months. This was entirely unexpected and many of the men were not prepared to enlist for so long a period. Outside influences were brought to bear, and the fact that it was first intended to go for only three months was used as an argument in justification of a refusal to enlist for the longer period. Captain Blanchard had returned to Du Page county to secure some needed recruits along about the 22nd, and was not present in camp when Captain Pope came to muster the regiment for the three years' service.

It was a time of unusual excitement. Many of the men felt that they were being, in a way, crowded into the service for a longer period than they had enlisted for, and that, taken with other motives, led some of the men to refuse to be mustered. The lieutenants both did what they could but the men would not yield, and Captain Blanchard hurried to camp, arriving on the morning of Saturday, May 25. I quote from his diary, as that shows better than any words of mine how keenly he felt the disappointment: "Arrived at camp half past 3 a. m. and learned that my company had refused to be mustered in. Never can I describe my feelings, so intense my mortification, anger and indignation that I could not restrain the tears. To God I raised my prayers."

The next morning Captain Blanchard entered the camp. His appeal was one of those exhibitions of powerful feeling which men do not often see. It had been one of the stormiest mental struggles ever known to his forceful nature. I know from his own lips that few men ever passed a more trying ordeal than he did during the early hours of that morning before he entered Camp Dement.

His appeal was thoroughly effective and the men rallied to his side and were mustered on the 28th, and none of them, I venture to say, regretted the decision reached at that exciting time.

This brings the company to the time when it became a part of the regiment, and we turn to the brief sketch of the individual members:

When the time came for the regiment to be mustered out in June, 1864, the mustering officer at first refused to muster us out, but through the intervention of Governor Yates and the prompt action of Captain Cole, an order from the War Department was obtained directing that the muster should date as of the 24th of May, so that the company can rightfully claim that it was mustered on the 24th of May, 1861.

Our experience from this time forward was as a part of the Thirteenth, and we turn to a personal sketch of the members.

Captain Walter Blanchard, was born at Newhampton, Grafton county, N. H., on the 31st of March, 1807. He was one of a large family, and his earlier years were passed in a sharp struggle with poverty, and with only the slightest opportunity for education, and his whole latter career was subject to that disadvantage. That he overcame this almost entire want of acquaintance with books in early life was due to his energy and force of character. He was not a man who loved work for its own sake, or a book worm, who would acquire for the mere love of acquisition. It needed the spur of a strong motive to bring out his best efforts, but he found these in the necessities with which he was surrounded in the ties of family and in the various positions of trust in which he was placed. He never treated these obligations slightingly, but whatever effort was necessary to accomplish a worthy object he put forth, and he was in the community in which he lived one of its most honored and useful citizens.

He was an early settler in the State and had a large acquaintance among the foremost men of that time who had a part to play in the building up of the commonwealth, many of whom he knew personally. The influence which he had

CAPT. WALTER BLANCHARD.

Company K.

was often of use to the people, and he was always ready to help forward the best interests of the community, and of his many friends in every proper manner.

That Captain Blanchard was beloved by his men is shown by one of those incidents which comes back to the memory of his comrades as one of the most pathetic in the history of the regiment. When the regiment fell back from Ringgold Gap to Chattanooga, a distance of twenty miles, Captain Blanchard had lost his leg and was weak from the loss of blood, but he had his old well-remembered grit and steadiness, and the men would not entrust him to the tender mercies of the ambulance but on a litter carried him on their shoulders the whole distance from the hospital to the city of Chattanooga, cheerfully taking turns, and vying with each other in this labor of love.

And so, when it became evident that he could not recover, and he saw that the grim messenger was near he turned to his wounded comrade, Major Beardsley, and dictated his will, remembering with his last act those dearest to him in life, and crowning with his last act his life's devotion to his family, to his country and to his God.

He was one among thousands like him, in this, for the country was full of patriotic devotion, but he was ours, and we honor with our love and tears the memory of one of our bravest and truest.

Merritt S. Hobson was born August 6, 1834, in a log cabin, at what is known as the Hobson homestead—his father being the first settler in what is now Du Page county, Illinois. He began his education in the common school, continuing in that until he was seventeen years of age. He attended the Seminary at Warrenville for two years. At twenty-one he commenced the study of law at a college of law located in Poland, Ohio, whence he graduated at the end of the year. After this he went to school under his old and favorite professor, afterwards General Leggett.

In December, 1856, he entered into a law partnership with Judge Blanchard, which lasted for a year, when he went into partnership with John Haight, his brother-in-law.

July 10, 1857, he married Miss Elmira Kentner of Boardman, Mahoning county, Ohio.

He was active in organizing Company K., and was on account of that, and his general popularity, elected to the first lieutenancy of that company. He was an earnest, patriotic man, but did not get on well with Colonel Wyman, and resigned.

He died January 9, 1867, at Ottumwa, Iowa, where he then resided.

Captain J. J. Cole was born April 16, 1833, in Putnam county, New York. He had only such opportunities for education as were afforded by the common schools of that state, and made the best use possible of them.

While in New York he joined a company of New York militia and took an active interest in military matters so far as he had opportunity.

After he came to Illinois there was no opportunity for the gratification of this ambition until the organization of the "Plow Boys," which club he commanded; and he there had an opportunity to show his ability for organizing and drilling men in the ranks of a company. The men of the company who knew him remembered this when the company was organized, and were enabled to secure for one of its commissioned officers the best organizer and drill master among its members, at the outset.

On the resignation of Lieutenant Hobson he was promoted to the first lieutenancy, and on the fall of Captain Blanchard he was made captain, which position he held until the regiment was mustered out.

He was wounded and captured at Chickasaw Bayou, and was held a prisoner at Vicksburg, Jackson, and in Libby prison. He was exchanged May 5th, 1863, and went to the command at once. He was in all the engagements of the regiment except Arkansas Post.

He has held various offices in the county; supervisor, county clerk, mayor of Wheaton, etc., and in all these positions has shown the same fidelity and sound judgment that he

CAPT. J. J. COLE.

Company K.

exhibited in his military life when connected with the thirteenth. He is still a resident of Wheaton and one of its foremost citizens.

George Austin Naper was born in Ashtabula, Ohio, July 1, 1827. He came west with his family in June, 1831, reaching Naperville in July.

His opportunities for education were confined to the district school, but he was quick to learn and made good use of them.

At the age of seventeen he went on the lake, and at the age of twenty-one was master of a vessel of his own, and continued in that vocation until the war broke out.

His father died August 5, 1850, and from that time he had the care of the family. His mother says, "He was like a father to the younger ones. He was a kind son, a loving brother. He was one who from boyhood made friends and was liked by all who knew him."

At Chickasaw Bayou he was severely wounded, and while in care of two of our men who were directed to assist him off the field, a shell exploded under his feet and he fell forward and so far as we can learn was killed on the spot.

No amount of inquiry has ever enabled his friends to learn anything further from him, and so we leave him to the silence of the battle-field when the battle has ended.

Eli Bailey was born at Lake Mahopac, Putnam county, N. Y., on the 18th of August, 1838, and moved to Illinois, early in life and had been a resident of Du Page county for some years before the war began.

He was among the first to enlist in what was afterwards Company K, and was made a sergeant on the organization of the company, and served in that capacity until December, 1863, when he was promoted to first-lieutenant.

Lieutenant Bailey was a good soldier, and one of his more conspicuous acts of bravery may, perhaps, be mentioned without being invidious. At Ringgold Gap when the regiment was out of ammunition, Lieutenant Bailey volunteered to go and procure some, and he crossed the field in full view of an

enemy on the alert and a target for their line of battle, got his box of ammunition and returned, now doubly a target for their fire and coolly distributed the ammunition. His comrades who looked upon the action thought it a specially daring one.

Lieutenant Bailey was living in Kansas when last heard from.

ROSTER.

Franklin Blanchard,

Born November 7, 1838 at Downer's Grove, Illinois; mustered in May 24, 1861 as corporal; promoted to sergeant; mustered out June 18. 1864; has lived at Batavia. Present address, Downer's Grove.

William Blanchard,

Born at Downer's Grove April 27, 1841; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged April 18, 1862, disabled; was captain of Company D, Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, March 9, 1865; has lived in California. Present address, Downer's Grove, Illinois.

Lewis C. Ball,

Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Dead.

Charles Beckman,

Born in Bavaria, Germany; mustered in May 24, 1861; lost his right arm at Ringgold Gap, Georgia, November 27, 1863; discharged March 10, 1864; lived in Naperville until 1870. Present address, 728 Seventh Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Adolph Bader,

Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861; taken prisoner at Madison Station; mustered out January 18, 1865.

Lewis Busing,

Naperville. Born in France, age nineteen; mustered in May 24, 1861; died August 5, 1863, at Camp Sherman, Mississippi, of chronic diarrhœa.

Daniel W. Ballou,

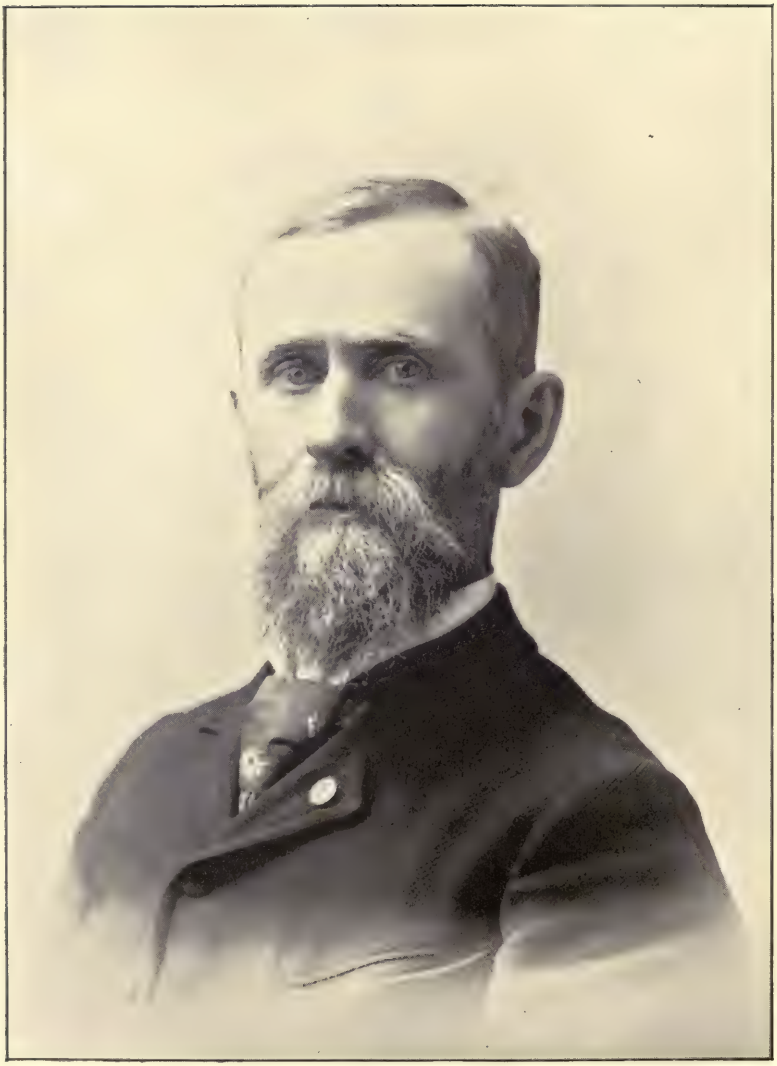
Born in Cuyahoga Falls Ohio; mustered May 20, 1861; was with General W. Lyon when he fell at Wilson's Creek Missouri; transferred to Company C, Tenth Missouri Cavalry, second-lieutenant; fought at Pea Ridge; wounded May 18, 1863 in rear of Vicksburg, carrying the ball until his death. After the war he was local manager of the "Quincy Whig;" lived in California from 1868; a great sufferer; died in Oakland, California, 1885.

Charles Boettger,

Born in Germany, September 18, 1835; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Naperville, Illinois.

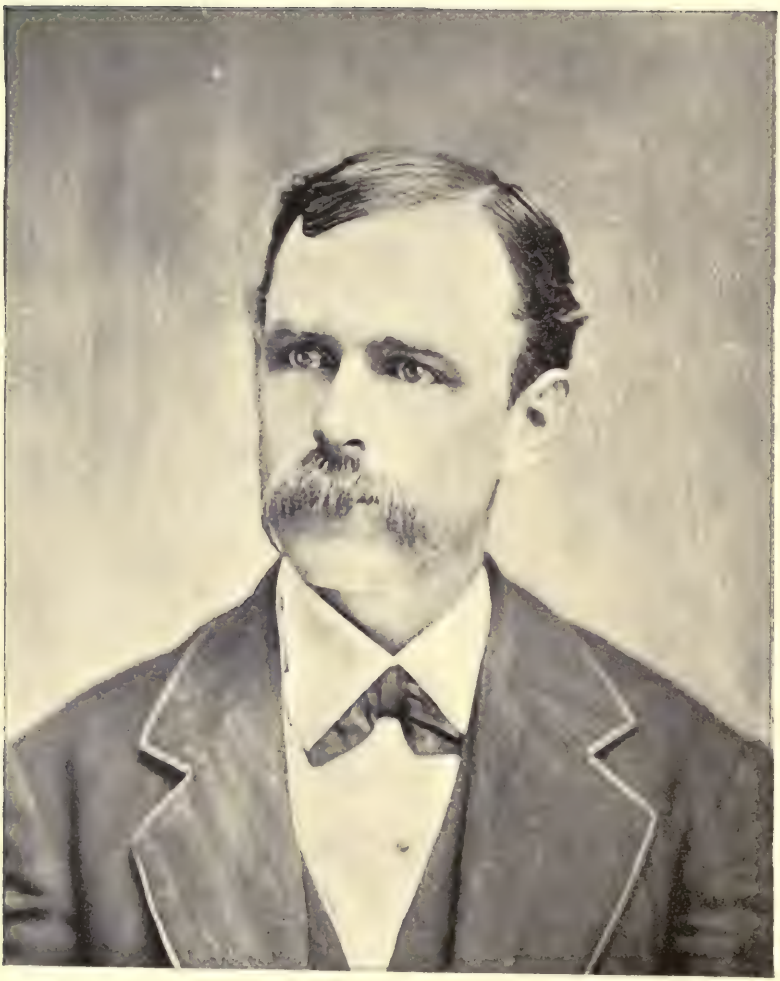
CHARLES E. BOLLES.

Company K.



CHARLES CARPENTER.

Company K.



ESEK C. BOLLES.

Company K.

Fritz Benck,

Du Page county. Mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Chicago. Re-enlisted in May, 1864 in the Fourth regiment veteran corps, Company F.

William Balliman,

Private. Born in Clinton county, Penn., Feb. 7th, 1844. Mustered in Naperville, May 24, 1861. Mustered out June 18, 1864. A long siege of being school director. Has lived in Omaha. Present address, St. Paul, Neb.

Lorentz Baugertz,

Private ; Downer's Grove, mustered in May 24, 1861. Discharged July 25, 1862. Disabled.

Essec C. Bolles,

Born October 14, 1842, Cambridgeport; mustered in Du Page county, Ill. Promoted to corporal. Mustered out June 18, 1864. Died at Momence, Ill., December 6, 1878.

Charles E. Bolles,

Born October 14, 1844 at Cambridgeport, Vt.; mustered in May 8, 1862 ; mustered out February 10, 1863, on account of wounds received at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862. Present address, Oak Park, Ill. In 1864, passed Examination Board at Nashville, Tenn., as first class first-lieutenant, as regiment quartermaster.

Jordan J. Cole,

Born April 16, 1833 at Putnam county, N. Y. ; mustered in, Downer's Grove, May 24, 1861as second-lieutenant ; promoted to first-lieutenant June 22, 1862, to captain, December 4, 1863 ; wounded and taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862 ; confined at Vicksburg, Jackson and Libby prison, Richmond, Va. ; exchanged May 5th, 1863 ; was in all the engagements of the regiment except Arkansas Post ; has been supervisor, county clerkof Du Page county and mayor of Wheaton. Present address, Wheaton, Ill.

Charles Carpenter,

Born in Dewitt county, N. Y., September 21, 1833; enlisted Downer's Grove, Ill.; mustered in, May 24, 1861 ; taken prisoner at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862 ; confined at Vicksburg and Jackson and exchanged at New Orleans ; shorthand reporter ; mustered out, June 18, 1864. Present address, Downer's Grove.

Charles P. Cruggs,

Joliet, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861, at fourteen years of age ; was a bugler to the Sixth Missouri Cavalry ; was in thirty-six skirmishes and battles ; wounded three times ; expressman, Leadville, Col. Present address, 329 W. Chestnut Street, Leadville, Col.

William Clark,

St. Clair county ; mustered in July 7, 1861 ; deserted May 16, 1863.

John Daniels,
Naperville ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; transferred to Tenth Missouri Cavalry, October 1, 1864.

Charles B. Deuel,
York ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Adam L. Dirr,
Born May 25, 1829, Richmond county, Ohio ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864 ; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou December 29, 1862. Dead.

Phillip Doerr,
Naperville ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; transferred Tenth Missouri Cavalry October 1, 1861.

Charles Serris,
Lisle ; mustered in May 24. 1861 ; died November 26, 1861.

Oliver S. Fowler,
Born March 6, 1833, in Onondago county, N. Y; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864 as corporal ; has been supervisor, assessor, school director, Sunday-school superintendent, G. A. R. Commander, etc. Present address, Lemont, Iowa.

James Farrell,
Du Page county ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; re-enlisted transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois. Present address, Park City, Utah.

Eugene F. Farrer,
The first white child born in Du Page county, Ill.; Downer's Grove; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 28, 1864, as sergeant. Present address, Downer's Grove.

John G. Gladding,
Winfield ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged December 25, 1862 ; disabled.

Joseph Greggs,
Du Page county ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged September 1, 1863. Disabled. Dead.

James P. Gillespie,
Aurora, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864, as corporal.

Adam Griffith,
Warrenville ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; disappeared December 15, 1852. Supposed to be dead.

Charles Griffith,
Warrenville ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Lewis Cokey,
Warrenville ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; re-enlisted ; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois.

SERGT. JOHN G. GLADDING.

Company K.

Samuel Griffith,
Warrenville; mustered in September 10, 1861; discharged February 27, 1863; disabled.

Merritt S. Hobson,
Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861, as first-lieutenant; resigned January 22, 1862; now dead.

Chas. W. Hyde,
Born June 9, 1830, in Vermont, age thirty-one. Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded December 29, 1862 at Chickasaw Bayou; was taken prisoner; poorly cared for by medical students and died January 15, in the rebel hospital at Vicksburgh. A grand man.

Abram C. Howard,
Downer's Grove, Ill.; mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Invalid Corps September 1, 1863.

John B. Hubbard,
Enlisted at Rolla, Mo., September 10, 1861; transferred to Invalid Corps. Present address, Chicago, Ill., Letter carrier.

Henry K. Hull,
Naperville; mustered in September 10, 1861; discharged November 15, 1862; disabled.

Matthias Hart,
Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864 as corporal. Present address, La Grange, Ill.

Jas. L. Holly,
Du Page county; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864; brother of Franklin Holly. Present address California.

Henry Hunt,
Downer's Grove; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged Febuary 20, 1862; disabled.

Michael Hintz,
Du Page; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged March 30, 1863; disabled. Present address, Downer's Grove.

Christian Henrich,
Brush Hill; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Patrick Hartigan,
Du Page; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Catholic Hospital, Joliet, Illinois.

Chas. E. Holland,
Lisle; mustered in May 24, 1861; died October 25, 1861, on the march to Springfield, Missouri; buried on a prairie knoll.

Charles Harris,
Du Page; right name A. L. Marks; mustered in May 24, 1861; re-enlisted; transferred to Company I, Fifty-Sixth, Illinois. Present address, Jewell city, Kansas.

Franklin Holly,

Born in Susquehanna, Pennsylvania ; age twenty-three ; Lee Centre; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; wounded in action December 29, 1862 ; died Febuary 3, 1863 of wounds.

Jos. W. Judson,

Oswego ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged May 21, 1863.

William Johnson,

Du Page County ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; re-enlisted ; transferred to Company I, Fifty-Sixth Illinois.

Hiram Ketcham,

Winfield ; mustered in May 24, 1861, as sergeant ; wounded ; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John M. Kenyon,

York ; mustered in May 24, 1861, as musician ; transferred to non-commissioned staff as fife-major ; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Israel Kenyon,

Mustered in May 24, 1861 as corporal ; discharged February 30, 1862 ; disabled.

Mathais Kuchel,

Lisle ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Ferdinand Kreutzer,

Du Page ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; discharged October 1, 1861 ; disabled.

Daniel Kniffin,

Lisle ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; transferred to Invalid Corps.

William J. Kenyon,

Naperville ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; died April 20, 1863.

Abraham Ketchum,

Winfield ; mustered in October 1, 1861 ; re-enlisted ; transferred to Company I. Fifty-sixth Illinois ; dead.

John F. Miller,

Naperville ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; taken prisoner ; now dead ; mustered out June 7, 1864.

Jas. McAvoy

Henry county ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; transferred to Invalid Corps, September 1, 1863 ; dead.

William H. Marsh,

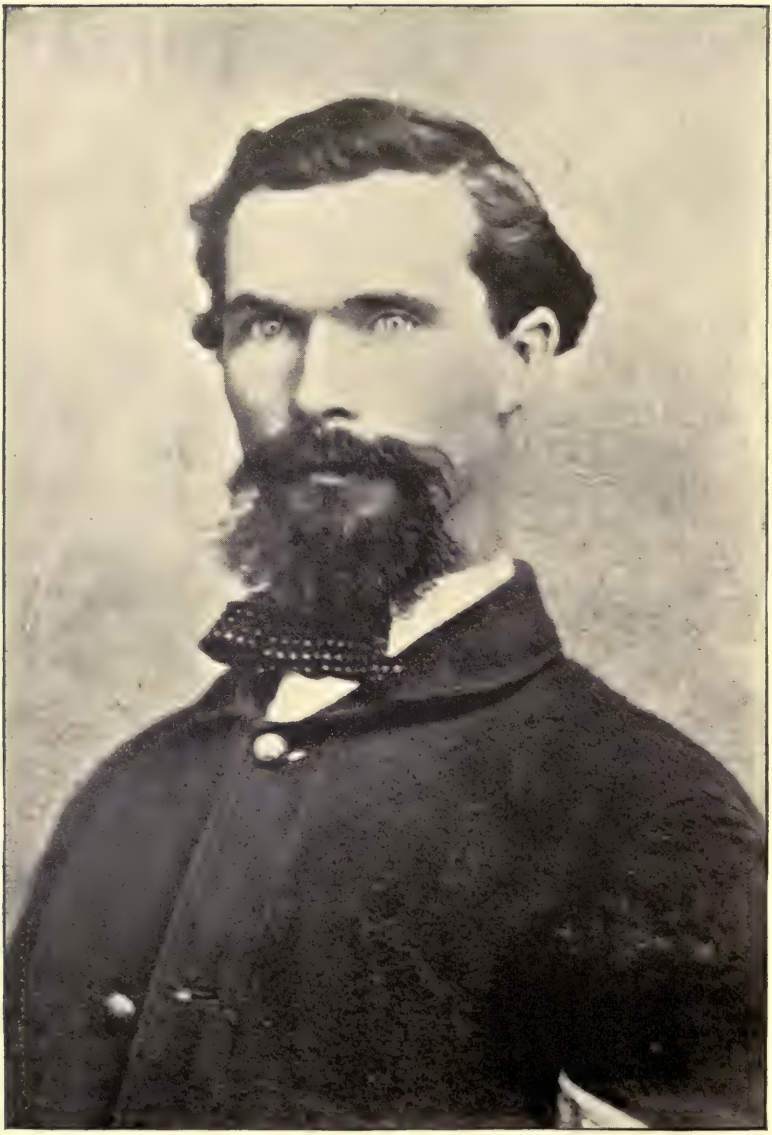
Joliet ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; wounded December 29, 1862 ; dead.

Michael McKnight,

Joliet ; mustered in May 24, 1861 ; mustered out June 18. 1864.

Geo. A. Napier,

Born in Ashtabula county, Ohio, age thirty-three years ; Naperville ; mustered in May 24, 1861, as sergeant ; promoted to second-lieutenant June 22, 1862 ; was killed at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.



COLOR-SERGT. PATRICK RILEY.

Company K.

Baptiste Neas,
Born in France; age thirty-nine years; Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861; killed at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

John N. Napier,
Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged January 14, 1864, disabled. Present address, Naperville, Ill.

Daniel Needenhauser,
Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861; died October 27, 1861.

Merritt Perry,
Downer's Grove; mustered in May 24, 1861, as musician; transferred to non-commissioned staff as drum-major; mustered out June 18, 1865.

E. E. Page,
Lisle; mustered in May 24, 1861, as sergeant; mustered out June 18, 1864, as first-sergeant. Present address, Naperville.

William Potter,
Born in N. Y.; mustered in Naperville, May 24, 1861; transferred to infantry corps; mustered out, May 26, 1864. Present address, Batavia, Ill.

Reuben B. Pollard,
Downer's Grove; mustered in, May 24, 1861; discharged May 25, 1863.

Robert K. Potter,
Born at Naperville, July 2, 1842; mustered in, May 24, 1861; mustered out May 26, 1863; disabled; present address Boone, Iowa.

Hiram H. Powers,
Warrenville; mustered in, September 10, 1861; deserted January 5th, 1862.

Joseph Prandelburg,
Du Page county; mustered in, July 16, 1861; transferred to Company I, fifty-sixth Illinois.

Patrick Riley,
Born in Ireland, age 28. Downer's Grove; mustered in, May 24, 1861 as corporal; promoted to sergeant and killed at Ringgold Gap, Ga., November 27, 1863 while carrying colors in action.

William E. Rose,
Naperville, mustered May 21, 1861; mustered out, June 18, 1864.

Elvin L. Reid,
Wells, N. Y.; mustered in, May 24, 1861; prisoner of war.

Matthias Remmel,
Born in Baden, Germany, November 11, 1824. Naperville, mustered in, September, 10, 1861; wounded January 1, 1863; lost the use of his eye; mustered out, June 10, 1863. Present address, Naperville.

John H. Rousch,
Naperville; mustered in, September 10, 1861; deserted, Msrch 18, 1863.

Jeremiah J. Rousch,
Naperville. September 10, 1861; discharged August 11, 1863; disabled.

William Rose,
Mustered in, October 1st, 1862; discharged April 18, 1863; disabled. Present address, Elgin.

Reuben Snyder,
Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded November 27, 1863, at Ringgold Gap; died December 21, 1863, of wounds.

Joseph Smith,
Lisle; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864. Present address, Downer's Grove, Ill.

Harlow Slate,
Aurora; mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Tenth Missouri Cavalry, October 1, 1861.

Robert Suddock,
Born in England; La Salle county; mustered in May 24, 1861; reenlisted; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois; mustered out August 12, 1865; has worked at farming and mining and hotel business; lived in Kansas, New Mexico and California. Present address, Williamsport, Penn.

William Shuster,
Lisle; mustered in May 24, 1861; prisoner of war last known of.

Jacob B. Sucher,
Born October, 1842, Shepherdsville, Ky.; Downer's Grove; mustered in May 14, 1864; mustered out June 18, 1864; has lived in Chicago and Kansas. Present address, Denver, Col.; carpenter, by occupation.

James W. Sucher,
Born July 5, 1841, Shepherdsville, Ky; Downer's Grove; mustered in May 24, 1861, as musician; worked eleven months as blacksmith for the United States; mustered out June 18 1864. Present address, Downer's Grove; blacksmith by occupation.

Henry Standave,
Du Page county; mustered in May 24, 1861; reported dead.

Dewitt Stevens,
Naperville, where he was born, age sixteen years; mustered in July 7, 1861; killed at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862.

John Starnhagen,
Franklin county; mustered in July 21, 1861; died May 24, 1862.

Henry Stark,
Franklin county; mustered in June 26, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois. Present address, Salem, Mo.

Chas. Tuttle,
Du Page county; mustered in May 24, 1861; died December 26, 1861.

Isacher Teeple,
Joliet; mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to Tenth Missouri Cavalry October 1, 1861.

Geo. Turner,
Downer's Grove; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18. 1864.

Lysander Townsend,
York; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged December 10, 1863; disabled.

Frank Tirtlop,
Downer's Grove; mustered in May 24, 1861; prisoner of war; died in the prison in Meridian, Miss., according to A. C. Tuthill of Company I.

Joseph Tennant,
Naperville; mustered in September 10, 1861; reinlisted a veteran; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois.

Charles D. Tilden,
Born October 17, 1844, Naperville; Aurora; mustered in March 24, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois; was to have left Goldsburg, N. C., March 27, 1865, for home, on steamer A. B. Taylor. When ashore the boat left him. The boat was burned and his life was thus saved. Only one other was saved. Present address, 276 Flournoy Street, Chicago, Ill.

Franklin Wilson,
Naperville; mustered in May 24, 1861; deserted November 11, 1862.

Christian Wilfling,
Du Page county; mustered in May 24, 1861; re-enlisted; transferred to Company I, Fifty-sixth Illinois.

Christian Walters,
Downer's Grove; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Chas. Webster,
Lisle; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

John White,
Rochester, N. H.; mustered in May 24, 1861; discharged June 4, 1863; disability.

Jacob Wagner,
Dixon; mustered in May 24, 1861; mustered out June 18, 1864.

Hercules Wood,
Dixon; mustered in May 24, 1861; deserted April 29, 1862.

Hollis Wood,
Winfield; mustered in May 24, 1861; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862; died January 29, 1863.

Theophilus Wescott,
Warrenville; mustered in September 10, 1861; discharged October 1, 1861; disability.

John Wright,
Collinsville; mustered in July 5, 1861; absent as sick after September 18, 1862.

THE COMPANY LEFT BEHIND IN DIXIE.

The following order concerning veterans and recruits, is furnished by First-sergeant Charles H. Sanford, formerly of company B, of our regiment.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT AND ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE
NEAR CHATTAHOOCHIE RIVER, GEORGIA, July 9, 1853.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDER 63.

II.—The detachment of the Thirteenth Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers, remaining after the muster out of the men whose term of service has expired, will be forthwith organized into one company, and will be transferred to the Fifty-sixth Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers, to be known and reported as company I of that regiment. The proper officers for this company will be selected from the veterans of the same, by the commanding officer of the regiment, and applications and recommendations for their commissions forwarded through these headquarters to the governor of their State.

By order of Major-General McPherson,

WM. T. CLARK,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Sergeant Sanford continues: "When the Thirteenth was mustered out at Camp Butler, Ill., June 18th, 1864, in pursuance of the above order the veterans and recruits returned to Huntsville, Ala., Lieutenant Mark M. Evans, of company B, the only commissioned officer that returned with us, being detailed at headquarters, left me in command of the company, and with it the duties of "officer-of-the-day" and of the guard; which combination I continued to run until I was mustered out June 22d. The regiment left Huntsville, Ala, and on the 2d day of July, 1864, were at Adairsville, Ga., at which place I left them and went home. The regiment

remained at Adairsville, guarding the Post and the railroad until the fall of Atlanta, when they joined the Fifteenth Corps. Were with them in the famous "March to the Sea," and at the "Grand Review" at Washington.

ROSTER OF THE COMPANY LEFT BEHIND.

Mark Evans, lieutenant-com'd'g.
C. H. Sanford, first-sergeant.
J. Dennis, second-sergeant.
W. McGinnis, first-corporal.
L. M. Cole, second-corporal.
N. R. Harrington, third-corporal.
J. D. Davis, fourth-corporal.
J. Christiance, fifth-corporal.
J. Dunham, sixth-corporal.
C. W. Potter, seventh-corporal.
A. Ketcham, eigth-corporal.
E. E. Thompson, ninth-corporal.

PRIVATES.

W. H. Alger.
Patrick Askins.
D. Brandon.
S. D. W. C. Brittan.
Sylvenus Cole.
W. H. Christwell.
N. F. Eddy.
A. B. Enderton.
David Fairchilds.
William Golden.
Lewis Gokey.
L. E. Hawley.
Theodore Hyde.
P. Hope.
Cornelius Healy.
Stephen Harrison.
William Johnson.
William H. Kellogg,
H. Kennedy.
William Kantzler.
J. W. Livingston,
S. Marsh.
John Martin.
Patrick McKeever.
Mungo McDonald.
Charles H. Noble.
J. S. Potter.
William A. Palmer.
— Brandleburg.
E. V. E. Remmington,
— Rosebrough.
A. Rodelbraugh.
D. W. Stary.
B. F. Shinnemon.
R. Suddock.
J. Spencer.
J. Swabe.
J. H. Scott.
E. F. Sprague.
J. Snyder.
A. H. Sibley.
H. Stark.
J. L. Tennant.
Charles Tilden.
B. E. VanBuren.
Patrick Walsh.
Charles Williams.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	TOTAL.
Total Enrollment of Companies. .	118	106	106	102	107	103	110	109	111	112	1084
Mustered out at Expir. of Service.	44	53	52	51	55	49	43	54	43	37	482
Discharged for Disability.	19	14	17	11	13	19	6	19	24	22	164
Transferred to other Regiments .	32	14	4	6	33	7	16	8	17	21	128
Wounded, Killed in Battle, etc. . .	13	16	14	21	22	16	27	18	12	16	175
Deserted	1	3	6	6	11	5	13	3	12	6	59
Resigned	2	2	2		2	1	1	0	2	1	15

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

A CHAPTER OF MILITARY LIFE, FROM THE STAND-POINT OF A CHAPLAIN.

BY ARNOLD T. NEEDHAM.

IN COMPLIANCE with the request that I present reminiscences of the "Thirteenth" from the standpoint of a Chaplain, I gladly assume the task, for I proudly recall my connection with this bravest of regiments. As I performed many of the duties of the chaplaincy before being installed in that office, and while yet a sergeant in Company D, it is proper that I should begin with this preliminary stage. For some time previous to December, 1862, our chaplain had been absent on furlough. Having officiated for him at his request on several occasions, I was early known in the regiment as at least a licentiate. In the summer of 1863, after my imprisonment, I received my commission, and henceforward was the chaplain.

While the regiment was marching through what was known as the "Dry Country," between Pea Ridge and Helena, Arkansas, in the summer of 1862, a young man of Company D, from Vermont, who, because of his trading ventures and wandering habits, was called the "Wandering Jew," came to me on one occasion and said, "I have been watching you professing Christians, and I am persuaded you have an experience I greatly need. Will you go out with me to some retired spot, and pray with and for me? I gladly consented,

and every night for a week, after getting into camp, we went together to some secluded spot for prayer. Before we reached Helena he had found peace, and was rejoicing in a Saviour's love. While in camp at this place he was taken sick ; and when we started with General Sherman for Vicksburg he was sent with the sick up the river to Memphis. I heard nothing more of him till the fall following when passing through Memphis as an exchanged prisoner. Here a friend informed me, that when dying this young man became so exultant, and exhorted those about him with such fervor that a glorious revival broke out in the hospital which extended to every ward, and scores were converted. This incident made the Thirteenth Illinois memorable to many a converted soldier.

While it is true that many professing Christians in the army became backsliders and profane infidels, yet it is also true that many maintained their religious character and manfully witnessed for Jesus. A sergeant of Company B, while we were at Helena, was called before the commanding officer, and severely reprimanded for refusing to serve on a detail to do butchering on Sunday. The sergeant replied that any work of necessity he was willing to perform on Sunday ; but when the slaughtering could be done on a week day and was not done then, he did not propose to violate his conscience to suit the whim of any living man. When reminded that as a soldier he had promised to obey his superiors, he replied that he willingly gave his life and all its possibilities for his country, but his conscience was a matter between him and his God, and no power on earth could make him outrage its promptings.

The officer commended him for his religious zeal and consistency, and expressed a hope that some day he himself would be as true to conscience as this faithfnl subaltern. The sergeant, encouraged by this remark, began preaching the gospel to this officer and urged him to come to Christ now ; but the promise that he would be a Christian when he got out of the war, was the only promise he would give. At the battle of Chickasaw Bayou I was approaching this officer when he was

shot while in an act of needless exposure, having defied the enemy with a bitter execration on his lips.

THUS FELL ONE OF THE BRAVEST OFFICERS

that ever drew a sword or gave a command. Faithfully warned by the sergeant, a few days before, let us hope that in the period between wound and death, the warning availed.

While still at Helena, a circumstance entirely different from that of the "Wandering Jew," or of the faithful sergeant occurred which will serve to illustrate the strange vicissitudes in the experience of an army chaplain. A member of my company had died of intemperance, and a detail of two men to dig a grave was sent up to the hill west of the camp on which was a temporary cemetery used by the troops camping on the north of town. After an absence long enough to have completed their task, these men returned and reported to the orderly-sergeant that the grave was ready; also stating that the Fourth Iowa had a funeral at the same hour, and that inasmuch as our camp was nearer to the cemetery and there was only a narrow path leading to it, could we not have ours a half-hour earlier, and avoid the embarrassment of two funerals in a narrow path, and ceremonies interferring one with the other. The request being reasonable, our officers assented, to the arrangement, and the short "Fall in Company D," was heard a half hour earlier than announced in the morning. I had been notified at the last moment that I must officiate as chaplain, in the absence of that officer, and accordingly I prepared myself for the duty. In the interim of preparation for the funeral, I had been made suspicious by the grave-digging detail calling on me and urging me to have a very short service. My suspicions were too vague to lead to any definite action. The ceremony was exceedingly short, the grave was filled, the funeral salute was fired, and we were about to file out of the cemetery when the Fourth Iowa funeral appeared on the scene. We halted till they passed in, and then immediately passed out. As we were descending the hill to the notes of

a lively tune, we heard some one shout to us from the cemetery,

"SAY! YOU OLD THIEVING THIREENTH, WHERE IS OUR GRAVE?"

The question seemed so ridiculous to many of us, that we smiled and passed on. When back in camp we learned that our detail on going to the cemetery in the morning and finding the Fourth Iowa men digging a grave conceived the idea of stealing it, and their report of a request for an earlier funeral was only to make their plan the more successful. Strange as it may appear, the "Thirteeenth," who were strongly attached to the Fourth Iowa, had actually stolen a grave from their dearest friends.

From Helena, Ark., we frequently crossed the river to go on cotton raids into the State of Mississippi, While on one of these raids we camped on Colonel Carnes' plantation. Among the slaves was a colored local preacher whom one of the scape-graces of Company D induced to come to our camp and preach for us. Uncle Alfred, for such was his name, came accompanied by another sable exhorter. A hard-tack box was set upon end, and a blanket thrown over it for a pulpit stand, while a similar box was laid upon its side and a blanket thrown over it for a sofa. On this sofa Uncle Alfred and his companion sat waiting for the congregation to gather. Spreading their blankets on the ground, the soldiers squatted or lay down in luxurious idleness, "waiting for the show to begin," as they styled this religious meeting. At a signal from the party who had invited him, our sable brother and his companion arose, and sang a wierd negro melody; his companion followed him with a vociferous prayer, and then Uncle Alfred delivered one of the most grotesque sermons I ever heard.

All through the discourse he was interrupted with mock shouts of "glory!" "hallelujah!" "amen!" and other exclamations of praise or approval. True to his Methodist in-

stincts, the backslider scapegrace who had invited the preacher, passed the hat for a collection, and then gave its contents to him. In this collection there were some pieces of paper currency, and an indescribable lot of just such knick-knacks as are found in a soldier's pocket, such as pieces of plug-tabacco, scalloped with teeth-marks, buttons of every size and shape, bullets whittled into fantastic shapes, purcussion caps, and an occasional card from a badly worn deck. In the afternoon I determined to find Alfred, and assure him that all the soldiers were not disposed to make light of religion. I found him quite communicative, and anxious to have a theological problem solved. He informed me that in his youth he belonged to a Virginia planter; that when he became a man he married, and in the course of time he had quite a large family, and that when his master died, the plantation was sold and the chattels were divided among the heirs. His wife was taken into Georgia, and he into Mississippi. For two years he kept track of his wife, and then lost all traces of her. Finally he concluded to marry again, his second wife being a slave on the same plantation.

NOW AROSE A THEOLOGICAL MUDDLE.

He had heard read, but not explained, the quibble of the Sadducee marrying the woman who had married seven husbands. His first wife was a good woman, and he thought if dead, had gone to heaven; his second he expected would go to the same place, and he had a longing desire for the same blessed abode. "Now," said he, "dere is a passage of Scriptor what reads like dis—"dere was a woman what had seven husbands, and in de kingdom of Heben, whose wife she gwine to be?"

Looking at me for a moment to see if I understood him, and perceiving the nod with which I assented, he continued. "Now when I comes up into Heben, and my fust wife comes to me and says, 'my husban' Alfred I'se so glad to see you,' den my second wife 'll say 'No it taint your husban' he's mine,' 'dere'll be a purty row right afore de Lord Jesus."

Here his face assumed the shape and hue of despair. Very soon I comforted him, by showing that the words he had quoted, were simply a quibble of unbelieving Sadducees, and that Jesus said that there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage in Heaven, and these relations could by no means interfere with the happiness of the heavenly world. His joy knew no bounds, and we were at once fast friends.

As showing the kindliness of Union soldiers, I will relate an incident which occurred while we were camping for a night on the banks of Cache Bayou. Just before dark, some of our religious comrades reported to me, that there was a sick, and they thought, dying Confederate soldier in a hut with his family not far from the camp ; I started at once to see him, and found that he was in mortal dread that we would take him away from his family as a prisoner of war. Assuring him that he would not be disturbed in his sickness, I began to talk to him about his soul's welfare, and while praying with him, the comrades came laden down with provisions they had brought from their meager store of rations. The tearful gratitude of the recipients was abundant compensation for the short rations we endured for several days following.

On another occasion, two weeping children watching our regiment as it passed by, were asked the cause of their grief. They said the guerrillas had taken all they had to eat, and they feared we would do worse. When asked where their father was, they tremblingly said he was in the confederate army. The regiment camping near by, some comrades went to the house and found things as the children had said. Before dark that night the family was rejoicing in one week's rations brought from the meager supply of these generous soldiers.

In one of the companies of our regiment, was a young man whose demure manners, and strange gesticulations, when alone, had impressed those about him, that either he was the victim of remorse, or that he was on the verge of insanity. One day while holding a Bible class and prayer-meeting in the woods, this young man, attracted by the Sunday-school hymns we were singing, came into our meeting and said with tearful

eyes, "Oh! I would give all the world, if I could be as innocent as I was when I used to sing those Sunday-school hymns." He continued to attend our meetings and was happily converted. When the call was made for veterans to re-enlist, and a furlough of thirty days, and a bounty of one hundred dollars promised, he came to me for advice. He told me his this story.

"When I was in my teens, I quarreled with my brother in the wood-shed back of our house. I was frantic with rage, and struck my brother over the head with a heavy stick of fire-wood.

"He fell lifeless at my feet. The thought flashed upon me 'I am a murderer.' Alarmed, I fled from home, going night and day till I thought I was far enough not to be known. I could stay nowhere, on and on I kept moving till at last I reached Chicago. Years had passed since the event, and there in Chicago I saw my father and mother on the other side of the street. I wanted to go and make myself known, but the thought that I had murdered my brother made me hesitate. My parents had passed along and turned a corner. I still hesitated, and when I started to find them they were gone, and I never saw them after, for years.

"Wretched beyond description, I enlisted, hoping that in some battle I might come to the end of this dreary life. After my conversion I felt a strong desire to find my parents; and now, after long search, I have found where they are. My mother is old and feeble, and I fear that if I wait till my time is out, I will never see her. If I enlist, I get the furlough at once and also the bounty; what would you do?" I advised him to re-enlist; he did so.

He went home, found his father and mother alive, and also

THE BROTHER WHOM HE THOUGHT HE HAD KILLED.

But the great scar on the side of his head and face told how near that brother had been brought to death.

The reconciliation was complete, a saddened family were

made to rejoice, and the grace of God as manifest in the prayer-meeting of the Thirteenth Illinois had brought a wanderer home, and a stricken soul to Christ.

Our western troops were fortunate, I think, in each regiment being allowed to organize its own litter corps. Ours was composed of the fifer and drummer of each company, and these felt a special interest in the wounded of their own company. Some of the eastern troops had litter corps for whole brigades composed of special details who had no particular interest in any regiment or company. Ours, feeling a comrade's interest in every man that fell in the regiment, were always the first on the ground, and I believe more were saved from bleeding to death on the field from our regiment than from any other engaged in the same battles.

During the period of my chaplaincy I had charge of the litter corps, and found them brave and self-sacrificing to a fault.

As chaplain of a fighting regiment that

NEVER ENTERED A BATTLE THAT IT DID NOT STAY THE LAST ON THE FIELD,

I had a fine opportunity of observing the following phenomena of mind, or ministration of the Divine Spirit. The night previous to the battle of Ringgold Gap, I was riding in the rear of the regiment, with the major on one side and an aged captain on the other. The latter, looking toward the setting sun, and directing his talk to me said, "Chaplain, I never look upon a setting sun of late, but I am reminded that my day of life will soon be done, and oh! what an unworthy creature I feel myself to be." I urged upon him his religious duties. He turned to me and in an oracular voice said, "Chaplain, I am impressed that the next will be my last battle; I will never live to get out of the service."

I tried to encourage him to hope that he might live; but urged him to be ready in any event. Just then the Major broke into the conversation, and, addressing himself to the

venerable Captain, said : "I, too, feel impressed that the next battle is to be my last." I offered a silent prayer, asking for wisdom, and spoke to those men with as much fervor and skill as I could command. The Major fell the next day with a bullet through the center of his brow, the Captain's leg was shattered with grape, and upon the stump of that leg he raised himself up and fired the guns of the dead soldiers about him.

The Captain sent for me while I was directing the litter corps just as the battle closed. I found him in the house in the mouth of the Gap near which he fell ; the wounded were about him everywhere, and blood lay in puddles on the floor. As soon as I entered the door the Captain stretched forth his hands to me and said : "I told you it would be so, but I did my duty to the last." I asked him as to his spiritual welfare, and the Captain said : "I have been a terrible backslider, but God has been merciful to me ; I would not give, for worlds on worlds, the peace I now have. I lingered around the Captain's bed at Chattanooga, whither he had been taken on the shoulders of his own men, and was present when he died.

That morning Captain, afterwards Major Beardsley, who was in the same ward, seeing the ominous tokens of mortification—said to the dying man, "if you have any business to transact you had better do it at once." Seating myself beside the dying Captain aided by Captain Beardsley—who was a lawyer—I wrote out the will of the dying Captain Blanchard. When the will was complete I read it to him. He nodded assent, for his tongue was already paralyzed ; I gave him the pen with which to write his signature, a circular mark was all he could make.

I ASKED HIM IF I SHOULD PRAY.

He grasped my hand as best he could, and nodded asssent. As I prayed he pressed my hand when I mentioned his family, or referred to his own spiritual interests. When I rose to speak to him, his hand was set in death, and he was gone beyond the noise and tumult of war. With some difficulty I withdrew my hand from his and we stretched out the mutilated

body, and the hero of company K was ready for the rest of the grave. Our eyes were dim and we turned to look out of the window, and there stood Lookout Mountain scarred and silent with the somber clouds of November lurking near and casting saddening shadows o'er its front.

In the cases of both the Major and the Captain, were clear premonitions of coming death, and may we not say the promptings of the spirit that they might be prepared?

On the morning of the battle of Ringgold Gap, Jimmy McCollum, of company C, and sergeant Robert Skinner, of company E., both of whom had been with me in prison, came to me and said, independent of each other, that this was to be their last battle. Both said they would like to have lived to see the war over, and peace established in the land, but they were resigned to whatever was God's will. That evening I found Jimmy lying on the floor of a vacant store, near to the surgeon's table where amputations were being made. The wounded were all around him. He had been examined by the surgeons sufficient to convince them that nothing could be done for him. I attempted to speak to Jimmy but broke down. I loved him as Jonathan loved David. He had been one of the most patient and heroic during our three months' imprisonment in Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss. I attempted to sing Jimmy's favorite hymn, the one he always sang at prayer-meeting—

"Come sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy
To waft my soul on high,"—

but the song was never finished. We mingled our tears, and amid my sobs I asked Jimmy if it were well with his soul? He replied, "Oh! God is so good. He has received me in Christ." He then went on to state that he wished he could have seen his mother before he passed away; but he was resigned to God's will. He died the next day—I think—in a flat car on his way to Chattanooga, and was buried in his

blanket on the banks of Chicamauga Creek. The head of a hard-tack box was his head board, and there sleeps the bravest of the brave. Robert Skinner was among the killed. His patience in prison and his heroism in battle, made him the envy of all who desired a good name.

A country that has such men to give for its defense,

CAN NEVER FAIL IN WAR OR DECLINE IN PEACE.

I conclude this chapter with a narration of the experience of some of the Thirteenth in the prisons of Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss. I record it with pride, that three of us who were captured at Chickasaw Bayou, fell into the enemy's hands because obeying the first order to "Charge," and not hearing the counter-order, "Retreat;" we pressed forward through the dense smoke of the enemy's artillery, till beyond the reach of support. Surrounded by the enemy, the few of us who were left alive had no alternative but to surrender singly or in small squads to a triumphant enemy, before and behind. There were about three hundred men captured on that field, many of them being wounded. Our band of prisoners was composed of men from the Sixteenth Ohio, a Missouri regiment, a Kentucky regiment, and the majority from the Thirteenth Illinois. After three months' imprisonment, our band of three hundred was reduced by starvation, sickness and exposure to less than eighty. A portion of the Thirteenth men composed a mess, which they called the "Aubrey Mess," in commemoration of the battle in which they were captured, Aubrey being the name the enemy gave to that engagement, while our people called it Chickasaw Bayou. The latter name we never heard until after our imprisonment.

In this mess were some young men of literary talent, and of musical culture. These formed what they called a literary club and circulating library; and yet there was not a book among them save an occasional New Testament. In the evening hours this literary club would meet, and one of their number, according to his turn, would recite all he could

remember of some book he had read in his past life. Then others who had read the book would add what they could remember that had not been mentioned by the others. Sometimes the merits of the writer and others matters of criticism would follow, and in this way their minds were kept from brooding over their present condition. Thus these active and inventive minds were enjoying all the privileges of a circulating library and literary club. This society appointed two of its number, each to compose a song recounting the facts concerning the battle whose issue had brought them to a prisoner's fate. The club was to choose which of the songs should be its mess song. A music teacher among them was appointed to compose the music. Paper was exceedingly scarce in Vicksburg at this time. The Memphis Appeal was printed on wall-paper. Letter paper was worth fifty cents a sheet. We were without money, but by trading off trinkets we managed to get enough on which to write the music and the songs.

Of the songs composed, the following was chosen because the jingle could better be adapted to music. I am inclined to think the literary merit of the other was superior, though its meter was defective. The chosen song was written by a member of Company D of the Thirteenth. To appreciate its wording it is necessary to recall the facts that Blair's Brigade was chosen as the forlorn hope, and ordered late Sunday night, December 28, 1862, to take its position under cover of the darkness as near to the enemys' line as possible. When in this position they were to come quietly to a "rear-open-order," "ground-arms," and lay down in line until morning. All night long a signal gun was fired at regular intervals, from one of our heavy batteries; at the dawn it was to cease for a specified time, and when the fire was resumed it was to be the signal of "attention."

We were to come to a close order and prepare at once to charge. Between us and the enemy was that slough or morass known as Chickasaw Bayou; through this we must pass, and charging up the opposite bank must drive the

enemy from his rifle-pits. We were in the edge of the woods east of the Bayou, and from these woods we emerged with a shout. I give the poem as it was adopted; and leave our comrades to judge as to its faithfulness of description. Its title is—

"AUBREY'S BLOODY CHARGE."

When Aubrey's works we boldly stormed,
Ah! little thought had we,
That battle-lines so closely formed,
So soon should scattered be.
Each man arose from off the ground,
Where sleep at night had we;
All anxious for the startling sound,
That should our signal be.

CHO.—Then weep not friends at home,
Your sons so freely given,
Their work on earth is done,
They swell the host in heaven.

The extended line all silent stood,
And trembling hands were there;
The hush proclaimed "Here terrors brood,"
Yet blanched no cheek with fear.
As when some sudden, dreadful sound.
Disturbs the midnight air,
So came the order; then the bound
Of heroes, gone, oh! where?—CHO.

Like lightening from the brooding cloud
That ope's the pelting shower,
Our bayonets flashed from out the wood,
A blaze of fearful power:
On, sweeping through the willow swamp
O'er yielding mud and sand,
The serried line in gleaming pomp
Surged on the firmer land.—CHO.

The bank was reached—a resting place—
A wearied host we were,
While shot and shell, flew on apace,
In horrid frantic whirr;

No time is lost; but up the bank,
The eager columns bound;
And scarce they mount, ere every rank
Is thinned by death and wound.—CHO.

Proud stars and stripes are onward borne—
Brave hearts the emblems wave—
Till every stripe by grape is torn,
Then falls to shroud the brave.
Oh! tell me not, that heroes past
Could better stand the test,
Of rifles whang, or cannons blast,
Than scions of the West.—CHO.

A surging wave we swept the plain
Upon that awful day;
But ere the banks of slaughter gain,
The wave is lost in spray.
"Surrender," rang upon the air—
The dead bestrewed the field—
The foe unseen had gained the rear,
And we alas! must yield.—CHO.

A meager few within their works
We're hurried by the foe;
Ta'en far beyond, this danger lurks,
To feel the prisoner's woe.
Oh, "Vicksburg Jail!" if walls had tongues
And thine could tell their tale,
Each ear would ache to hear of wrongs
Endured within thy pale.—CHO.

Having plenty of time to sing, we did not complain of the length of our song. This and other songs we frequently sung for the colored body servant of the jailor, as a compensation for the remnant of the meal his master left on his plate. Our meat was from the Texan cattle that had died of starvation in the city, being unable to eat the hard dry corn that had been given them. That which had been fat in these unfortunate creatures, had turned into a bluish gelatine substance that spread over all the meat when boiled like mucilage, and was quite adhesive. At first we discarded the meat, but semi-starvation soon gave us an appetite of unscrupulous voracity.

The corn pone issued to us twice a day, was meal in which the cob was ground up with the corn. The cathartic effects of this combination was truly alarming. The more thoughtful corrected these tendencies by oak-bark tea, and such astringents as we in our poverty and ingenuity, could devise. We had occasional religious services, but the effort to obtain quiet seemed only to aggravate those who were not favorable to such exercises.

After a month in Vicksburg, we were sent to Jackson, Mississippi, and confined in the ruins of the old Pearl river covered bridge. While here, a proposition was made to us, that if we would take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, we would be liberated, and given work in a cotton factory at four and five dollars a day. At that time the infamous Vallandigham was making his seditious speeches in Congress, and everything looked exceedingly dark respecting the Union cause. When the provost marshal came to administer the oath, there was only one man of the Thirteenth, after these months of suffering, who was willing to take it, and he was glad to be removed beyond sight or sound of his incensed comrades, when their indignation burst forth in hisses and groans. In response to this proposition, the poet who had composed our song, wrote these verses, which so truly reflecting our sentiment, I give entire. It was entitled

"THE PATRIOT'S REPLY.

"Me take the oath from dread of doom,
Or all the ills in prisons found?
I'd rather weep in endless gloom,
Than that these lips should breathe the sound
That brands me slave, a living shame,
A curse to all my father's name.

"Me yield? Alas! though hunger haunts,
And grim disease my vitals gnaw,
I'd rather sink 'neath myriad wants,
And food become in vulture's maw,
Than craven-like, my honor sell,
And shame e'en traitors bound in Hell.

"Me, fainting droop! from feeble fear,
And rouse to heat a kindred's scorn,
Dry up with shame a mother's tear,
Who'd grieve she had a Judas borne?
No! let this mark my humble grave,
'My God, the Union, and the brave.'"

While incarcerated in the bridge, the men devised various ways of escape. One was, for two or three to gather all the canteens possible after dark, go to the door and ask the privilege to go and fill them. A guard would be detailed to take the three under the bridge to the river brink. One of the prisoners would engage the guard in animated conversation while the others were ostensibly filing the canteens. In the darkness the other two would slip away, and leave only one man to go back with the guard. The guard, chagrined at his loss, would say nothing of his loss in the escape. Another plan was to make a rope of old rags, drop down through a hole in the bridge, and swinging, catch some of the braces that stretch from the piers on the shore and slide down these till they reached the river bank. By wrapping a stocking about a file they muffled the sound as they filed off the chains that locked some boats to the shore, and in these they descended the river, traveling by night and seeking a covert by day. Night and morning we were counted, but there were always some less in the morning after a dark night. At last a shrewd officer coming into the bridge one morning called aside one of the seediest looking of our number, and whispering to him that if he would tell him where the hole was through which these men were getting out, he would return him to his lines, and let him go home. The seedy "Yank," looked at him for a moment; asked him if he would truly do this for him. The officer feeling assured from the confidential manner of the Yankee that he had gained his point, extended to him his hand, and gave his solemn pledge to fulfill his promise. The Yankee looked, and waited for still further assurance, and received it; whereupon, putting his hand to his mouth and drawing the officer's head close to him, instead of

whispering, he shouted loud enough to be heard all through the bridge—

"I guess the last man took the hole with him."

The roar that followed, showed plainly that the prisoners now understood the nature of their communications.

Vividly impressed upon my mind is an evening hour in that old "Bridge of Sighs." It was the month of March when a somber day was darkening into a threatening night, and the coarse jests and ribaldry, and the blasphemous whines of the discontented had come to a lull, that a sweet tenor voice from a group lying on the floor began to sing—

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see, &c.

It acted like a charm, and all was peace. When the singer came to the words—

"While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace, a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove.
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

His voice faltered, and there was a silence, broken only by the sobs of those who had never felt the significance of those words as they did now. Many of those who joined in that hymn that night, lived to get out of their imprisonment, but they fell at Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap and Madison Station.

At Springfield ,Illinois, June 18, 1864 my services as chaplain of the Thirteenth ended ; and going from the scene of our "muster out," the first marriage ceremony I ever performed was for a member of Company D, who married an estimable lady of Atlanta, Illinois.

Thus the Thirteenth so heroic in war has come back fully into all the amenities of society, the comforts of the home, and the pursuits of peace.

Should war ever again visit our land, and I not too old to enlist, I would ask no higher privilege than to be mustered—in with the survivors of the grand old Thirteenth.

God bless you my comrades, farewell.

EXPERIENCE OF W. H. WOODRING OF COMPANY D, AS A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

A LONELY RIDE, OF 120 MILES WITHOUT AN ESCORT.

On the night of April 12th, 1861, I was receiving the telegraphic dispatches at Rock Island, Ill., where I was telegraph manager and operator, and the news which I received that night about the firing on Fort Sumter, so worked on my patriotic feelings that I soon resigned my position, and three weeks later I was en route for the camp of instruction, having enlisted as a private in the Thirteenth regiment, Illinois Infantry, the first regiment of three years' men from that state.

It is not my intention to speak of my service during the first year I enlisted, but proceed at once to relate an incident in my soldier life, which I have selected for this occasion.

In 1862, the government began to appreciate the great value of the military telegraph, wherewith to quickly transmit orders and information concerning the movements of troops, and munitions of war. So great was the demand for skilled telegraph operators, that orders were issued to the various commanders to search among their troops for soldiers who could operate the telegraph. By order of Maj. Gen. Halleck, I was given a furlough from my regiment, March 2d, 1862, and ordered to report for duty to Maj. George A. Smith, quartermaster in charge of the military telegraphs of the Department of Missouri. From thenceforward, my post of duty was "*at the front*," although in the *rear* of the fighting part of the army. The telegraph corps followed the advancing troops with its wires as rapidly as it could, and quickly opened communication between them and the Department Headquarters, as well as between army corps and divisions, often establishing its impromptu offices upon the battle field behind a sheltering tree, and reading the message from the tick of the little pocket sounder, which was often a difficult task amid the noise of battle.

On the 4th of June, 1862, I was intrusted with a copy of the code or cipher key, such as was used only between the commanding generals, for the transmission of important communications. Messages forwarded under this code could not be translated except by those in possession of the key. I was ordered to proceed at once from St. Louis to Springfield, Missouri, and report for duty to the general in command at that place. I proceeded by rail to Rolla, in the central part of the state and there drew a raw-boned saddle horse from the quartermaster's corral. Next in order was a call for an *escort* from the post commandant, but was informed by that officer that they could not spare any troops for that purpose at that time. My orders were imperative; so on the morning of the 5th, I began a *long, tiresome journey*, a journey of one hundred and twenty miles through a portion of Missouri full of bush-whackers or guerrillas, as they were termed. They had captured and burned a quartermaster's wagon on the road, twenty-five miles out from Rolla only two days before, and another train, on another road a short distance south of it, near the same time. This was not very inspiring news to me, but I placed my cipher key in a convenient pocket where I could quickly get it to destroy, if likely to be captured by the enemy, and started on the journey alone. My way led through forests the greater part of the way, along by dilapidated farm fences, through valleys, where the foliage of the trees drooped thickly over the lonely road, then alongside the winding course of the Little Piney river, on one side of which were high bluffs covered with scrubby timber—a splendid place for concealed assassins. I passed the wreck of the burned wagon train about four o'clock, in a small clearing in a valley, with thickets on all sides of it; it was anything but a cheering sight for the lone traveller in blue, as he rode quickly by the remains of the still smouldering ruins. My eyes were on the constant lookout for an enemy, but none appeared and half an hour after the sun had set, I was made glad by the appearance of the lamp lights ahead of me, of the little town of Waynesville, thirty miles from Rolla. I was very weary, and

retired as soon as I had my supper in the little village hotel. The *feather bed* on which I slept was illy appreciated by me—having slept on the hard ground so long, that feathers were a torture. (?)

Started early next morning for Lebanon, twenty-five miles distant, the country was now more open than that east of Waynesville, until I came to the Big Piney river ten miles from Lebanon, a deep swift stream which I had to ford; this too was surrounded by timber and bordered on the west by high bluffs. I hastened on, and reached Lebanon before dark. Nothing of importance occurred until after I had made the next stopping place thirty miles from Lebanon—the fourth day; I started early that morning and rode fast—the road was mostly through timber the last thirty miles, before reaching Springfield, and was more dangerous than that passed over the two previous days. About eighteen miles from Springfield I overtook a two horse wagon in which were three telegraph line repair men, on their way to Springfield. This was a most welcome sight for me—I and my horse were both tired and sore, although we only averaged thirty miles per day on this journey, nevertheless thirty miles was a good day's journey, when the nature of the country traversed by the old stage road which I followed is taken into consideration. Perhaps some of those present on this occasion, have taken this trip, in the old overland stage coach, if so, they can testify to the numerous difficulties encountered. Hills and valleys, mud, corduroy roads, and rivers followed each other in quick succession. I tied my horse to the rear of the wagon and took a seat in it with the men. We went along leisurely through the winding woodland road, talking and forgetting our surroundings, when we heard some one hurrying up behind us, a countryman in homespun clothes, who overtook us, and excitedly told us that a party of twelve guerrillas, armed with rifles had crossed over the road just out of sight to the rear of us. I jumped on my horse and we made lively time from thence to Springfield, arriving at my journey's end in safety for which I thanked God most feverently. I consider it a most

wonderful event that I got through without seeing an enemy —and in fact, with hardly seeing a friend—I met very few persons on the way, those whom I did meet were suspicious and wary of me, as I was of them. At some of the dilapidated farm houses, by the way, could be seen sad eyed women, and a large number of ragged children, watching the lone rider until he was out of sight. The only signs of farming at these poor log houses, was perhaps a small patch of corn and potatoes. Very few cows and chickens were left them—all was most desolate and uninviting, showing the awful effect that war has produced on these once happy farmers. Thus ended a journey which to me was perhaps the most dangerous, and difficult duty performed during the three and a half years of my service in the army.

COPIED FROM PLUM'S "MILITARY TELEGRAPH IN THE CIVIL WAR."

"Early in January, 1863, Marmaduke, collecting about four thousand troops, mainly horse, and avoiding Blunt, prepared to assault Springfield, Missouri, his base of supplies. Heron having taken away the best troops with him, leaving under General E. B. Brown but about twelve hundred militia three hundred convalescents and one hundred and fifty Iowa troops, the result was very uncertain. Brown's few cavalrymen delayed the enemy as long as possible, to give time to prepare for the battle. Several old iron howitzers, that lay in the arsenal grounds, were put on temporary carriages in the little earth fort about a block from headquarters, and manned by experienced gunners. By daylight of the eighth, Brown was ready.

"Early in the morning of the seventh, the telegraph line was cut, both east and south, to prevent Brown from communicating with outside forces. The night of the seventh was clear, the moon shining brightly, and realizing the great ne-

cessity of re-establishing the telegraph before the attack, operator Woodring called to him repairers Owen Monday, a splendid man with real Irish pluck, and Bob Bates, who would go wherever sent. Monday mounted his big 'clay-bank,' horse, and going east found and repaired the line about seven miles out, and returned before daylight, undiscovered; but Bates had to go farther, and did not find the break until near morning. Having repaired the line and rested a little at a wayside house, he was unable to return until the rebels had begun their attack, which commenced about one p. m., when suddenly he found himself in the midst of a squad some distance out of town, where the road on both sides was skirted with brush and timber. Being in citizens dress, no immediate measures were taken to detain him, and soon comprehending the situation, he spurred his little mare directly into the timber, when the squad sent a volley after him without effect. Telegraphic communication being thus re-established, the operator was able to and did advise the commanding General at St. Louis, of the progress of the battle during the whole of the time it continued.

"Woodring and Briggs felt little disposed to remain idle within a few blocks of the fighting, and as each was well supplied with Enfield rifles, they sallied forth to render such service as they might, Briggs taking position among the volunteer skirmishers, and Woodring acting as aide to Brown, anon firing from convenient shelter, at short intervals ran back to his office and telegraphed prospects. At one time peeping over the parapet for a shot, he drew a heavy rebel fire, that was almost too well aimed. At another, while he was in his office just after dark, lighting his lamp, preparatory to reporting that General Brown was severely wounded, there was a sudden crash through the building, already well riddled with bullets. The room seemed to fill with splinters and powdered plaster, aud ere he could comprehend what was the matter, he saw a dark ball rolling on the floor right by his feet. It was a shell from the enemy's cannon. Greatly startled he jumped back and crouched in a corner awaiting its explosion,

but happily for him the fuse had not ignited. That shell passed through a wooden church and three partitions in the telegraph building before reaching the office where it struck a brick chimney and fell to the floor. It is now the property of Superintendent Smith. (It was returned to Mr. Woodring at the close of the war, and is still in his possession.) Woodring hurriedly arranged his wires, and taking out a relay went to a building facing Market Square, where the office was formerly located, and there he made his report to St. Louis.

"About eight o'clock the enemy withdrew, and Springfield was saved. About one a. m. the Union gunners fired again, to feel for the enemy, and Woodring, believing the battle was being renewed, reported accordingly, and then the line was cut again, leaving the department commander, at St. Louis, and the Northern people, in suspense. Marmaduke had taken the Rolla road, cut the wire in many places and strung it across the highway behind, as he advanced.

Since 2 p. m. no tidings had come from brave Briggs. Let us now follow him. In company with a lieutenant and a few others, he took position behind some shade trees, not far from the two story brick seminary building, lately used as a military prison, which the enemy captured, and from which they were inflicting much injury. Briggs and the others were endeavoring to pick off some of the enemy, and in so doing he fired every cartridge but one. His position becoming very uncomfortable at this time, the lieutenant advised Briggs to fall back, but he wanted one more shot, and in exposing himself to secure it, he was himself shot and instantly killed. Woodring sallied forth early on the ninth, to find his comrade operator. After some search and inquiry he learned that he had been killed, and hurrying to a back porch near the office, he saw the body of poor Briggs, cold in death. A bullet had entered an eye and passed through the head. While the Union people of the North were proudly discussing the victory, a few days later, at Delavan, Wisconsin, Henry G. Briggs' young wife and two children were bewailing the death of this gallant volunteer whose remains lie buried in

the soldiers' cemetery in the town he assisted so bravely in defending.*

The Federals lost fourteen killed and one-hundred and forty-five wounded; their antagonists loss exceeded two hundred.

A new attack was expected the next day, and preparations were made by Colonel George H. Hall for a final defense in the main fort on the opposite side of the town from where the fighting on the eighth chiefly occurred. Woodring burned his old messages, hid his instruments, except relay and key, which, with recent telegrams and cipher key, he took to the fort, where, Colonel Hall desiring to telegraph for reinforcements, Woodring volunteered to transmit them from the nearest point where he could get an electric current from St. Louis batteries, provided an escort was furnished. Accordingly, as directed, he reported at dark with repairer Bates, received the dispatches, and with twenty-one men of the Seventh Missouri Cavalry, proceeded slowly, owing to the wires across the road. Twenty-four miles out the men began to object to proceeding farther, and soon decided to return to their command, the sergeant commanding them exercising little control. The operator called for volunteers and only one man besides Bates responded; but with these two men Woodring pressed forward, determined on his mission. Ten miles beyond, they discovered a small party of mounted men, armed, and dressed partly in blue, the rest in jeans looking not unlike Marmaduke's men. They, it seems, were suspicious of the three, and cried—"Halt, advance one;" but the trio, considering their inferior numbers, deemed the demand unfair, and successfully insisted that one of the others advance. As he approached, the three separated, two being on the side and one in the center, prepared to dash through the others if they were rebels; but they were the advance guard of a large militia command en route for Springfield, but in fact diverged

*Henry G. Briggs, a telegraph operator, assistant to W. H. Woodring—was a private soldier, a member of the Ninety-ninth Regiment Illinois Infantry.

on Hartsville. That night (tenth), after a grand reception at Lebanon, where the operator and others were duly lionized, Woodring himself telegraphed the messages from St. Louis, not having been able to get circuit therefrom west of Lebanon The North had understood that Springfield was captured. The cowardly sergeant was reduced to the ranks.

SURGEON PLUMMER WRITES THE FOLLOWING ITEMS CONCERNING THE HEALTH OF HIS REGIMENT.

"We had hardly got into camp at Dixon, Ill., when sickness began to show itself among the men, on account of the change from the comforts of home to the exposure of camp life. We had a number of cases of pneumonia and measles among the men while in camp at Dixon. After moving from Dixon to Caseyville, Ill., we were free from diseases of all kinds except now and then a case of measles. From Caseyville we crossed the Missouri River passing through St. Louis to Rolla, Mo., where we lay in camp from July until the fall. During our encampment at Rolla we had perhaps a dozen cases of typhoid among the men, all of whom recovered with the exception of two cases that were removed from the field tent hospital to what was supposed to be more comfortable quarters, in a dwelling house. Both of the patients died, while those treated in the camp hospital recovered. During the whole winter we had men taken down with the measles from time to time with but one death. The death was the result of delirium, the man having gotten out of the hospital and run through the snow at night. After getting through the epidemic of measles, the regiment was comfortably free from disease until after the battle of Pea Ridge, when smallpox broke out among the men, the result of exposure and contagion by two companies occupying a church at Lebanon, Mo., that had been used during the winter before as a small-

pox hospital. I hauled patients afflicted with small-pox all the way from Cassville, Mo., to Helena, Ark., in army wagons. The wagons were kept about a half a mile in the rear of the command with 'Small-Pox' painted in big letters on each side. The 'Johnnies' never disturbed those wagons. Every man afflicted with small-pox recovered. I attributed the fact of their all recovering to their being carried in canvas-covered wagons, which allowed all obnoxious vapors to escape. After our arrival at Helena, on the Missouri River, our men were afflicted with diseases of malarial type, and many with mucous or chronic diarrhœa. With the exception of the mucous diarrhœa, after reaching the Mississippi River, we had very little sickness in the regiment, and during the months of the winters of '62 and '63, the health of the regiment was so good that I never had any men in the hospital. I attributed the immunity of the men from disease to the fact that they were intelligent, wide-awake and knew how to take care of themselves, not indulging in any excess of either food or drink, and protecting themselves from exposure when they could, and to another fact, that they were the best 'jayhawkers' in the family. If there was anything in the country to be obtained by any means that was good to eat, they always got it, and whatever they did get, the surgeon usually received a share of it, too.

"The Thirteenth, like all other regiments, had some boys in it that would 'play off' if they got a good chance, and in order to be excused from duty, used often to come to 'Surgeon's Call,' which was always held early in the morning, and when I was satisfied that the man merely wanted to be excused from duty, nothing ailing him, my universal practice was to order him a dose of castor oil and turpentine. The men very soon learned that when that order was given, they knew I understood that they were 'playing off,' and made a 'bee line' for their own quarters.

"While in camp at Helena, Ark., I received orders from the headquarters of the Medical Department of the army, to issue whisky and quinine to the men to prevent them from

having malarial diseases. I had drawn a few barrels of whisky for that purpose, had the head of one knocked in, put the necessary amount of quinine into it, and each morning issued the quantity necessary to each orderly-sergeant. After issuing out the first barrel, Orville Hamilton, known as 'Old Ham,' said to me when I was about to open the second barrel, that he could drink whisky with almost anything in it, but that he preferred it without flies; that knocking the head of the barrel in, let the flies get into it, and if I would allow him, he would fix it so the flies could not get into it. I told him to fix it. He pounded on the side of the barrel until the bung flew out, The necessary quantity of quinine was put into the barrel, and then the bung-hole was closed up again. He bored a hole near the bottom and put a wooden faucet into it, which he had in his pocket. He was always ready with everything. He knew just where to get a block of the right size, put it into the corner of my tent and put the barrel on top of it. The next morning when I went to issue the rations to the men, there was not a drop of whisky in the barrel. He had raised the corner of the tent, set a bucket under the faucet, and issued the entire barrel to the men in the course of the night. I met him two or three days afterward, not having seen him for that time. I said to him, 'You are an old scoundrel!' He looked at me good-naturedly and inquired, 'Doctor, what is the matter with you now?' I said to him, 'You stole my barrel of whisky.' His answer was, 'You would not get mad at a little joke like that.'

"In the surgical practice among the men of the Thirteenth Illinois, they were all heroes. It made no difference how severely men were injured they bore up well, and I attributed their recovery in a great many instances to that heroism."

MRS. LIVERMORE'S VISIT TO THE THIRTEENTH.

"I had been requested, before leaving home, to visit the camp of the Thirteenth Illinois if I should happen in their neighborhood; and I had been trusted with various packages for individuals of it.

"These I had sent forward and had received acknowledgements of their receipt. They were encamped seven miles down the levee, and almost daily I had received a note from some man of the regiment charging me not to forget to come to them, with other similiar messages. One pleasant day I started for their encampment.

"The only chance for a ride was in an army wagon drawn by six mules and loaded with molasses, hard-tack, salt pork and coffee.

"A very black negro drove the team, who rejoiced in the name of Socrates. He pronounced his name as though it were 'succotash.'

"In this lumbering ark I took passage through the mud and water. We had gone but a little way when we stuck fast in the mud. Thereupon black Socrates fell in a passion worthy of Xanthippe, and cudgeled the mules unmercifully. They kicked and pulled and floundered, and at last extricated themselves. We started again, rode slowly a little farther, again got stuck in the mud, and again Socrates applied his cudgel and beat and swore, and swore and beat, until I could stand it no longer.

"'What are you beating the mules for,' I remonstrated. 'Don't you see they are doing the best they can?'

"'Lors Missis dey orter be licked, mules is dat mean dey allus won't pull a bit when dey knows yers gwine somwhar in a hurry.'

"'Well, I wont have them beaten any more. Now stop it. I can't stand it. It hurts me.'

"Socrates threw back his head, showed all his gleaming teeth, and laughed immoderately. 'You'd git hurted a heap,

Missis if yer stayed hyar allers ; fer I clar to goodness, mules is dat mighty mean dat yer jes has ter lick em.' And he flew to cudgeling again. It was too much. I could not stand it ; and crawling out from the molasses and pork, I picked my way to the top of the levee, thickly dotted with soldiers' tents. For miles the inside of the levee was sown with soldiers' graves, at the head and foot of which were rude tablets, bearing the name and rank of the deceased, and some other particulars. The soldiers spoke of their buried comrades in a nonchalant way, as 'planted.'

"In most cases, the poor fellows had been wrapped in their blankets and buried without coffins ; or 'overcoats' as the men called them.

"In places the levee was broken, or washed out by the waters, and the decaying dead were partially disinterred. This sickening sight did not move me then, as it would now ; for hospital and army life, after the first few weeks, mercifully lent a temporary stoicism that enabled one to see and hear any form or tales of horror without deep emotion.

"A young Lieutenant became my guide and escorted me to the camp of the Thirteenth Illinois. We came upon it unexpectedly.

"I halted reverently and laid my hand upon the Lieutenant's arm, for some sort of a service was in progress in the camp.

"The men were standing or sitting in a body, and a chaplain was delivering an address or preaching a sermon. As I listened, he seemed to be setting the sins of his audience before them in a manner that savored more of frankness than tact, and he was exhorting the men to repentance. The boys, however, seemed to enjoy the recital of their shortcomings and sins of commission, and frequently assisted the preacher's memory to facts which he had forgotten, or did not know, suggesting peculiar punishment for them, all of which was immediately adopted into the discourse.

"I thought the interruptions of the soldier audience needless and profane.

"Little as I sympathized with the queer exhortations of the chaplain, I tried to infuse into my manner an expression of reverence that would rebuke the wild fellows. The service was brought to an abrupt close by one of the men shouting out: 'I say, Harry, you'd better wind up your gospel yarn and see who's behind you!'

"There was a shout. The speaker turned toward me, when lo! it was no chaplain, but the young brother of one of my friends, an irrepressible wag and mimic. His mimicry in this case, if reprehensible, was perfect. I found that this regiment had made quite a reputation by its versatility. There was nothing its men could not do. All the arts, trades, professions and mechanical employments were represented in it. In addition to their other accomplishments, they were such experts in quizzical thefts that they had earned the somewhat equivocal sobriquet of the stealing regiment.

"The brigade surgeon walked back with me part of the way and gave me an amusing account of their exploits in this line, some of which were very comical. He told me afterwards that while he was thus engaged (escorting the lady) the boys went to his tent, and while some of them diverted the attention of his servant, others stole his stove with all the pipe attached to it, the fire in it burning all the while, all of his kettles and pans on it and the supper cooking in them. They gave operatic concerts, sham-fights, exhibitions of gymnastics, feats of legerdemain, were proficient in negro minstrelsy, gave medical lectures and conducted religious services, in short, there was no performance to which they were not equal.

"As soon as we recovered from the laughter raised at the expense of the counterfeit chaplain, I asked to be shown to the regimental hospital.

"'Haven't got any!' was the answer in chorus.

"Why, what do you do with your sick men?" I inquired.

"Don't have any," was the reply again in chorus. And, indeed, they rarely had sickness in their camp. They were fortunate in their men to begin with, who were strong, not too young and mostly married. (???.)

"And then almost all had resources in themselves, thanks to their mental ability and early training. They had an inducement in their families to take care of themselves, and good influences were exerted over them by the letters of wives and mothers.

"Their officers were men of intelligence who knew how to take care of their men, had been attached to their commands, were humane and not drunken. They had lost heavily at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, their Colonel being left among the dead. But when it came to sickness they hooted at the idea.

"The regiments in their neighborhood were a little afraid of them, I found, they were so hearty and roistering and so full of pranks.

"After dining with the Adjutant, I left them not quite satisfied with my visit, because, as that worthy explained, 'I had, unfortunately,' found them all well instead of all sick.

"On my way back, I passed black Socrates still plowing through the mud, but evidently reconciled to 'the mighty meanness' of his mules as he was sitting aloft on the driver's seat shouting in a sing-song recitative—

"'An' I hope to gain de promis' lan'
Glory Hallelujah;
Lor' I hope to gain de promis' lan';
Dat I do!
Glory, Glory, how I lub my Sabior,
Dat I do!'"

INCIDENTS, BY A. H. SIBLEY OF COMPANY H.

John Williams, two others and myself got leave to go ahead of the regiment one day in Arkansas, on march from Pea Ridge to Helena. We were hungry—came to a house—four cavalry were just seated at a table to eat—the first new potatoes we had seen in '62. John Williams and John Richards of G Company made a grab and we followed suit and

emptied the plate of potatoes. "Here's bacon," yelled Richardson, grabbing some out of a hot skillet by the fire. We rushed out of the door and down the road. I sometimes have thought I would like to know what the cavalry boys did after we left. But Bowen's cavalry liked the Thirteenth, and I guess they thought we were in need.

Alas! Johnny Richards was soon after killed at Chickasaw. A great forager and live soldier.

Abner Baird and John Williams, Company H, Jesse Betts of Company I, and myself left camp opposite Vicksburg without leave and went on the railroad track down to the town of DeSoto directly opposite Vicksburg. As the water was high we had to walk every foot on the railroad bed; the rebel batteries commanded the track for more than a mile. I wanted to go back, thinking the rebels would fire. I felt blue, as we had left our guns in camp and would be marked deserters if missing. There were quite a number of our men down looking at Vicksburg and I finally went to the houses, remarking that if I was in Vicksburg I would fire. Betts went into an old frame house; Williams and Baird started to take a ride in an old hand car; I stood outside of a small levee about five feet high—I saw companies of soldiers marching behind breastworks—from the belt up, they were in plain view. There was one man in the Court House tower, another came up; I was watchful, I saw a puff of smoke—instantly I fell—the shell tore the bank just over me, bursting after passing me. Williams and Baird fell behind the levee, the rebels cheered; I put my hands on the ground and threw myself over the levee; the rebels then fired a volley of musketry from the steamer, City of Vicksburg, which lay at their wharf and the old shake house rattled and shook Betts out of the back door over behind the levee; the rebels cheered loud and long. I was mad at Williams and myself, and everybody.

I got up and shook my cap to let them know I was yet kicking. They made us down quickly; all was quiet—we thought we would retire. The minute we showed up they peppered us with the siege guns. Every time we saw a puff

of smoke, we ducked our heads behind the bank forgetting our heels as the water would not let us shelter our bodies—when we came to the second washout, the men had left the raft on the opposite side and the wire broke and there we were on the bank. Williams and I were for swimming, Betts swore he could not swim, Baird could not—in I went, Williams also, we landed—they begged us not to leave them. We were inexorable so in went Betts and Abner and if they never swam before they got there.

Four pretty figures we cut that March day; not a dry thread on one of us, and Williams' long curly, black hair so full of cuckle burrs that it had to be cut off. I served some time after but never went out of our lines to see what the Johnnies were doing.

Lieutenant Gifford received orders to report with sergeant and twenty men to captain Ben Harriss (Chief of Scouts,) winters '63–'64. I was detailed—we were mounted on mules. Pat Askins of Company I, teamster, got leave to go; he said; "Sib. if there is a fight I want to see it," Being a teamster he had not been in any. "You are always around, post me well" Pat said. "I will stay with Harriss, if he divides his party and sends part to one house with the lieutenant, just see that you go to the place that Harriss makes his headquarters." We rode three days and three nights stopping about three o'clock getting one hour's sleep, while the people cooked some coffee and meat and corn, feeding our stock; the fourth day we came to a settlement. Harris ordered ten men with a lieutenant to a man's house whose name was Watson. He was a heavy set man about forty-two years old. We fed the stock and were cooking at about three o'clock. I noticed Harriss and Watson talking and going to the stable; I followed, they saddled, so did I, Pat, and a little fellow by the name of Bishop. Harriss mounted. We rode toward the Tennessee river, and crossed. Harriss ordered us to hitch the stock in a bunch of timber and left Bishop with the stock. We proceeded on a well beaten path. I was posted in a hollow tree with orders to shoot any one coming up the path

from the river. He went off toward the brush toward some large corn cribs on the bank of the river. I grew impatient waiting, but finally I heard rushing and snapping of timber and cane. Watson hove in sight. "They are coming" he cried. "Harris says come down and keep behind the corn cribs and I'll send the rest down." I went to the river—Askins was guarding a colored man. Behind the crib Harriss was talking to some men in boats who were crossing to our shore—there were three boats and as near as I could see twelve men. When they got close to the shore Pat said, "What shall we do?" I said "Let the first boat land, we will run down the bank, order them to surrender and fire and use our bayonet on those who do throw down their arms. Pat and I shook hands. Just then captain Harriss fired when the first boat was in thirty feet of the shore. I suppose he was afraid to let them land as his fate was certain death if captured by the rebels. They returned fire. They had supposed Harriss was a rebel citizen as he was dressed in rebel uniform. They had been learning the news generally, had inquired of Harriss how the war was getting on, was there any news from Harriss, and Jackson battery, as they had named our squad, because we always rode mules and carried Enfield muskets; they were long range. Well, Harriss was not slow at snapping his and it was fun till he fired, then Pat and I and Bishop stepped out, we could hear the canoes crack when struck; we fell some men into the river and fired twenty rounds before the survivors reached the south bank. We then elevated our guns and fired where we could hear a great noise and many talking. Then all became silent. It was dark. The next time we were in that vicinity we were told that the last fire had put a bullet through a rebel negro's hand.

We were next taken to Deposit, a ferry crossing, and eight of us were posted behind some large rocks on the north side of the river. The rebels had a fort opposite the guards in plain view, We were ordered to fire on them, we did so and some were hit. I asked why this was done and ascertained that they had been firing at a house on the north bank—at

the women of the house when they went to the spring to get water. Our general ordered us to retaliate. They quit firing then.

When we were scouting from the mouth of Flint river to the mouth Paint Rock creek, at a point where the road is cut on the face of the bluff, and it was impossible to get out of the road, the rebs showed up opposite, behind trees and peppered for about a mile. We had to grin and scratch gravel, but we got there and not one of us was hit. We crossed the creek, hitched our mules in the thick timber with a couple of guards, and went carefully through the brush, to the river bank; concealed ourselves, expecting rebels to cross and hide their boat in the creek; which they did before and after by turning the canoe bottom side up, it then looked like a log. There was a brigade of rebel cavalry camped opposite. The sentinel was on the bank, in the bright moonlight, a flock of geese were in the river, the boys made noise enough to attract the sentinel's attention, he called the corporal down, the corporal cursed him for a "Georgia Conscript," accused him of being scared at the geese in the river, and went back to a log house on the hill side where they commenced playing a violin and dancing. The light at the house gave us a good view. We waited until three o'clock in the morning; we then elevated our guns and fired in the shake roof of the house. The light went out instantly and we returned to camp.

WARREN GENNINGS OF COMPANY G, OR "OLD SLY."

At the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, "Sly's" younger brother was killed, his brother older than himself was mortally wounded. After the battle, "Sly" appeared loaded with weapons he had picked up. They were for sale for cash.

Gennings had blue eyes, long, yellow hair, turn up nose and was too sleepy for anything. At the siege of Vicksburg we were guarding a battery manned by the sailor gunners. One morning "Sly" and I started from camp to a battery; there was a good trench; I jumped down into it and started for the

battery—"Sly" kept on the parapet. "You will get shot," I said." They can't hit me," he answered. The rebels made the dust fly and we moved along lively. When we got to the battery "Sly" jumped down quickly. "I told you they couldn't hit me." A gun lay on the ground, "Sly" inquired whose it was, getting no answer he put five cartridges in, one on topof the other. A lieutenant who saw the gun was loaded, thought he would try a shot. He rested it on the parapet, aimed at "Dixie" and got set back; he thought a mule had kicked him. No one knew anything about the gun or the load.

At Black river after the siege of Jackson, "Sly" and Trim Platt wanted a bake oven, and I built one for them. They bought a load of pumpkins from a colored man, and Sly cut his finger to be excused from duty. They forged Captain Jenkin's name to an order on the commissary, and flooded the camp with pies at twenty-five cents apiece. My reward was all the pies I wanted. Lieutenant Pritchard said if I would get a mule he would get a permit to keep one, and if we marched we could keep the company's kettles and things on the mule. We hoped to get the permit by reason of Pritchard's ill health. I did my part. I got several, the quartermaster took them as orders were strict. Finally Quartermaster McCrary said "I will let you keep that mule; you got so many fine ones the 22d of September." "Sly" borrowed my mule to get pumpkins. Before noon we received orders to march immediately to Vicksburg and embark on a steamboat. We packed our traps and watched for our mule, but finally the orders came, and we had to march—about 4 o'clock here came "Sly" with my mule loaded down with traps. "Here's your mule, Sib." "What good will he do me? Why didn't you leave him in the country?" "I thought you would want to sell him," said "Sly." "I've sold three since we camped at Black river. "Whom did you sell to? How much can I get."

"Fifteen dollars." "Sell him said I. "No, I am too busy" said "Sly." I tried. The only offer I could get was $2.50. The boat was to leave at 8 o'clock. I rode as far

below Vicksburg as I dared risk and turned the mule loose, hid the saddle and bridle and walked back determined not to let the parties have my stock at less than ten dollars.

Comrade Conley furnishes his military life for the regimental history as follows:

He was born in the town of Mason, Delaware county, in the state of New York, on the 3d day of April, 1828; on the 6th day of December, 1848, in the city of New York, he enlisted in the general service of the United States Army under the name of Owen W. Sherman, through fear of the interference of one Gregor McGregor, to whom he had been bound out when a child, and from whom he ran away. He was sent to Governor's Island to receive additional instruction as a musician.

He was in Texas on the Neuces river during his five years' term, and was three times slightly wounded by Indian arrows while in one of the scouting parties under the command of General Ben. McCulloch; was honorably discharged at the end of his five years' term.

About the 23d day of June, 1861, Comrade Conley enlisted at Dixon, Ill., in Company D, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, and expected to have been made drum major; but the choice fell on Merritt Perry, of Company K. Comrade Conley having had instruction in martial music in the regular army, took this disappointment very much to heart, so that together with the effect of an attack of measles at Springfield, Missouri, made him reckless and he took to excessive drinking, and by Colonel Wyman's orders, but without trial and no papers to show service performed so as to draw pay, then in arrears, he was drummed out of the regiment at Rolla, Missouri, on or about the 1st of February, 1862, and, but for the kindness of Lieutenant Beardsley, who gave him some money, he would have been turned adrift without a cent in his pocket. He claims to have been dealt by without any form of military law, or any other law, and says that he pressed the matter on the attention of the war department and that as late as 1888, his claim was allowed and paid, to the amount of $151.98.

On the 18th day of February, 1862, he enlisted for the third time at St. Louis, Missouri, in the Second Missouri Mounted Rifles, and served in the cavalry of the state militia, which was afterwards consolidated with the First Missouri state militia, rendering service as principal musician and was honorably discharged on December 27th, 1862.

Afterward, on August 20th, 1863, he enlisted for the fourth time in the first regiment Missouri Volunteers, and served until June 30th, 1865, when he was honorably discharged by reason of the termination of the civil war.

On the 15th day of January, 1866, he enlisted for the fifth time, and served three years on the border in Dakota, and was honorably discharged at Fort Totten, Dakota Territory, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Comrade Conley says that his entire military service under the United States flag, covers a total of eleven years, eight months and nineteen days.

Comrade Conley is now at the National Soldiers' Home at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

IN MEMORIAM.

Geo. H. Thomas, Post No. 5, took the following action in relation to the deceased Comrade Thomas Mitchell Blair, late of Company D, Thirteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, at their regular meeting July 22d, 1886.

"WHEREAS, Our Comrade Thomas Mitchell Blair, a member of this post, was suddenly killed at his post of duty as a railroad conductor on the 17th day of June, 1886, at Kilgore, Kentucky, and we bow humbly but sadly to the decree of an overruling and all-wise Providence, and

"WHEREAS, Our deceased comrade as a soldier in the war for the Union; as a citizen and as a man, was composed of the best elements that constitute excellence of character and true manhood by which our grief at his untimely death is enhanced,

"*Resolved*, That we deeply deplore the tragic event that has deprived this post of one of its most meritorious members, has involved the loss to his venerable parents of a beloved son, and has been to brothers and sisters a source of deep affliction.

"*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with his relations in their irreparable loss and that a copy of these resolutions, with the preamble and accompanying memorial statement of his life and military service of the lamented deceased be transmitted to them in evidence thereof.

"*Resolved*, That the historiographer of the post is hereby instructed to enter the proper record in the memorial volumes of the Post."

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"Thomas Mitchell Blair, son of James and Ann W. Blair, was born August 9th, 1839, at Fredericktown, Knox County, Ohio, and was killed in a railroad accident at Kilgore, Kentucky, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, June 17, 1886, aged forty-six years, ten months and eight days.

"This is the brief record of one man, one of the countless myriads of the human race. The great world goes on, and soon the man is forgotten by his fellow men. It seems appropriate, however, that we, a gathering of comrades of the G. A. R. should pause for a few brief moments this evening, and pay loyal tribute to the memory of one who was to us more than an atom in the great mass of humanity—for he was a comrade in the "Grand Army" and a member of Geo. H. Thomas Post No. 5, Department of Illinois.

"Comrade Blair was the oldest son in a large family, having two brothers and one sister, and two half brothers and four half sisters. These together with an aged father and mother survive him and were present at his funeral, June 20, 1886, at Ibena, Ohio.

"Comrade Blair was mustered as private in Company D, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, June 8, 1861, being then twenty-one years of age, and was mustered out as first-sergeant of

same company, June 13th 1864, having served three years. In the autumn of 1864 he re-enlisted in Company K, First United States Veteran Volunteers, receiving his final discharge as Sergeant, January 9th, 1866, thus completing a long and honorable record as a soldier.

"Comrade Blair was as modest as he was brave, and was not given to referring to his own soldier experiences, hence the writer of this, who only knew him in later years, can not give the personal details of his soldier life. It is to be regretted that the members of his company, who could in a measure supply details that are lacking, are scattered far and wide, and in the twenty-two years that have come and gone since the muster out of his regiment, death has been busy and many who passed unharmed through war's ordeal have joined their comrades gone before.

"It may not prove uninteresting to our comrades here assembled many of whom saw service amid far-away scenes, to listen to a brief history of Comrade Blair's regiment, and as he was one who always was on hand to do his full duty, the regiment's history is in a measure his history."

HISTORY NOT NECESSARY HERE.

"Comrade Blair joined the Grand Army of the Republic by muster into Geo. H. Thomas Post, February 29, 1864. The same modesty and quiet steadfastness to duty that characterized him as a soldier, marked his life among us as a comrade. With him the guiding principles of our Order, 'Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty,' were no unmeaning words; but principles to be upheld at all times and places. The resolutions you have this evening adopted express more eloquently your sense of bereavement than any words of mine could do.

"Comrade, farewell! The swiftly passing days are bringing us nearer to the hour when we too shall have left these scenes and rejoined you, at the assembling of the 'Grand Army' above.

"The text chosen by the preacher at Comrade Blair's funeral contains for us suggestions and admonitions, 'Therefore, be ye also ready.'

"In addition to the above prepared by Adjutant Miller, the following eloquent letter from a fellow soldier of the grand old Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, Geo. G. Knox, Esq, was read and incorporated with the Memorial Services :

"DEAR COMRADES: I have just heard of the death of Thos. M. Blair, once a member of Company D, Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers and a member of your Post. Having carried a musket in the same company with him, I want to add my testimony to his worth as a gallant soldier and a trusty friend. How vividly can I recall Tom Blair to-day as I look back twenty-five years. There he stands in the front rank, near the right of the company, neat in his dress, arms in perfect order, always ready for 'inspection,' a determined look on his face, only a boy in those days, but every inch a soldier.

"How well I can remember him as he appeared when 'on duty.'

"The stern look in his face, never a smile, his whole mind bent on a strict obedience to orders. "Tom's Beat" was kown as a bad road to bring in captured chickens at night.

"Then how many of the old company, could they speak to you to-night, would tell you of his big loving heart, tender as a woman's; if a man was sick 'Tom' was the first to comfort him, if his bed was hard, Tom's blanket was always ready to make it softer, and his cheerful words and smiling face seemed to do more good than the "blue mass" and "quinine" of the surgeon. I have often seen him on the long hard marches insist on taking the musket from the shoulder of some tired comrade to lighten his load, and he would always divide his rations with a hungry man, and his canteen always had water for a thirsty one. These may seem little things to recall of a comrade who has gone; but to men who have been in the army they mean a good deal. It requires more than mere bravery to be a soldier. Tom Blair was brave—I have heard a man after a battle, in speaking of him, say: 'He is a whole brigade in a fight.' He has that cool courage that gave confidence to all those about him. He was a general in a private's uniform.

"I have never seen him but once since the war, when he hunted me up here in Chicago; the hearty shake of the hand, and the 'God bless you Comrade,' showed me that he had the same loving heart; and during the hour that we talked over the old army life, his voice would tremble, and his eyes would fill with tears, as he would recall the names of those

who had fallen on the field of battle. And now he has gone to join them. What better epitaph can we write over his grave than this:

"'A brave soldier, a loving friend, honorably discharged.

"'May we all meet him at the great "'Muster'" on the other side.'"

"Yours,

"GEO. G. KNOX,

"Late 13th Ill. Vol. In'ty.

"CHICAGO, ILL., July 9th, 1886."

THE GRAND STRATEGY OF COMPANY Q, IN CAPTURING THE PIG.

BY ASA B. MUNN.

That element in any military force in the field, which has been designated as Company Q is not necessarily composed of the bummer element, as has been generally supposed, by a great many who know nothing by experience of army life, it is generally composed of some of the bravest and best soldiers in the army; it really means nothing worse than that the average Company Q man, when not on duty, laughs at the idea of being forced to stay in camp because there is a guard stationed around it, or, if he is not a prohibitionist, of filling his canteen with ditch-water when there is something of a deeper color, and richer flavor in the commissary department.

He does not think that a Union soldier should be forced to eat salt-side pork all the time when there is a fine pig on a neighboring plantation, whose proprietor and two sons are in the rebel army.

He can't bear to hear a rebel rooster crow in the morning before the reveille, and will, doubtless, take measures to abate the nuisance.

The most unprotected women and children have nothing to fear of abuse, personal indignity, or insult, from a member of Company Q, for, at heart, he is a gentleman. He is even æsthetic in his tastes; can be profoundly moved by the con

cord of sweet sounds ; has an artistic appreciation of a beautiful landscape, and has an open soul for the storage of all that is rich in tone, tint, or perfume of flowers, and all beautiful things.

On a delicious Indian-summer afternoon, when the languorous atmosphere was only disturbed by the droning hum of bees, and all nature was peaceful enough to convert the most pessimistic grumbler into cheerfulness, Company Q, of the Thirteenth Illinois started out for ——

ADVENTURE, OR PERADVENTURE

forage. The company consisted of Charley Man, of Company B, George W. Sutherland, or "Curley," as he was usually called, and Ed Vining ; the two latter of Company I, and probably one or two more, but names now forgotten. It was during the march along the Memphis and Charleston railroad, of Sherman's Fifteenth corps, the delay of which caused General Grant so much anxiety, as he desired to bring on the battles about Chattanooga before Sherman could possibly reach him.

Company Q had been leisurely traversing a patch of woods where from the gnarled branches of the live-oaks there hung streamers and festoons of the Spanish moss which, gently stirred by the breath of wandering forest-winds, looked so uncanny and weird as to suggest the long flowing beards of Druid priests while officiating at the sacrificial altar in the sacred groves of ancient Britain, when they came out to a clearing where was a small plantation. There was a log house, evidently the master's house, with a gallery in front, a half dozen smaller cabins or quarters, an old negro was following a most primitive plow, drawn by a brindle mule whose harness was made of corn-shucks. Negro, mule, plow and harness intimately related to one another according to the eternal fitness of things. A noble magnolia shaded a spring-house, which would naturally suggest to Company Q, possibly sweet-milk, but certainly bonny-clabber, which was equally welcome to the boys.

A crape-myrtle stood by a side-window, blossomless now, but its polished bark suggestive of the delicate beauty of its fringe-like pink blossoms of an earlier part of the season. Two venerable looking China-trees flanked the gap in the Virginia fence which answered the purpose of a gate, covered with clusters of berries, whose fermented juice intoxicated the robins who daily got drunk on them and were easily captured by hand.

Company Q had taken in all the details of this quietly beautiful scene much sooner than it takes to write it, when, all at once,

SHOUTS AND SQUEALS RENT THE AIR,

and what was the astonishment of our heroes, to see a large squad of some new Iowa troops chasing a fine shoat up to the open space in front of the house, and trying to capture it. A slatternly woman in a sun-bonnet, which was neither an ornament nor a detriment to her beauty, rushed to the gallery and strode up and down, vociferating and chewing her snuff-swab alternately, where she was soon joined by a couple of young girls, so frouzy as to easily indicate their parentage ; besides nearly a dozen young negroes from the quarters, while the yelps of a yellow dog added variety to the scene.

Company Q, took in the situation at a glance and double-quicked across an intervening corn-field to the field of glory. The new troops were closing on the pig, in line, while

COMPANY Q WAS ADVANCING IN COLUMN,

Charley Man in the advance, "Curley" in the center, and Ed Vining as a convenient reserve, and all in easy supporting distance of each other. This peculiar disposition of their force, moving on to a field of battle in column, instead of in line, Company Q has never explained ; but its leaders, when interrogated on the subject, would only grunt out something to the effect that these tactics had their advantages. Rail-fences, unfortunately for the pig, outflanked him on both

right and left, and he was skirmishing for position when Company Q threatened his rear. Already, in imagination, the new troops were reveling in bright visions of ham, tenderloin, liver, sausage, souse, and pig's-feet; but the pig's strategic feat might possibly prevent their securing the edible pig's-feet.

Although not well drilled, the new troops could just make out to rally-by-fours, but the pig could rally on-all-fours; and then deploy to the right or left as the emergency demanded The pig came near making a fatal movement in attempting to form square in order to prevent a bayonet charge, but which, fortunately, the new troops did not observe before the pig deployed with such celerity that the new troops declared that there was considerable more than one pig. The pig far excelled the new troops in "grand strategy," but Company Q far excelled the pig.

The two rival forces were now gradually closing on the pig, who was obliged to maneuver for time. The pig's entire body was now fairly bristling

WITH SCORN AND CONTEMPT FOR THE YANKS,

and his case seemed desperate indeed, as he stood sullenly facing the new troops; and while he could perceive no chance to save his bacon, he seemed determined to die game; and coolly and deliberately moved by the right of companies to the rear, into column, and halted just a little in front of Charley Mann, who was at the head of Company Q's column, and with desperate calmness, he stood for a moment as if dazed, or as if actuated by some lofty sentiment or high moral purpose. There was a wicked gleam in his eye, and Charley Mann also observed that there were two curls in his tail where only one had been before this, Charley Mann took to mean swift and immediate mischief; and, throwing down his gun, he braced himself with his legs wide apart as if he had concluded to grab the pig if he should come on.

"Curley" saw that the critical moment had come;

dropping on his left knee and at the same time calling to Charley Man to stand still a minute, he took a quick sight and fired directly between Charley Mann's legs and killed the pig.

One can hardly tell which most to be astonished at, the audacious and dangerous strategy of Company Q, the monumental stupidity of the new troops, or

THE ESPRIT DU CORPS OF THE PIG.

The new troops were astonished and amazed; but Company Q did not seem to regard it as anything out of the common run of foraging experience. They immediately advanced and gathered up the pig and serenely left the field.

Charley Mann stoutly maintains to this day, that this was the nearest he ever came to being shot.

CONFUSED REBELS.

In the fall of 1861, while the Thirteenth was lying in temporary camp, near Rolla, Missouri, having crossed the Gasconade river, Comrades James Keat, Valentine Cortz, Ed. Barnard, Patsey Ward, and myself went out foraging and to see what we could learn of the enemy. We got several miles from camp, when night came on and we lost our way. Searching for shelter for the night we found a deserted log cabin, which we gladly occupied. I had an earth floor, and old fashioned fire-place, with puncheons loosely laid over head, with a square hole in one corner and a ladder leading to the attic. There was also a hole about three by six feet left in the puncheons directly in front and over the fire places, the puncheon projecting beyond the joists quite a distance.

We made a temporary fire boiled our coffee, and ate our scanty supply of hard tack, and with still unsatisfied stomachs we turned in, for the night, having first placed a guard outside to warn us of approaching danger. After having been asleep

some time we were suddenly aroused by our guard, and notified of the approach of horsemen, and we all took to the attic, with our arms and accoutrements, pulling the ladder up after us, thinking it best to use caution until we had ascertained whether the coming party were friends or enemies. Riding up to the door, they entered, and, from their conversation, we learned that they were bushwhackers and hunting for "Yanks" and consequently no friends of "we 'uns," and as there were some eight or ten of them we kept as still as our beating hearts and rapid breathing would allow; our respirations seeming to our excited imaginations like the laboring of an engine, while the seconds were minutes and the minutes hours as we were held captives by the unwitting enemy below.

After they had placed two of their number as guards and to hold their horses at the door, they began preparing rations, and soon the broiling ham and the baking corn pones were calling loudly to our yearning appetites. We were lying side by side on the broad puncheons, flat on our stomachs, scarcely breathing for fear the enemy would hear us. Patsey Ward commonly called "Sandy," a well-known character in the regiment and noted for his Irish wit and ready resources, was lying beside me. Suddenly he whispered to me, "Ralph, be Jasus, I shmell pertaties." I said, "Hush! keep quiet or we will be murdered, every last one us." The enticing odor of the baking potatoes, however, was too much for Sandy, and so creeping forward on the puncheon toward the opening in front of the fire-place he craned his neck and peered over to see what was going on below. I tried to keep the rascal back, but he persisted in looking over, until without warning the puncheon tipped and Sandy with his bristling red hair and yelling at the top of his voice was precipitated among the astonished intruders beneath. While Sandy had not the remotest intention of joining the party below in this unceremonious manner, yet his mother wit came to him in time to turn what might have been defeat into victory, and he cried at the top of his voice, "Come on byes, bedad! we've got 'em," and at the same time each one of us yelling loud enough for

fifty men, hastened to Sandy's assistance. The demoralized bushwhackers evidently thought that attic was alive with "Yanks," and crowding for the door they mounted their horses and struck out for tall timber, leaving behind some of their arms, hams, corn pones, together with the aforesaid "pertaties" which had been so enticing to Pat's olfactories, and the unconscious cause of this exciting episode. The inventory of the "traps" left in our possession included three squirrel rifles, two flint lock horse pistols, two "Arkansaw tooth picks," one butcher knife, one ham and a half, half a side of bacon, together with the corn pones and potatoes. You may rest assured there was no more sleep that night, but we all stood guard, and while regaling ourselves over the savory viands left by the enemy, we had the satisfaction of knowing that our terror at the arrival of the bushwhackers was fully equalled by their own at the sudden advent of the red headed angel from above.

At the approach of daylight we wended our way to camp. which was much farther than we had imagined, and were welcomed by our comrades, having learned the valuable lesson that ready wit and a bold front will often win the day, although the odds may be against us.

Zachariah D. Mathuss, correct address.

WE'VE DRANK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

There are bands of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots I ween ;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this,
We have drank from the same canteen.

CHORUS :

We've drank from the same canteen,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drank from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk,
But whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—
We have drank from the same canteen! *Chorus.*

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drank from the same canteen. *Chorus.*

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best,
We have drank from the same canteen. *Chorus.*

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and with but little to hope,
Upon which my faint spirit could lean;
Oh then I remember you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast, it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen.

CHORUS:

We've drank from the same canteen,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drank from the same canteen.

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